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the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported to be the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute bacterial dysentery [11].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. In the 1970s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from children with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [12]. In the 1980s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from children with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [13].

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RE V I E W ' S

AND

E S S A Y S.

Elihu Goodwin
BY E. G. HOLLAND.

BOSTON:

WM. CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS,

111, WASHINGTON STREET.

1849.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS volume is given to the public, in answer to the call of numerous friends that I should bring together, for general perusal, several Essays on different subjects. It is also given as the expression of truths, whose influences are not unimportant in the right development of mind, in an age when many high moral tendencies are counteracted by those which operate to materialize the aims and aspirations of men. The leading idea which characterizes the several articles here published — the supremacy of the spiritual nature in all that constitutes the true glory of man — is one which needs to be brought forward in clear and bold statements into the literature of every country, and into the practical development of every people. Society can have no exalted aims any farther than this view is realized. It should be seen and felt that through the universe the spiritual holds dominion over the material, that the latter is a ministering servant to the former. God is first. Material worlds are second. It is under this aspect that the external creation always strikes us. So, in all things touching human nature, the soul is first ; whilst the organism and all material possession are second. From the soul, therefore, ought we to start in the investigation of all the great problems of human interest. God and immortality are implied and established by its ele-

ments. The universe is its vast and expansive mirror. Freedom, education, indeed all great and generous purposes, are to draw from this principle their strength and nurture; since it is impossible that men should be borne upward, in their great conflicts and struggles, by any agency higher than motives of transient and selfish interest, so long as materialism is their practical and their chief philosophy.

I should remark that the article on Dr. Channing is written with the previous knowledge that very many into whose hands this volume will be likely to fall, are unacquainted with his writings; a fact which exerted its influence over the style and manner adopted in the treatment of the subject. I have not spoken of Dr. Channing's sectarian relation, because he is so nobly free from all sectarian limits. He seems wider and greater than any denomination. His position, as it seems to me, independently overlooks them all. He belongs to all, and is therefore fitted to address the world in a universal speech. The Address, at the close of the Essays here published, forms so small a part of the volume as to constitute no valid reason for changing the name under which these articles are published.

In the hope that some good influences may proceed from the various truths here set forth, I would confidently offer them to the independent appreciation of a public, who, there is much reason to believe, is becoming distinguished by the increase as well as by the diffusion of general thoughtfulness and intelligence.

E. G. HOLLAND.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1849.

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E R R A T A .

Page 54, line 15, for *literal* read *liberal*.
„ 246, „ 23, for *motion* read *emotion*.

REVIEWS.

CONFUCIUS.

"**THE BRITISH WORLD IN THE EAST**; a Guide, Historical, Moral, and Commercial, to India, China, Australia, South Africa, and the other Possessions or Connections of Great Britain in the Eastern and Southern Seas. By LEITCH RITCHIE. In two vols. Lond. 1847." — Octavo, pp. 500, 512.

"**FIVE YEARS IN CHINA**, from 1842 to 1847. With an Account of the Occupation of the Islands of Labuan and Borneo by her Majesty's Forces. By Lieut. F. C. FORBES, R. N. Commander of H. M. S. Bonetta. Lond. 1848." — Octavo, pp. 405.

THE richest production of any clime is the great man. He is more than mountains, rivers, and seas. The universe of means, with its infinitude of influences, produces nothing so great, nothing so good, as he. He is the end. Hence nature's capital is always well invested when her purest energy concentrates in such a one; for here there is no failure, no loss, no cheat. The thoughts of such a man are living; his voice is ever to us; he is our contemporary, though born in the most distant ages. We are thankful to the past, that it yields us shells, obelisks, vegetable petrifications, and the bones of animal monsters; but we are far more grateful that it gives us a few great men, who are its life and history. These let the true antiquarian seek, that their eyes may again sparkle with thought, that their masterly

speech may burn in the heart of the active present. God has many voices in history. And so far as a man is great and true, he belongs to all time, like the sun and moon ; and so far as he is not this, it is needless to know him. We therefore do well to look somewhat reverently to the past ; for it had its great men, who perhaps, through the world's forgetfulness and isolation, may, in an important sense, still become its teachers.

The citizens of China proper constitute at least one third part of the human race ; and, from the ample resources of nature there existing, one might anticipate a high development of mind. Yet through the long ages of the Chinese empire, the duration of which neither they nor we understand, but one great man has appeared, the vast shadow of his mind covering all. The whole power of the Chinese nature is represented in him, beyond whose thought no one attempts to go. Temples arise to his fame in nearly every city and village of the empire. The scholar burns incense to his memory when about to undergo his public examination, whilst to the millions of this massive race his name is the synonyme of wisdom itself. No man is accounted wise or learned who is not familiar with his books. The rank of nobility, with the highest official honors, still distinguishes his descendants. And, in the world of letters, admiration and eulogy have gathered around this name ; the skeptic and the believer in our religion alike praising him. But this same Confucius met in his day the sorest trials ; was alternately followed and deserted, admired and scorned. He was not

understood ; men feared him, especially the little men of state. He battled his way against ignorance, envy, and vice. Plots were formed against his life. Every thing combined to test the greatness of his heart. In short, he had the legacy of all great reformers, — a measure of the fear, hatred, and derision of his times.

The wonder is not that a great man appeared in China or in Persia. Human nature is rich in its elements ; and he who properly estimates the influence of the universe in the development of mind marvels not when he finds the great and the good man beyond the limits of Judea, or the inclosure of his own particular civilization. Notwithstanding the unity of the race and the fraternal ties that unite its greatest representatives to the mass, it cannot, however, be denied, that each great man is modified by the peculiar genius of the nation whose life he inherits. Thus, it is plain that Socrates is the Grecian great man ; Cicero, we think, the Roman ; Moses, the Hebrew ; Napoleon, the French ; and Peter, the Russian ; — each is great through the particular genius of his country and race. Confucius is the Chinese great man, differing in the order and hues of his moral genius from the Greek, Roman, and Hebrew, as widely as the Chinese differ from Greeks, Romans, and Jews.

“ To understand Confucius,” says Mr. Ritchie, “ is to understand China. He had no idiosyncrasy. He was an incarnation of the national character, a mouthpiece of the national feelings ; and he was only greater than the rest of his countrymen, by being imbued with that genius

which gives vitality and energy to thoughts that lie dormant, though existing in the minds of meaner men. He was the mental light which touches, as Dryden expresses it, the sleeping images of things; and, at his appearance, all becomes visible that before was obscure, all distinct that before was unintelligible, and the tumultuous ideas of a great nation fell gradually into peace and order and harmony." — Vol. ii. p. 151.

A few words here on this unique and ancient nation will not appear an unauthorized digression. The empire is indeed a national pyramid, whose apex looks down upon the ruins of the proudest kingdoms of antiquity, apparently defying those dissolving agencies which have laid low the proudest organizations of the past. For thousands of years it has thus stood, its civilization, whatever it is, always prevailing over the conqueror; and now, with a population greater than that of all Europe, it remains united and unbroken. This is, indeed, a philosophical marvel, compelling the conclusion, that government there has firm pillars on which to rest, — that the popular mind has constancy, at least. In the language of phrenology, we might say that the coincidence between the great height of the Chinese head in the region of firmness and veneration, and the unchangeableness of the Chinese institutions and manners, is not unworthy of notice. These two facts doubtless act and re-act on each other; but government flows from man, we are sure, in a deeper sense, than man from government. The reciprocal action of firmness and veneration creates submission and constancy, so essential to the perpetuity of any gov-

ernment, and especially of this, in which the patriarchal idea so constantly prevails. There is no trait more prominent in the Chinese character than veneration for the past. *There* are the golden ages. The worship of ancestors, universal among the Chinese, tends to glue them to the past, to check progress and innovation. And, in accordance with all this, the Chinese are quiet, and timidly conservative. They have not the bold, chivalrous elements of character, while there is a systematic industry pervading the empire. In their exhibition of imagination and taste, they are minute and finical. They describe too much what a thing is to leave it natural. Wonder and imitation are also large. Deference to superiors is woven into the growth of every mind. They believe in Tien (the Supreme God), the perfectibility of human nature, the impartial compensations of justice, and the life immortal. Drama, romance, history, poetry, ethics, religion, and law, they have of their kind; and it has been asserted, that nearly every man among their millions is able to read and write. Perhaps the two ideas most characteristic of this people are deference to superiors, and veneration for the past.

Confucius, the only master-mind that the nation has produced, is to be contemplated chiefly as a moral teacher, moving in the sphere of the statesman. He never spoke as a prophet. He taught no new religion, claimed no divine inspiration, and stood never on the ground of a supernatural mission. His moral genius qualified him to grasp universal principles flowing through the nature of man, and

existent in the conditions of things. To these he appealed. Through the law which Heaven has engraved on all hearts, he sought to reform his age and people.

The age to which Confucius, in his personal history, belongs, makes him the contemporary, or nearly so, of Herodotus, Pythagoras, and Solon. He was born five hundred and fifty years before Christ. The Chinese historians allege, that the times were very evil; that sad corruption prevailed in high places; that boundless luxury, inordinate love of pleasure, and fatal disorders in government, everywhere prevailed. Religion, the source and nourisher of human virtues, they say, was overclouded by the marvellous, and weakened by superstition. There was no depth of sincerity in the age. Truth did not speak from the heart of man. Life had died out. The deepest wants asked for the true man, somewhat as the long-parched earth asks heaven for rain. He came, as come God's greatest gifts always, when most needed; he came, yet his own people received him not in the thorough and uniform appreciation of his aim.

The spirit of mythology never neglects the ancient great man. Some star or wondrous appearance welcomes the man of destiny. Thus, two dragons, the symbol of royalty in China, "encircled the house" when the sublime Confucius was born; celestial music rang in his mother's ears; and on the breast of the infant philosopher appeared the sentence, "The maker of a rule for settling the world." This bowing of nature to the great man, asserted by the

mythological falsehood, shadows forth this truth, — that the man born to influence and govern ages is greater than outward nature, is the end to which the universe ministers; in his mind, suns, flowers, and oceans are reproduced; all things do him homage; all aid the spirit that conquers the error and darkness of ages.

It may be asked, Who knows that Confucius was the great man his disciples make him? We answer, that the danger is not, that a great man will be held up to our admiration where there is none: the real danger is, that the portraiture will fall below the reality. A score of ordinary minds can never give us a truly great man, from the fact that no one can rise above his own ideal; and every one's ideal of a great man will be the enlarged likeness of his own mind. Each constructor, furnishing as much as he will, leaves a character within his own level. Mice never create mountains. But when the reality has lived among men, and wrought his image on their minds, then, from the abundant material of words and acts, he may be set forth, probably not entire, but as the section of a grand circle, from which we may ascertain the whole indicated by the part.

According to Chinese historians, Confucius was born in the kingdom of Lu, where now his sepulchre remains, during the reign of the twenty-third emperor of the dynasty of Tcheou. By his mother's side he descended from the noble family of Yen; through his father he claimed descent from the emperor Tii, of a former dynasty; which royalty of blood must have smoothed his way as a moral teacher into the

courts of princes, for in no country is veneration for rank more general. We know of no historical facts which determine how far this circumstance aided his mission; but surely it justifies the conclusion, that Confucius is not to be regarded as a grand instance of individual genius rising above the obstacles of obscurity and poverty to hold the reins of spiritual empire over nations and ages. He started on vantage-ground; though the nobility of his family now dates from him.

Several facts are reported of his early life. At the age of three he was fatherless, and on the brow of his childhood gravity and thoughtfulness reposed. Great maturity of faculties is ascribed to his infancy. He took no pleasure in sports. But nothing is related of the infant Confucius so strange as in the wilds of Persia is claimed by his disciples for the half-fabulous Zoroaster, when they gravely affirm that he laughed the day he was born, and that, as a presage of his future knowledge, his brain palpitated so strongly that every hand approaching it was instantly repelled.

At the age of fifteen, Confucius is said to have mastered the sacred "Five Books," and indeed all the great works of the ancient legislators, from the wells of whose wisdom he never ceased to draw. Four years later he entered into the marriage relation, but soon after dissolved it, that he might, in perfect freedom from every embarrassment, give himself up to the political and moral renovation of his country; and at the age of twenty-three he is said to have entered upon his public career, as a teacher of duty in the courts and palaces of princes. These are the

most interesting facts related of the childhood and the youth of Confucius.

Born and educated among the nobility, it was natural that this class should have been the first to hear his instructions. It is very certain that Confucius did not lack faith in the capacity of the popular mind; for the idea of the superior worth of human nature is uniformly clear in all his writings. He said, "I have never seen a man incapable of virtue. All can gain it." But he lived where princes, and not the people, ruled; where the virtues and vices of the great in office were imitated; where public opinion came always from the few. His course seemed to say, "If I can win the princes and their courts to wisdom and virtue, — through their influence descending upon the mass, I will gradually reform all the people." Nor was this reformatory scheme unworthy of his mind. The few have always created the character of society.

The sun has most splendor at its rising. So the extraordinary mind often ascends the horizon in magnificence, though perhaps soon to be obscured by clouds or darkened by eclipse. Great fame followed the first efforts of this youth, Confucius. Offices of state descended upon him. He accepted and he renounced them, as might best suit his grand purpose, the successful development of his moral views among his countrymen. Real greatness is never captivated by the means. After society had given him this encouraging reception, after he had worn for a time the honors of state, and before he had experienced the re-action of popular favor, he disrobed himself of

all official dignities, and left his native kingdom, to enjoy the mental benefit of travel through different parts of the empire. He would survey, we may imagine, the field of his future labors and influences. He would know the elements of society for himself. He would observe the scenes of nature and the manners of men; and doubtless he realized the truth of one of his own profound political maxims, subsequently expressed, — “Study man in man; for from that which is in man may be learned that by which to govern men.” Thus did observation and study unite to enrich a spirit whose ideas more than a score of centuries have not exhausted.

He at length returned to his native kingdom of Lu, where he accepted one of the principal offices, and where he is said so to have revolutionized the government as to have brought prince and subjects under the dominion of an exalted virtue, wisdom, and peace. An harmonious family, the favorite symbol of a well-ordered realm in the political language of China, is chosen as the figure by which to represent the elevation to which he had brought the state. The goodness of his teaching was no longer a problem unsolved by practice. The happy state of a whole kingdom proclaimed the reformer to be no idle theorist, no mere dreamer of perfect worlds that human beings can never reach. We may imagine the happiness of the great and good man, as his own eye surveyed this result. But his joy was soon overclouded. For one of the neighboring princes, moved by envy at the prosperous condition of this elevated kingdom, artfully planned its overthrow by sending

to the court a number of accomplished ladies, whose influence so turned attention to feasts, dances, and various diversions, as to undermine the stern public virtues inculcated by the reformer, and plunged the nobles and all into the errors of Epicurean life with its natural consequences. The philosopher mournfully saw the tide of corruption widening in its dark, bold, and impetuous rush, threatening to destroy the only living monument that bore witness to the superior force of virtue as the source of prosperity to a kingdom. He boldly remonstrated, as the state was sinking; but, the charms of woman, there as elsewhere, proving more potent than the philosopher's voice, and unable longer to resist the flood of dissipation so boldly flowing over a country whose skies to him were now darkened by despair, he became a voluntary exile from his native Lu, and travelled through all the great cities and kingdoms of the empire. This conduct, though it may appear impatient, and in a degree passionate to some, was but the deliberate embodiment of one of his own political maxims. "Readily abandon," says he, "thy country, when virtue is there depressed and vice encouraged. But if thou design not to renounce the maxims of the age in thy retreat and exile, remain in thy miserable country; for what reason shouldst thou leave it?" We will not pause to discuss the propriety of taking from a community the light of virtuous example, because the darkness of vice settles down upon it; something may be said for and against this idea of voluntary exile; but the passage cited proves, that he acted deliberately on an idea that had the sanction

of his whole mind, and one which the progress of his reason in future years never induced him to renounce.

But fear and jealousy awoke at his presence, as he approached the various provinces and cities. The leading men trembled lest the superiority of his talents should undermine their power ; still more, perhaps, did they dislike the stern reproofs of his life, and the austere strictness of his morals, making him an unpleasant companion to the licentious nobles. None of the great kingdoms through which he passed, such as Tschì, Goo, Shi, and Tsoo, invited him to take up his residence in any of their principal cities. Occasionally he received contemptuous treatment. The popular voice tuned itself by the favor, indifference, or opposition of the resident princes ; now owning him as wisdom's oracle, and anon bestowing the opprobrium of satirical song. Was he not doomed at times to feel the force of that truth to which Pope has given poetic utterance ? —

"Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

But he well endured the "painful preëminence" to which his wisdom had brought him. He mourned that the sages of the earth were so few. He would fill the world with wise men. Neglecting his personal interests, he was brought to the borders of extreme poverty, the not uncommon lot of true reformers. But he devised for himself deliverance in becoming a private teacher. He would master his evils. Certain sages told him to despair of the world, and

become a hermit. But greatness is never discouraged. He had too much faith in human capacity, too much love for human nature, and too much confidence in the omnipotence of truth, to obey such counsel. He looked all his evils in the face, and resolved to live for men and with men; no longer confining his labors to palaces, but giving them freely to all who would listen and learn. Nor was this, probably, the first instance, since the world began, in which ill success among the great has awakened a more democratic sentiment in the bosom of a gifted noble. His favorite plan of reforming all through the higher classes seems to have somewhat waned. He probably saw that social position was not the mightiest power; that genial souls were not confined to the courts of princes; that much good could be done to that common mind which in later ages heard "gladly" the divinest teaching, — teaching which the sophisticated religionist of high places could not half so well apprehend.

That the plan of Confucius spread over a wider territory than the boundaries of China Proper is, perhaps, matter of doubt, although it is affirmed, that, in the expansion of his benevolence, he had purposed the ultimate extension of his labors into foreign countries. He was a universal man; and it cannot be supposed that his nation formed the boundary of his sympathy. That he was capable of a benevolent scheme which should cover the whole world is not impossible; and that he would have enlightened the whole race, were it practicable, cannot be doubted; for no view of the brotherhood of man can be wider than that given in

one of his simple utterances, namely, "All the men of the earth are thy brethren." It is certain, however, that he sent out no missionaries to carry his views to other lands, though hundreds were employed in their dissemination within the limits of China. Every wise reformer begins at home ; and, as Confucius did not succeed during his lifetime in effecting the moral revolution he had designed, it is impossible to determine what he would have done for the world out of China, had he succeeded at home. It is certain that the reformer was deeply conscious that the moral science he unfolded belonged to the human race.

During the life of this wonderful man, the historians allege that he had no less than three thousand disciples, five hundred of whom are said to have attained the highest offices of government, whilst they celebrate only seventy-two for the superiority of their attainments, and only ten for a perfect capacity to measure their master's mind. Perhaps this last number should have been still further reduced. Coming into public life at the age of twenty-three, and dying in the seventy-third year of his age, he enjoyed half a century in which to perfect his views, and to witness their effect on the lives of others. His success in reality was such as might have been reasonably anticipated, although not half equal to his hopes, as shown by the fact that the last three years of his life were spent in retirement and sorrow, in view of the corruption of the age ; and he died despairing of the good for which he had lived. But when death came, veneration revived. Some princely eyes wept, that

Tien had taken from the earth so great a light. Forlorn Confucius ! He left the earth without a glimpse of the glorious influences his words were destined to exert. Yet, for all that appears to the contrary, his faith in what he had taught remained as adamant to the last. On the banks of the same river where his scholars once gathered around him, now stands his sepulchre, whilst in his many temples, visited by the reverent footsteps of millions, flowers, fruits, perfumes, and incense are everywhere offered to his memory. We will quote the sentence written in gilt letters on a table in all his temples, not only because it expresses the reverence universally felt for his name, but because it clearly implies that the ideas of a spiritual nature and world exist in the popular faith of the Chinese. "O Confucius ! our revered master ! Let thy spiritual part descend, and be pleased with this tribute of respect which we now humbly offer thee !" — a prayer without reason, except as uttered by those who believe in spiritual existences after death.*

* Lieutenant Forbes asserts that the number of temples erected to the memory of Confucius is "upwards of 1560." These temples, he says, "usually cover an enormous area ; one establishment at Ningpo occupies about ten acres of land, laid out in ornamental temples of all sizes, triumphal entrances, fountains, and tanks, and courts planted with trees, mostly yew. But, except on occasion of a festival, these are rarely or never visited ; and the grass grows in abundance through the interstices of the pavement. The only ornaments are carved beams and huge frames, containing maxims and sayings of the patriarch." The following curious estimate of the sacrificial honors paid to his name, we give in the words of Lieutenant Forbes. "It is calculated," says he, "that there are sacrificed every year," on the two

From the historical facts in the life of Confucius, we now pass to a sketch of his abstract views, precepts, and opinions. We would again remind our readers, that he is presented to us as the statesman and the moral teacher, not as the prophet or apostle of a new religion. But his statesmanship is not his strong point; for he was not only content with the past, but even praised the legislation of antiquity as the model of perfection. The great and beautiful fact in his statesmanship seems to be the reliance he constantly places on virtue as the only means of safety and prosperity to the state. Man's relation to this harmonizes with his relations to Tien, mankind, and justice, and partakes of all the solemnity and greatness which the universal ethics of nature impose. But all the points of view under which Confucius may be contemplated are secondary to that of the moral teacher, a higher than which cannot be conceived.

Before we undertake the exhibition of his leading thoughts, we would notice two remarkable traits of his mind, which, though apparently discordant, yet in the action of his genius are made to harmonize. We mean his reverence for the past, and his intuitive

festivals held in honor of Confucius, "6 bullocks, 27,000 pigs, 5,800 sheep, 2,800 deer, and 27,000 rabbits; besides 27,000 pieces of silk that are burned upon his altars." — Pp. 124, 125.

Lieutenant Forbes confines himself to a very slight notice of the personal history and teachings of Confucius, the purpose of his work not requiring more. Mr. Ritchie treats the subject somewhat more at large, but still without any pretension to fulness. We have gathered the materials used in the present article almost exclusively from other sources.

power. No man esteemed the past more than he. He ever quoted its writings and its illustrious examples. By its light he would reprove and instruct the present. As the Chinese great man, it is natural that he should exhibit this trait of his race; nor can it be questioned, that, through this apparent defect, he brought a deep and universal feeling of his nation under tribute to his cause. It is not uncommon for the truly great man to feel deeply the poverty both of the past and the present, and, reaching forward, to bring down the ungathered thoughts of future times. But Confucius only mourned the present. He turned admiring eyes toward an Eden of sages and princes far back in the distant time. So much did he dwell on the wisdom of the ancient worthies, Yao, Shun, Tching-tang, Yu, and Ven-Vang, that he came finally to be regarded very much as the representative of the imperial sages. And so far was he from wishing to conceal this character under the mantle of original wisdom, that he publicly accepted it.

But his was no merely traditional mind. He shed upon the antiquity he explored the light of his own superlative genius; so that the past which he saw was not the past that others saw. He readily perceived the great principles into which facts are resolved. "The whole doctrine of the three hundred poems," said Confucius, "is reduced to these few words, Su Vu Sie, which import that we ought not to think any thing that is wicked or impure." As an instance of the clearness with which he saw the Universal, we will present the opening para-

graphs of his first two Books, translated from the French of the Jesuit missionaries of Peking.

"The true wisdom is to enlighten the spirit and to purify the heart, to love mankind and to cause them to love virtue; —to surmount every obstacle in order to be united to the Supreme Good, and to be attached only to it."—"Tien has written his law in our hearts, nature has revealed it, the rules of manners are founded on its teachings; wisdom consists in knowing them, virtue in following them."

Indeed, it is almost impossible for Confucius to touch a topic, however local it may be, without compelling it to yield some abstract thought, some universal law. This highest power of genius — the ability to see at once the principles which lie at the bottom of facts — was his in a preëminent degree, and it shed a light over all the homage he paid to the past.

He quoted the ancient Odes and Princes, never without wisdom, and often with eloquence. The passages quoted served to introduce his topics, and, connected with the comments of his own mind, spoke with new energy to the minds he addressed.

"It is written," says he, "in the Chou-king, 'Apply yourselves to reform and to renew the manners of the people.'" Again: "In the Chi-king it is written, 'The Mienman (a bird) knows how to perch itself on the trees of the hill.' Alas! this small bird places itself aright; how does man appear not to know? Ought the rays of reason, that enlighten him, to direct him less surely than the instinct of nature this wild sparrow?" — "The Ode

says, 'An irreproachable life carries afar an impression of light and innocence which corrects the manners of the people.' " — "The poet sings, 'The lute has nothing so sweet as the voice of the spouse who loves concord. O life of hearts and of minds! thou hast the joy and felicity of brothers.' " — " 'The eagle,' says the poet, 'takes his flight, and soars beyond the clouds; the dolphin plunges with rapidity, and sees the bottom of the sea.' "

From the last symbol the speaker could say, — Behold the saint! He, too, rises into the sublime heights, and descends into the profound depths!

"It is written in the Chi-king, 'Such as saw the reeds which grew on the banks of the Ki adorn it perpetually with new foliage; spreading wide their branches, and displaying all around a verdure that charmed the eyes, — such offer to our notice the good prince Ouen-ouang. His mind is as an ivory sculptured, — like a diamond cut and polished. Its perfection is his work. Oh the elevation of his thoughts, and the nobleness of his sentiments, the dignity of his person! His glory shall be immortal as his virtues.' "

These are fair specimens of the writings used by him. Frequent are his appeals to the legislative and the poetic minds of former time. But the ancient saying was his servant, not his master. He dealt in old things somewhat as the spirit of nature deals with particles and elements as old as the creation, constantly working them into new forms of life.

He began with the inward life.

"Labor to purify thy thoughts; for, if thy thoughts are not impure, neither will thy actions be." — "The

wise man seeks the cause of his defects in himself; but the fool, avoiding himself, seeks it in all others besides himself."

Moral genius always penetrates the fact, that every man's outward life is but a stream from the invisible fountain of inward mind; and though the stupid may not detect, and the ritualist may deny it, this is evermore the primary truth in all ascent to moral perfection. The superficial teacher takes you abroad for deliverance; the true teacher brings you home, and opens the unseen springs of life within you. This did Confucius.

"The laws of conduct," said he, "are immutable: they were no more the same, were they able to change." — "There are things more sublime than the eye has ever seen or the ear heard: it is in the sanctuary of the conscience that he studies them."

Confucius was no materialist. The soul was of a higher nature, and its spiritual beauty transcended the grandeur of all outward scenes.

The supreme good, or chief end of man, is, according to Confucius, the entire conformity of human action with right reason. Virtue is the end of life. This view sheds its moral brightness over all he says. He contemplates every topic from its moral point of view. This is as prominent in his politics as in his most abstract discussion of morals. And as the philosopher comes to us very much in the envelope of the statesman, we must dwell for a moment on some of his political thoughts.

"A kingdom is rich only by justice and virtue." — "Virtue is the sun of government." — "There is no difference in this respect between an emperor and the least of his subjects. Virtue is the root of all good. To cultivate it is the first duty and the most serious concern of life. If one neglects it, the disorders of the heart pass into the conduct, and he builds only upon ruins." — "Virtue is the unshaken foundation of the throne, and the ever-flowing source of authority; riches and offices are only the ornament." — "Justice is the most precious and inexhaustible treasure of the state." — "Confucius says, of governing with equity, that it resembles the north star, which is fixed, and all the stars surround it."

These passages show us the supreme importance which Confucius attached to moral principle as an element of dignity and happiness to the state. To him, the chief good of man and that of the state were the same. No policy, no craft of the politician, could sustain the glory of a kingdom. Nothing but the triumph of the great moral laws, united with deliberate wisdom, could do this. This lesson of ages, prominent as the sun in the politics of Confucius, and not less so in all the glories and ruins of the past, is still one in which mankind but half believe, and consequently it is but half obeyed; for states, as well as persons, usually act from their real faith. He said that the royal robe should always be humbly worn. He constantly urged upon princes the most solemn sense of their responsibility, affirming that the destiny of the people was ever in their hands. Those who regarded the magnificence of the state as the offspring of riches, rather than

of wisdom and virtue, he called base men. He said the prince should seek virtue more than talent and genius in those whom he might honor with office. He would check the ambition for territory. He taught that a kingdom was large enough when its subjects were contented. The ideal prince demanded by Confucius was indeed a sublime being. He was perfectly the master of himself. He displayed in his example all the virtues he would have his subjects imitate. His prince desired little of what other men sought. He looked down upon riches, children, and life itself, as but transient advantages. "Yao," said he, "saw nothing above him but heaven, to which he was entirely conformed." Few Yaos were there in his day!

So strong was his reliance on moral power, and so clement was his heart, that he found much fault with the severe corporal punishments inflicted by the magistrates. It is good to hear a mild voice of mercy coming from the distance of twenty-five hundred years. It is good to behold one towering up in spiritual height above the practice of his times, and to hear him urging princes to wield the power of clemency and good example over their subjects, and telling them that the prevalence of severe punishments is proof of their want of virtue. It is still common in China to inflict suffering with the bamboo, and many die after the infliction of one hundred blows. Notwithstanding the tenderness of which we have spoken as belonging to Confucius, it should not be inferred that he would hold the reins of government with a lax and inefficient hand; for he dis-

tinctly says, — “The beneficence of a prince shines not less in the rigors he exercises, than in the most affecting proofs of his goodness.”

In the analysis of his political views, it is not a little remarkable that the idea of individual self-government should have been the basis of all his wisdom. He began with the individual man. In the perfect self-control gained by one man, he saw the symbol of government for the state, the empire, and the world. And why not? Is not right and justice in one man the universal right and justice? Thus runs a paragraph of the *Tahio*: —

“A prince, who wished to conquer the whole empire to innocence and truth, applied himself assiduously to govern well his states. He began by putting his house in good order; his chief care was to regulate his conduct; he applied himself, above all, to rectify his inclinations; he labored very much to invigorate his resolutions; in order to strengthen his resolutions, he strove to establish his thoughts; finally, to establish his thoughts, he aspired to reasoning, even to the primal origin and final end of all creatures, and formed to himself a clear idea.

“In effect, the clear idea of the origin and the end of all creatures established his thoughts; his thoughts being established, these strengthened his resolutions; his resolutions being confirmed, these served to rectify his inclinations; his inclinations being corrected, these served to regulate his conduct; his conduct being rightly ordered, it was easy to put his house in good order; the good order reigning in his house facilitated the good administration of his states; and his states, finally, being well governed, gave tone to the whole empire, and virtue was made to flourish.”

The author of these thoughts evidently saw in one the elements of all. He saw that nothing was done in the science of self-government, until there was permanence and continuity of thought; nor can it strike us as other than an extraordinary idea, that he should recommend the study of the universe in the relation of cause and effect as the best mode of acquiring order and clearness in the intellectual operations, without which self-control is utterly impossible.

We now take leave of Confucius as the statesman; remarking simply, that, rare as it is to find the moral philosopher under the garb of the statesman, the union of the two is by no means unnatural. Selfishness and craft were as common to the politics of his day as they are to ours. But from that selfish level, Confucius towered upward as a mountain from the plain.

Though the love of nature distinguished him, as it does all harmonious minds, he did not cover his ideas with a profuseness of symbol. Indeed, his use of imagery is very limited, much more so than is common to the genius of Oriental minds; sensible objects coming in here and there as mere illustration. His thoughts come to us in the abstract and spiritual form, though he often finds the happiest comparisons. For instance, he asked the fowlers, busy with snares, if they caught the young birds. "No," said they, "not while the old birds are with them. If these were away, we could easily catch the young." "True," responded Confucius, "it is so with all: take away the wisdom of ages, and we are easily ensnared."

Though, like Socrates, Confucius soared into the pure empyrean of moral science, he was not without his speculations on the material universe. He grappled somewhat with the same difficulties as did the intellectual Greek, on the origin of matter. To him nothing was nothing; and as something never springs from nothing, he asserted the eternity of material substance. He contemplated the universe as one animated system, composed of one matter and one spiritual being, of which each thing is an emanation, and to which every living thing returns, when separated by death from its particular material part. Thus, the tree and flower are emanations; and there is that in each which lives on, which returns to the emanating cause, after dissolution occurs. Zoroaster said that fire was the best emblem of the Divinity; but Confucius represented Tien under no distinct image. His was the purely spiritual conception; the sun, moon, and stars, being but agencies. When Li-la-kiun asserted the multiplicity of gods, Confucius opposed and arrested the tide of idolatry which began to overflow.

What most strikes us in Confucius is the harmony of all his powers. He speaks like a man of well-balanced faculties. His strength did not grow up into one idea or one virtue. He would have the character well poised, like the stars in space. He was himself celebrated for his equanimity under every reverse of fortune. He was passionately fond of music. Hoanhee, the military chieftain, violently attacked his person; but his serenity was not disturbed. As an illustration of the mental harmony

we have ascribed to him, we may adduce his view of the "constant medium," or just mean, to which he said the sage should ever aspire. By this he meant the avoidance of extremes, of the too much and the too little, in every direction, as the way to gain the proportion essential to perfection. We will quote a paragraph of the Tchong-yong.

"Whilst the passions, quiet and composed, restrain life under the sway of reason, the whole mind is in a calm profound; and this calmness is called the constant medium. If their excitement and their sallies attract him not beyond bounds, this new state is called harmony. The constant medium is as the foundation and the support of this vast universe. Harmony is the grand rule and true bond. From the perfection of these two descend, as from their source, the repose of the world and the life of being." Again: — "The sage keeps a just mean in all things. The insensible remove it." "Oh! this constant medium is grand and sublime; but how few are able to keep it for a long time!"

Art, labor, and courage, are constantly required. Thus discoursed Confucius on the just mean, comparing its tranquillity to the tops of lofty mountains, above the lightning's gleam and the tempest's rage.

The saints more than the sages of Confucius are remarkable men; for they have not departed from the right reason and innocence that Tien gave to all mankind. His are the saints of reason, who have never forsaken its light. Sanctity is but the completeness of virtue; and sympathy, according to his philosophy, must never be impulsive. His sage never sheds tears at the death of friends. The philo-

sopher himself once wept when a favorite disciple was taken away, for which he afterwards apologized by saying that he had forgotten himself. Indeed, the Chinese never say that their friend "has died," but that "he has returned to his family." Thus did the teaching of Confucius occasionally border on the snows of that frigid clime where dwell the Stoic and his pride.

Throughout his doctrine there flows an exalted view of human nature. He was deeply conscious of its worth. We do not know, however, that he was in any degree original in the conception or expression of this truth; for in the popular faith of China this idea generally prevails, and there is no evidence that he first expressed it. Perhaps the following, from the Chinese "Classical Books," fairly embodies the general idea on this topic:—"All things are contained complete within ourselves. There is no greater joy than to turn round upon ourselves, and become perfect." Confucius recognizes the moral wealth of humanity in all his appeals to the moral law which Heaven has engraved on the human heart. The one expression in the Lun-yu, "Man is born right," clearly reveals his exalted opinion of human nature; and the fact, that the virtues he describes are not a foreign, but a natural growth of what all souls contain, looks plainly in the same direction. The language ascribed to him in the "Ancient Fragments" is,— "The natural light is only a perpetual conformity of our soul with the laws of Heaven. Men can never lose this light. It is true, that, the heart of man being inconstant

and wavering, it is sometimes covered over with so many clouds, that the light seems wholly extinguished." But he denies that it is in reality ever wholly quenched.

Confucius condemned men of many words and much profession. "Who is a superior man?" asked Tse-kung. Confucius answered, "He who first practises his words, and then speaks accordingly." The world is slow to learn, that there is a divine silence, as well as a divine speech. Confucius saw that Tien spoke through silence a diviner wisdom than words express. He said, —

"Silence is absolutely necessary to the wise man. Great speeches, elaborate discourses, pieces of eloquence, ought to be a language unknown to him; his actions ought to be his language. As for me, I would never speak more. Heaven speaks; but what language does it use to preach to men? That there is a sovereign principle from which all things proceed; a sovereign principle which makes them to act and move. Its motion is its language; it reduces the seasons to their time, — it agitates nature, — it makes it produce. This silence is eloquent."

His sage is an eloquent speaker only when his oration is composed of eloquent deeds.

The immortality of the Milesian wise man was well vested in the deathless saying, "Know thyself," since self-knowledge is father to self-government. But a greater than Thales speaks in the Confucian precept, "Conquer thyself;" for self-conquest is the end, and self-knowledge the means. "To conquer thyself is only to do what is agreeable to reason."

Many are the roads that lead to virtue, all of which the wise should know. This proves that the philosopher had no one exclusive mould in which to run the good man.

As lying at the bottom of all soundness, sincerity occupies a prominent place in his teaching. What else can give naturalness, force, and efficiency to character? Sincerity, the simplest of all the virtues, is the rock of every heroic structure, the spring and fountain of all that is sublime or beautiful in human history. Much does this Confucius discourse upon it.

"Sincerity is to perfect one's self. Taon (reason) is what men ought to practise. Sincerity is the origin and consummation of things. Without sincerity there would be nothing. Hence the superior man considers sincerity of much importance."

Sounding brass and tinkling cymbal are we all without it. But this virtue, according to the sage, may be inherent, and intelligence may lead to it.

"From inherent sincerity, to have perfect intelligence is to be a sage by nature; to attain sincerity by means of intelligence is to be such by study. Where there is sincerity, there must be intelligence; where intelligence is, it must lead to sincerity."

This also creates the discriminating sage, gives him self-reliance, and enables him to carry Paradise in his bosom.

"It is only he who possesses the highest sincerity under heaven who is capable of discriminating and fixing

what are the proper duties belonging to each of the human relations, who can establish the great foundation of the empire, and who comprehends the manner in which heaven and earth produce and nourish. Who should such a man rely upon? How ardent his benevolence! How vast his heaven!"

Confucius has perhaps too elaborately described virtue, which, in his teaching, is a strong, deep, and beautiful power, through which the sage and saint rise superior to pleasure and sorrow. Nothing troubles his man of virtue. And why? "Because," says he, "he practises not virtue for a reward. The practice of virtue is the sole reward he expects." Confucius made no merchandise of righteousness; and in the free, spontaneous character he would give to its practice, is he not centuries in advance of some Christian writers, and certainly far beyond Paley, who reckons up the losses and gains, somewhat as a grocer does his bill, giving the balance to good actions, which, he thinks, should be done "for the sake of everlasting happiness"?

"I have never seen any one who loves virtue as we love beauty," said this sage. Beauty charms all eyes. His disciple asked him to define the man of virtue. "He has," replied he, "neither sorrow nor fear." "Does that alone constitute the character?" continued the learner. "If a man searches within, and finds nothing wrong, need he have either sorrow or fear?" was the reply. The tree of virtue, in his view, can flourish only by taking deep root in the human heart. It must be cherished by the affections, and cultivated by practice. "It is not enough to

know virtue, it is necessary to love it; but it is not sufficient to love it, it is necessary to possess it." But the road to virtue he pronounced long, in which the traveller must advance step by step, until he arrives at the end. Confucius said, "If any one firmly applies his mind to virtue, he does nothing that is low, or contrary to reason." "Virtue is not solitary, nor the likeness of the desert; usually it has neighbors, worshippers, and followers."

"What is valor?" demanded Tzelou. of Confucius. "Among the people of the South," answered the sage, "it consists in winning the affections to virtue through beneficence and persuasion, and in disgusting them with vice through patience and gentleness. This is the valor of philosophers. The people of the North place it in sleep, clothing, the bow and the lance, and in meeting danger and death undaunted. This is the valor of heroes. To adhere to complaisance, and never to carry this to the extreme of weakness, — to preserve himself upright in the company of the various persons walking at random, and never to yield to any misfortune, — to cultivate virtue, — to die rather than violate his duty, — this is the true force, the valor to which the sage aspires."

There has not been unfolded by nineteen centuries of Christian progress a worthier conception of the highest form of power and valor possible to man.

Friendship, in the view of Confucius, is a flower to be cultivated. But if the sage familiarly associates with the mass of the people, they will heap indignities upon him. He points out three dangerous friends, the hypocritical, the flattering, and the loquacious; and, in the limitations he assigned, he

said, "Never contract friendship with a man who is not better than thyself." Strictly construed, would not this rule preclude all friendship? The same principle that binds the seeker to find his superior would cause the superior to refuse his overture. Or did the moralist simply mean, that each party contracting friendship should think the other better than himself? He instructs his sage to hate several kinds of persons, and especially those who delight to discourse on the faults of others. But of his mild philosophy revenge forms no part. He taught men never to revenge injuries, and never to desire the death of an enemy; though perhaps, through the strong reverence for the parental relation so common in China, he admitted an exception to this mild interdiction, when he told the young man not to live under the same heaven with him who had slain his father.

Reverence to superiors is one of the distinguishing traits of the Confucian morality. In a Chinese great man, we should naturally anticipate the prominence of this view. But Confucius introduces important qualifications. The subject should become a voluntary exile, sooner than live under the corrupting example of a wicked prince; and sons should acquaint parents with their faults, though it bring down their displeasure. He distinguishes three things which the wise man ought to reverence, namely, "The laws of Heaven, great men, and the words of good men." To these objects of reverence the race must bow; for what more naturally challenges general homage?

Love is an eminent characteristic of the great man. It widens with his thought, and partakes of its universality and exaltation. Confucius speaks of love, even the universal love. Justice, in his view, proceeds from it. "The love of the perfect man is a universal love, whose object is all mankind." He dealt in nothing foreign to the soul. The love becoming all men, he said, is no stranger to man; nay, it is man himself. The Swedish mystic uttered no falsehood when he said, "Love is the life of man;" for always as any man's love is, so are his conduct and his character. The whole intellect of every man obeys his love. Thought ever goes at its bidding. Even our dreams are not out of its sway. He who keeps a pure love has nothing to fear. Every thing else is of necessity right. Confucius said, that it is the good man alone who is able either to love or to hate with reason. "He who persecutes a good man," said he, "makes war against Heaven." The good man is one with Tien: if you persecute the former, you take up arms against the latter. In the mirror of this idea, may not the bigotry of Christendom behold its image?

Patriotism, which, to say the least, is a natural feeling, since every man is formed more by his particular country than by the whole world, is sanctioned by Confucius. He told his disciples freely to expose themselves, when their country's safety demanded.

We find in the writings of Confucius the golden rule in two forms, the negative and the positive. In the Tchong-yong it occurs in the negative form. Men are there encouraged to approximate to wis-

dom ; and its first lesson is thus announced : — “ Do not to any one that which you do not wish should be done to you.” This proves that the positive law had been discovered, out of which the negative precept sprang. It is also said by some authors of good repute, that the great precept is positively announced, “ Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.” This sunbeam, which darted from the moral nature of man nearly twenty-four centuries ago, is the brightest ray of human duty. It is wonderfully simple, though it partakes of the greatness of a universal law. The Divine Teacher of Judea gave out the same thought, as the great law of social justice, as the end and substance of the Law and the Prophets.

We would not present Confucius as a faultless philosopher. This moment our eye rests on a passage to us untrue. The sage who has faults that will be noticed, he instructs to “ cover himself as with a cloud.” But true virtue acts nobly from its own impulses ; all excellence holds a measure of spontaneity in it. Yet the teaching of Confucius constantly tends to make men better ; and, if his mission may be summed up in a few words, it was to teach mankind the useful science of being good. He relied on no mystic words or acts, but taught plainly, that, if men would learn to die well, they must first learn to live well.

As personal form, properly understood, is the biography and image of indwelling mind, we would know the personal appearance of this wonderful man. His figure had fine proportions. He was tall

and stately. His eyes were large and well formed. His countenance had an olive complexion, with beard long and black. His chest was broad, indicating the power of the arterial system, and his voice had force and sharpness. The extraordinary projection of his forehead caused his father, in sport, to call him, when young, Kieoo, or "the little hill." This potent organism, sustained through a long life the ceaseless action of his gigantic mind. His disciples testify that he was in manners mild, affable, and bland, and at the same time venerable and composed. He was regardful of others, kind, and reverent. When he reasoned and reproved, he was grave and severe.

We have alluded to his last days as being full of sorrow on account of his hopeless country. "The mountain is fallen," exclaimed the despairing philosopher, "the high machine is demolished, and all the sages have disappeared. The kings refuse to follow my maxims; and, since I am no longer useful on earth, it is well that I leave it." He then fell into a lethargic state, which continued seven days, when the hoary sage closed his eyes for ever to a world which to him had a sunless horizon, so far as its reformation was concerned.

Still, Confucius is the Chinese great man, though the property of all. The great veneration for the past, the reverence for superiors, the calm spirit, the strong imitation and wonder, the peculiar combination of imagination and taste, tending to a redundant description, — these traits of his race unite in shedding their colors upon his mind. The moun-

tain exhibits the soil of the surrounding plain, and more than reveals its internal wealth. The great man, however high above, ever represents the common mass. That Confucius shared in his countrymen's love of the marvellous, is evident in this, that a species of divination, by which the future might be known, held a place in his confidence, whilst he sometimes spoke of the invisible spirits surrounding us, and of the protection they extend to men. Even Socrates admitted that the gods gave signs.

The Chinese hues of his genius appear, we think, particularly in his elaborate delineation of virtue, and in his frequent advice to imitate the wise and the good.

Both the sage and the saint of Confucius are portrayed in a thousand beautiful ways ; and so perfect is the finish, that they appear as the polished specimens of fine art. They are too nice. The perfect in character needs no marks of great elaboration. In a story where the facts of life are so grouped together as to present a living goodness is the perfect in character best given. We prefer the simple parable of Jesus to the finely wrought picture of Confucius. Perfection, to be such, should not be conscious of itself. Shakspeare was probably far less conscious of genius than are the common scribblers. Perfect health is scarcely sensible of a stomach, a lung, or a spine. These remarks do not refer to Confucius personally, for he often disclaimed the praises bestowed upon him. And, although he says that virtue in the sage is so natural that it appears to be unnoticed by himself, and that his modesty

eclipses his virtues, we are unable to follow his numerous delineations of the wise and good, without discovering on the costume in which they are arrayed a tinge of the Chinese, — that is to say, too much of the artistic.

He exhorts the aspirant to virtue to imitate the wise and the good, though never without discretion. He makes free use of the term "imitation." But there is an original genius in each man's nature, worth infinitely more than imitation can bring. The rose and the thorn take up the vigor of the same surrounding nature, but each in its own way. It is thus that all life advances. Each thing, so to speak, transforms according to its own particular genius. No jot of individuality is lost. So with each mind. No good can come but through the transforming power of its own genius and life. It is not the imitation of wise men and good that we want. We want the wise men, not their likenesses. Jesus never told one man to imitate another. Why imitate Chaou, Ven Vam, Yaou, and Ouen-ouang, when every virtue they had lies infolded in the breast of every youth in China? Away with imitation! It never brought any man to virtue. These defects, however, do not justify the conclusion, that Confucius was not the great light of heathen antiquity.

The great and strong will always be contrasted with one another. Nor can we object to this, since character is best known through contrast. Hence Confucius has been compared with Socrates, Moses, Zoroaster, Mohammed, and Jesus. But their spheres were not the same. He differs from all the great

religious teachers in this respect, that he claimed no inspiration, attempted no miracles, uttered no prophecies, and in fact taught no new religion. Zoroaster occasionally, as it was believed, held converse with the gods, and Mohammed's beast bore him triumphantly, as it was asserted, over many heavens; but Confucius humbly took his stand on the nature of man and the fitness of things. In his moral ideas, he is environed with a light that Mohammed and Zoroaster do not possess. He certainly soared above the latter in this, that he worshipped the Deity under no physical emblem, and did not, like him, divide the empire of the universe between Ormuzd and Ahriman, in order to account for the great conflict between good and evil. To him, Tien was One, justly and benevolently ruling over all. That as a metaphysician and dialectician he equalled the fine acuteness and happy utterance of the Greek mind, as represented in Socrates, we presume will not be claimed; though there is so little known of the real genius of the Chinese language, that very few, we imagine, would undertake to institute a comparison between the two, as mere dialecticians. But, in the peculiar sphere of his greatness, which is that of a moral teacher, we opine that no one will attempt to bring forward his superior from all the lights of antiquity preceding the birth of Christianity.

A new and fresh conception of the unrivalled greatness, a deeper conviction of the divine inspiration of Jesus, springs up in the mind that travels over the richest fields of thought occupied by the ancient sages. The contrast perpetually widens. His stand

was not in the past. He referred to the present, living God as the source of his light, while the whelming ages flowed under his feet. He touched not the state; but he touched the great springs of life in him from whom the state, with its glory and shame, must ever flow. An empire was no field equal to his plan. The world was his field. No royal birth gave him entrance into palaces, nor secured the patronage of the great. He did not begin with a class. He began with all; though the common people, being less sophisticated, heard him more gladly. He taught no great homage to earthly superiors; he taught rather a self-reverence, that refused to call any man master. He was gentle and compassionate to sinners. He advised no man to imitate his neighbor, however good or wise he might be: human individuality was not invaded. He wrote nothing to perpetuate his teachings. Confucius had hundreds of learned men to propagate his views; Jesus, while living, had but a few humble, uneducated peasants around him, not half understanding his purpose and mission. Confucius was learned; Jesus by human institutions was wholly untaught. The one was aided by veneration for the past; the other was violently opposed and persecuted by it. Confucius unfolded his mild philosophy among a people as peaceful as himself; Jesus gave the lessons of peace at a time when all hearts were burning for revolution, and among a people constitutionally and habitually inclined to revenge. The one said, "Revenge not injuries;" the other said, "Love your enemies."

Behold the contrast between the personal faith of these two teachers ! The one sorrowed and mourned the three last years of his life, because he could not, as he thought, be useful. We respect the sorrow, for none but a noble spirit could have had it. He died in this despair. The other, though beaten by the storm of human passion, though deeply moved by the overwhelming sense of coming woe, and though foreseeing the certainty of a death marked with shame and violence, saw clearly through the blackness of cloud and storm to the sun itself, and felt himself glorified in its light, — felt that the hour was come. He spoke of his death as his glorification, and always had he cherished a deep consciousness of the certain victorious results of his labor and mission. Confucius enjoyed half a century of years, in which to mature his wisdom and deepen his influence. The public life of Jesus numbered but about three years, — probably not that, — and his thought the profoundest have not yet measured, the ages have not yet compassed. How powerfully his words have wrought ! All the civilizations and reforms of the earth are judged by them. How mighty that pure life of his ! It is still the reproof of all other lives. In the simple and beautiful majesty of his mind, earth's noblest sons are poor indeed. Yet, while we ascribe to Jesus an inspiration and authority to which Confucius laid no claim, it is beautiful to see the reformer of China evolving some of the same universal truths which the Saviour of mankind taught, and which, like the ever-tranquil stars, brighten the firmament of moral science and of

human happiness. From all we know of Confucius, we love and revere him. We admire his attachment to moral ideas. His life teaches the moral wealth of human nature, not less in our own age than in the remote period to which his name belongs.

CHANNING.

THIS man, it appears, belongs to the age far more than to any party or sect. The atmosphere of universal interest surrounds him. In such a name we all own property. There is a profound reverence created by the singular purity and elevation of his character, when living, to which the differences of opposing schools and parties seem to be no considerable barriers. He triumphs over the prejudices of opinion, whilst the settled conviction remains that in some way W. E. Channing was an extraordinary man; although perhaps, from the marked simplicity and naturalness of his character, few may have paused to analyze a greatness so simple and so familiar. Indeed, he absorbs the whole mind so thoroughly in his themes whenever he is approached, that there is little time to investigate the man.

We had supposed, that the life of Channing, so far as it is needful for such a life to be known, was sufficiently embodied in his published writings. We had imagined, that the best possible biography of such a mind is the thought it had given, and the spirit it had breathed. And this is true. But, having just arisen from the perusal of his Memoirs in three volumes, we are prepared to say, that much

new light is shed, not only from, but also upon, the subject of this article. In the facts here collected, we learn more of the different stages of his consistent progress, the birth of some of the new ideas which held dominion over his life; and, through the freedom of many incidents and utterances, which could have held no place in his more elaborate mental creations, we come more freely into his mind and heart. We welcome these volumes as a good contribution to American literature; and particularly do we value them for the various and ample manner in which Dr. Channing is permitted to lay open his own mind through the many letters, conversations, and quotations they contain. So much indeed does Channing himself speak from these volumes, that they are almost an autobiography.

The worth of such a life is various. We share the character of the objects we habitually behold. And, though the immensity and beauty of the natural world impress us in a manner that favors the high and generous aspiration, there is no object so elevating and so inspiring as the character of a truly good and great man. He touches all our inward springs. He penetrates, enlightens, reproves, and encourages us. A high and pure life carries us upward. It is the beautiful solution of the problem of faith. There is great worth in its reproof; still more in the encouragement it ministers. For such reasons, the life of Channing should be studied; for it was most sincerely, faithfully, and, we may add, successfully devoted to truth and goodness. We would be blessed not only by the purifying influence of such a life,

but we would seek expansion in its ever-widening spirit. As the greatness of Channing is silent, and of the spirit wholly, it is only in our tranquil moods that we realize him. Noise never follows the name of Washington, because it lies too deep in the calm fountain of reverence. Neither can we know Channing through any worldly views of greatness. It is only through the serene depths of conscience, thought, and love, that we know and enjoy a mind like his.

The religion, ethics, literature, and social reform of the age have each received the impress of his mind. As man was his great theme, his traces are left on all the great questions of human interest. Hence that breadth of thought and influence which almost forbids us to think of Channing as a professional character. As we walk over the green fields of truth through which he leads the way, we listen to the theologian, the literary man, the moral philosopher, and the philanthropist. He becomes as wide as human duty, suffering, virtue, and hope. But in every mind there is a central truth balancing the rest ; as, in each solar system in the boundless space, there is a supreme and governing orb. There is a centre of attraction to all minds, as truly as to all globes ; and the predominating element in the character of Channing no one can fail to see. It is as the sun.

Supreme over all his other tendencies is the moral. He perpetually saw the moral expression of things, and always regarded the conscience as the central power of the soul, around which the whole life

should revolve. Human nature he could never view from its outward conditions chiefly, but from its spiritual powers, its moral wealth. In man he saw the end of being, which is the perfection of all his spiritual powers. Nature, he said, in its boundless ministries, is always the servant of this. The state, the law, the schools, the church, — all nature and all providence, to his eye, were but means to this end, and valueless without it. This predominance of the ethical in simplicity and majesty is the sublime and beautifying fact of Channing's character and influences.

And is it not true, that a character thus combined is most in harmony with the universe and with God? For, in the enlightened conception of the Deity, the idea that prevails over all others is that of his perfect goodness, to which the whole infinitude of divine means but constantly ministers. Wisdom and power obey its dictates, and for ever seek to fulfil its ends. And, if this is true of God, the universe, properly interpreted, must reveal the same truth; for, proceeding from him in the order of creation, it necessarily bears the impress of his mind. Such also, and for the same reason, must be true of the constitutional nature of man, and will brightly appear in the same proportion as perfection of character is acquired. He therefore in whom this idea prevails, stands in most perfect harmony with the universe and its Creator, and is best fitted, with suitable gifts of intellect, to receive the highest influx of truth; nor can any one, however gifted with talents and genius, take the highest and the best views of man,

life, nature, and God, in whom the idea of goodness is not first. It is possible, however, in the fulness of idealism, for this element to exist out of due harmony with the rest, — to be made too isolated and imperfect for realization.

As man was the end of the universe in the sacred philosophy of Channing, so he became the end of all his labors ; reformation and progress being his great and earnest themes. The soul was his great idea, his constant hope. We have alluded to the idea of Right, as being the great light in the heavens of our higher powers ; but the whole soul was to him equally precious and dear, to which he looked as the ulterior fact, through all causes and systems that came before him. The dignity of human nature was always well sustained in his discourse ; whilst his faith in the capacity and wealth of humanity gained strength even from the very sources which to most persons are a gloomy discouragement, — the errors and sins by which they are darkened and obscured ; for a being who could err so widely, who could violate such high and perfect laws, and be conscious of the condemning voice of Right, proves the alliance of his nature with that from which he strays. Great ruins imply a great grandeur. To one so deeply convinced of the worth and power of human capacity, the lustre of the gem would appear in a thousand facts and incidents of life, which, to other observers, might speak nothing of the soul's greatness. The vast range of nature and providence pay tribute to this view. All things seem to address the soul, to pay it homage, by so affecting it as to invigorate its reason

by various truth, order, and law ; by speaking of endless beauty, by impressing on it the image of all material magnificence, and by the many spiritual suggestions that the ministries of the natural world constantly yield. All life, too, its sorrows and successes, its aspirations, and its fears, — all imply the same homage to his superiority ; for all aim at his good. Is there not something great in a being into whose education all things enter, for whom such a vast and complicated system constantly operates ?

Nor was this view a speculation of philosophy to him, but was really his hope in the darkest hour of social evils. It fed his philanthropy, his love of liberty, his reverential manners to others ; it supported his practical charity, his zeal for popular education and improvement, and strengthened every tie that bound him to the human race. Indeed, what less can such faith in real action accomplish ? In all effort at human emancipation from evil, lies the idea of human worth, which animates and inspires the action ; which taken away, all noble enthusiasm is palsied, and all generous effort disappears. But, with this remaining, through a few means, wonders may be done.

Dr. Channing has been accused of exalting human nature too much, of almost deifying its powers. That his idea is higher than the nature will warrant, **many**, and perhaps some of his warm admirers, may affirm. This is the great charge, and should therefore receive the first notice. We are aware that **this is a subject quite liable to confusion of thoughts ; for most persons will set down what one may say of**

human nature to the account of human character or to both, without a very discriminating distinction between the two. Bad culture will be brought forward in proof of the sad quality of the soil. But this is only one source of unhappy judgments. The disposition to judge of human nature from its partial and lower manifestations, as if these were *all*, builds up an erroneous decision. A *whole*, in such a various nature as ours, can never be judged of by a part; and especially is it perilous so to judge, when that part is perverted from its natural and rightful loyalty to the higher powers. There should be a clear penetration of the whole soul, a sounding of its mysterious depths, a knowledge of all its great moral aspirations and conflicts, which indeed it is very difficult to possess. Man is not as a tree, the whole of whose fruit may be known in the taste of a single production. But, without pausing to argue the question of human nature, we would place the charge brought against Dr. Channing on this ground. His idea is greater, it is alleged, than the nature will warrant. But whence came *his* idea of this superior excellence? Did it not proceed from his own mind? This will at once be granted. Then his nature was equal to the idea, or it could not have proceeded from it. No stream is greater than its fountain. If his nature was not unequal to the idea, neither is ours; for all are equally human. Moreover, when we condemn this lofty ideal, we do so on the ground that we understand it, that we realize its grandeur as being too great for what we see. Now that we realize even this idea, so far as to feel the vast dis-

parity between it and what we discover in human attainment, proves that there is nothing in it but that which finds an equal and a judge in the soul itself. We hold that error can be condemned only on the ground, that a standard of truth exists in the mind by which it is condemned ; and that degradation can be affirmed only, through the presence within, of a standard of elevation to which the mind of him who judges is competent. Is the soul less than the standard it comprehends ? Impossible. It seems to us, that, if all who discuss this subject would pause to consider that the nobler self from which they judge is as much and as truly included in the idea of human nature as are the passions by whose perverted action they are shocked, and would they distinguish between what is said on the possibilities of the soul and what is attained through a partial and negligent practice, much dispute and difference might be avoided.

But let us, before we condemn, hear the view we examine as set forth in the author's words : —

“ One of the great characteristics of the present day is a lowness, a sordidness, a frigidness of thought and feeling. Men think meanly of their nature, and hence their conduct is selfish and earthly. We do not, indeed, see men in general given up to gross vices. We do not meet around us the ferocity or beastly licentiousness of the savage state. We find many marks of improvement, when we compare the present with earlier ages. But there is little elevation of sentiment. Comparatively few seem to be conscious of their original, their capacities of excellence, their relation to God, their interest in eternity.

“Blessed be God, in the history of every age and nation, amidst the ravages of ambition and the mean aims of selfishness, there have broken forth nobler sentiments, and the evidences of a heavenly virtue. Every age has been illustrated by men who bore themselves like men, and vindicated the cause of human nature; — men who, in circumstances of great trial, have adhered to moral and religious principle, to the cause of persecuted truth, to the interests of humanity, to the hope of immortality; — who have trodden under foot the fairest gifts of fortune and the world, in the pursuit of duty. It has often pleased God to gather around these men the clouds of adversity, that their virtues might shine with a sublimer splendor. This is the greatest value of history, that it introduces us to persons of this illustrious order; and its noblest use is, by their examples, to nourish in us a conviction, that elevated purity of motive and conduct is not a dream of fancy, but that it is placed within our reach, and is the very end of being.” — *Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 28, 29.

Open his pages where you will, your eye rests on some expression of this sentiment. But to give the reader a more various representation of this leading view, in unison with the practical results with which it stands connected, we offer the following paragraphs: —

“All our inquiries in morals, religion, politics, must begin with human nature. The ends for which a being is made, his relations, his true course of conduct, depend upon his nature. To comprehend the former, we must understand the latter. Accordingly, certain views of man are involved in all speculations about the objects of life, and the proper sphere of human action. On such

views all schemes of society and legislation are built. Every great statesman, every reformer who has introduced a revolution in the affairs of nations, has been impelled and guided by his estimate of man. It is the want of a true science of our nature that has vitiated all past systems of government, morals, and religion. No book can be written wisely, no plan wisely formed for the improvement of mankind, which has not its origin in just reverence of the powers of the human spirit. And not only is it true that morals, religion, and politics, in their application to masses of men, must have their foundation in certain views of human nature; but every individual's principles, his whole system of duty, will take its character from the light in which he regards himself and his race. All the relations of life will wear different aspects to men who interpret differently the beings by whom they are sustained.

"Just views of human nature are, then, all-important. In comprehending man, we comprehend God, Duty, Life, Death, Providence; we have the key to the divine administration of the world. In proportion as man is made known to us, we learn why he was placed upon earth, and see the explanation of the discipline which is appointed him here. The mysteries of his childhood, progress, and maturity, of his joys and sorrows, of his temptations and sins, gradually clear away. Even material nature becomes revealed to us in a new light. In proportion as we understand man, — God's greatest work, — we understand inferior creation; we discover new adaptations of the outward and the inward worlds, new analogies between nature and the human spirit: the unity of the universe dawns upon us." — *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 404.

"Exertion supposes that good may be attained, and vigorous exertion supposes that the mind is kindled by

the prospect of great attainments. What can you expect from him who sees nothing in the future better than the past? On the other hand, a belief in the capacities and dignity of humanity, a belief of its future glory, a belief that higher excellence is the very end for which we were made, is a spring of generous and unwearied activity. This faith, when deeply fixed in the mind, is a pledge and earnest of the improvement to which it aspires. It awakens new power in the soul. It gives a natural dignity to the thoughts and actions, and produces an almost involuntary abstinence from all that is false and selfish."—*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 31.

This is enough. It is plain that the exalted view of human nature which holds the highest place among his thoughts is no mere philosophical speculation, but is a portion of his own spiritual life. Although no subject has more dignity and richness as a purely intellectual theme, yet it is far more interesting to us, coming as a cheering light into our discouragement, and as an exhortation arousing us to courage and to effort. Deep was this faith in human capacity in the inward life of Channing. Everywhere its evidences appear. The great sentiment taking hold of his mind at the age of fifteen, in the rapturous glow and generosity of youth, it had a long time in which to become vigorous and perfect; whilst the peculiarity of his mind, that brought to all the important convictions of the intellect the life of the soul, prevented this great idea from taking root exclusively in the grounds of speculation. Hence it is always clothed with the beauty and freshness of the soul itself.

But this subject should not be dismissed without a mutual appreciation of the fact, that man can do nothing, and hope nothing, except that for which his nature is sufficient. All that any one has for weal or for woe is his nature, from which proceeds all that he can do, aided by outward means. Omnipotence itself can carry no being forward further than his capacity admits. The means, whatever they are, become effectual only from previous ability to know and wield them; whilst it is self-evident that man must be greater than his means, or they can be of no service.

But in the full and earnest assertion of human dignity is implied at least a comparatively low state of human nature. Else where is the necessity of vindication? Who need to assert the brightness of the sun, the genius of Shakspeare, or the royal dignity of a well and long-established throne? These speak so plainly for themselves, that they accuse the vindicator of folly. The truth is, that in this early and grosser school of humanity, in which the spiritual is bound by the material with its appetites and passions, and in which so much ignorance, weakness, and unexplained misery obtains, and especially where there are so many vices and conflicts, the dignity of humanity must be seen through many clouds. Its brightness is overshadowed by appearance and by fact. The antagonism of the appetites and passions to the high moral force, though necessary to the formation of vigorous character, strikes many as the proof of abasement; whereas it only teaches, that man comes into being with character

unformed, and that great and opposing elements of nature are given, that greatness of character may be made possible. It is only when the noble and generous character is formed, that the promise of nature is fulfilled. As we would judge a vegetable race, not from its stunted, but from its perfect growths, so would we judge of humanity, not from its failures, but from its successes; from all its good men and true; from its Washingtons, Fenelons, and Newtons; from all who subdue themselves to the laws of their higher life. We cannot but think, that this whole question of human nature, both *pro* and *con*, belongs exclusively to the grosser stages of man's progress, in which the phenomena of life are not interpreted by a literal wisdom, and in which there are great perversions of his powers. We sincerely hope for a time, when the brightest displays of human glory will strike none as novel; when the teacher of men will have no need to seek the evidences that shall convince them of the exalted worth and dignity of their being, no more, indeed, than it is now needful to persuade a Rothschild of his fortunes, or a descendant of the house of Hapsburg of his royal lineage. Perfect dignity and unobscured needs no advocate.

But this advocacy, on the part of Dr. Channing, was necessary and in place, not only from the darkness that actually obscures the glory of the soul from the common view, but from the fact, that human nature was denounced as evil by the prevailing theology. It was believed to be totally corrupt and disabled. Despotisms then, as now, oppressed the

souls and bodies of millions, all implying a basis of irreverence to man. Indeed, it will be long ere this advocacy can be out of place, — never, we are sure, till man reveals the glory of his nature in a continuous series of noble deeds, by a conduct coming up to the possibilities of his higher self. It is certain that this idea needed a distinct representation, that the skeptical doubt and the theological dogma might be alike overwhelmed; and no truth ever demanded a representative in whom human nature appears in superior excellence more than this. All great teachers are born to bear witness unto the truth; and it is our conviction, that William Ellery Channing was born to bear particular witness to this truth, against which the vices and the oppressions of ages are strongly arrayed. It cannot be supposed, that, by nature, man is only evil; for the very verdict of depravity which man passes on himself implies that his standard of comparison and decision is one of goodness, in which he confides, which could not exist in his mind were he totally corrupt and incapable of good. You cannot account for the verdict, — for its very existence, we mean, — without the overthrow of this position. A race totally depraved would be incapable of the standards by which to determine the fact. But we would only speak of this matter in the way of common reasoning, not choosing to enter on topics of theological dispute. We speak of Dr. Channing as the best representative we know of the idea of the inherent and incalculable worth of human nature, in which light he strikes us almost as an apostle of the human race.

Still even here, in the strong-hold of his mental effort, the mild prophet is perhaps more apparent than the strong philosopher ; for usually he gives us his clear convictions, without presenting in full the basis on which his views are made to rest. Perhaps some unpublished philosophical discourses may do this ; and we have strong reason to think that this was the purpose to have been fulfilled by the uncompleted work he had partially laid out on the subject of " Man."

Having introduced Dr. Channing under the idea, for which his literature is more than by any other distinguished, let us inquire for some of the leading traits of his mind and character ; for in these we shall not only find the mirror of his views, to which they correspond, but we shall share the elevating influence of the traits and virtues we contemplate.

And the first thought which the contemplation of his character suggests is that of a high moral purity. Influence, indeed, is a very mysterious agency. But we believe it is universally like the objects whence it comes. If the purity of Channing's character may be judged by the influence he exerts on others, even through the distant medium of written communication, it must be very high. He always speaks as one accustomed to noble and generous motives. He bears us above our selfishness into the region of universal love and justice. The atmosphere of universal truth, which is the mountain air of the moral universe, seems to have been his spiritual home ; and it is to this elevation that his influences carry us. We arise from his pages unable to define the power

that has reached us ; but this we know, that, for the time, we have arisen into an empyrean of light and disinterestedness to which society and ourselves are not accustomed. There are moments when each and all of us dwell in these higher motives and feelings ; but it is the distinction of holier ones, that they become natives and citizens of these sacred summits. The character of Channing is a strong character. It is evidently the consistent growth of much labor and of many years. His private papers, containing the record of daily impressions and purposes, exhibit strong yearnings after the perfect, — great watchfulness and care over himself, lest he should not live under the perpetual sway of goodness and truth.

One great distinction of Dr. Channing is, he loved the truth *for its own sake*. And when we have said this, we think that a principal trait of his greatness is told. This is the secret of the highest moral power. And how simple and natural is this generous feeling of the heart ! Yet many of vigorous intellect gain little power over the souls of men, on account of its absence. Who gives evidence of a stronger confidence in truth ? Few persons ever watched themselves with a more determined purpose to be true to their inward light ; and his most solemn charge to others, “ Be true,” and “ Reverence truth,” we believe to be but the simple utterance of what he sought to live, and what his deepest experience approved as divine. This loyalty to strong convictions, this love of truth for its own sake, kept his mind above the biases of parties, where he could

contemplate subjects from points of view yielding a wide scope of vision. He feared the shackles of sects and of associated numbers chiefly on this account, and would sooner stand alone in the seeking and utterance of truth, unawed and unpledged to any.

The power of generous, pure affection in bearing up the intellect into a region of higher moral discovery, in forming a sensibility to truth which secures its possession, and in determining the quality of influence both for the present and the future, displays itself alike striking in his moral philosophy and inward aspiration. "I long," said he (soon after the choice of his profession), "most earnestly long, to be such a minister as Fenelon describes. What liberty so valuable as liberty of heart?—freedom from sin?" Indeed, Channing was much like Fenelon, with, however, a wider mental vision, and a more philosophical mind. In the purity and transparency of character which belong to him, may we not read the quality and the value of his future influences?

We would notice his philanthropy, which, though it shrunk from all noisy display, and sought to operate like the beneficent agencies of nature around us, was spiritual, earnest, and strong. It had, of course, a spiritual basis, as had all his hopes for the human race. It was, therefore, in the rescue of the *mind*, in the wise direction and full development of its powers, that his philanthropy found its chief expression. For it is through this that the individual rises to the comprehension of his evils, subdues temptation, plans his outward well-being, and realizes the

greatest happiness and glory of his nature. To this great end no outward prosperity nor ample supply of physical want could blind his eye. In dealing with the evils of society, he saw their sources in the weaknesses and vices of the mind, and accordingly sought the healing waters from spiritual soil. He saw the awful feature of intemperance, not in the ruin of property, reputation, and health, but in the renunciation of the Reason, in the surrender of manhood to the appetites. This breaking-down of the soul's dignity and power was to him the only evil ; whilst the voice of the outward ruins was but the trumpet of circumstance announcing the inward wrong. The same of slavery. Its cause and curse are in the spirit that enslaves, in the thirst of power and worldly gain ; and the prince of all its evils is the wrong it does to the soul's prerogatives of reason and conscience, in the actual denial of the manhood of a human being. War is a tempest of sin, not so much from the abstract loss of animal life and human property, as from the degradation and imbrutement of a human being. Here lay the woful wrong. This characteristic of Channing's reasoning, the discovery of the great causes as moral, and its correspondence with his exalted view of human nature, must strike the mind of all his readers.

There is beauty in the burning ardor and irrepressible enthusiasm of those early years when he longed for a wider plan of usefulness. This feeling to serve mankind, that burst forth so earnestly in his letters from Old Virginia, is so beautifully spontaneous ! " What is man ? " said he. " For what was

he born? To vegetate, to draw nutrition from the earth, and then wither away, forgotten and unknown? O no! He bears a spark of divinity in his bosom; and it is Promethean fire which animates his clay. Look at the human mind. See it bursting forth, spreading itself through infinite space by its power of receiving ideas from external objects, concentrating immensity in a point, and, by its powers of retrospect and anticipation, concentrating eternity in a moment. Need I mention his faculty of moral discernment, or his creative imagination? Now, friend, I would ask you, in what does the perfection of man consist? Which part of his nature requires most care? From what source is his most rational and permanent happiness derived? The answer you must make is, 'The mind.' Now let me ask you to look on the world, and show me the man who is engaged in this improvement. All is hurry, all is business. But why this tumult?"

"I grant that man is selfish; but ought he to be so? Was man framed for himself or for his fellow-men? On this point of morality I know we shall agree; and you will think, as I do, that, if we can substitute benevolence for selfishness, we shall add to the sum of human virtue and happiness. Again, ought man to provide most for his body or his mind? Here, too, we shall agree; and no doubt you wish to see the love of science take the place of a love of money in the human breast. Now, I think these changes can be effected in the sentiments and feelings of mankind. How? By education. Judge from your own feelings whether the principle of benevolence or humanity is not so strongly impressed on the heart by

God himself, that with proper care it might become the principle of action. Judge from your own feelings whether the love of science is not founded on so natural a sentiment, — I mean curiosity, — that with the same care it would pervade every bosom. I declare I believe these ideas to be incontrovertible. Do you not glow at the prospect? Behold the rising virtues attended by truth and wisdom; peace with her olive branch, compassion with her balm! O my friend! I can go no farther. I feel a noble enthusiasm spreading through my frame; every nerve is strung, every muscle is laboring; my bosom pants with a great, half-conceived, and indescribable sentiment; I seem inspired with a surrounding deity."

Thus spake the youth. This early philanthropy and faith in man are beautiful and prophetic; whilst the earnest spiritual fire that flamed out in these last expressions throw much light on his moral temperament, which by nature was any thing but coldness. Practical was Channing's benevolence. It always saw the difficulties, and asked the ways and means. Whoever imagines that Dr. Channing's benevolence was ideal, that it exhausted itself in dreamy theorization on abstract humanity, should read his diary, and learn what most concerned him. Is this moral sentimentalism? — "'Things to be done in town. Comfortable houses to be let cheap, for the poor. Innocent and improving amusements. Interesting works to be circulated among them. Poor-house rooms to be better aired. Causes of poverty to be traced. Excite no feeling of dependence. Stimulate to exertion. Relief such as to call out energy, and remove whatever disheartens and disables. How

much capacity there is in the poorer classes, of knowledge and affection ! Why is it not developed ? ”

Noiseless as comes God's gift of day, did his beneficence go out to others ; nor did his philanthropy wear the least tinge of that professing largeness which loves man most dearly abroad, whilst it neglects him at home. The beautiful fact of Channing's philanthropy is, that it made no unnecessary speeches, is free from pretension, and, instead of seeking embodiment in particular organizations, it went forth in the silent influence of individual thought and action. Great and good is this sentiment of loving man ; and were it to become real and genuine, fewer words would express it to others. We ask the philanthropy that *thinks, feels, and acts* ; one that can speak when speech is necessary, and certainly one that knows how to be silent. But never can such a philanthropy exist without a deep faith in the worth and sacredness of humanity, as its basis. Nothing less than this can inspire the purpose, “ For worlds I would not own a slave.” Nothing less can exclaim, “ What ! own a spiritual being ! a being made to know and adore God, and who is to outlive sun and stars ! What ! chain to our lowest uses a being made for truth and virtue ! Suns and stars may be owned, but not the lowest spirit. Touch any thing but this. Lay not your hand on God's rational offspring. The whole spiritual world cries out, Forbear ! ”

Thus does the view of humanity, which Dr. Channing so ably represents, sustain to his philanthropy the relation of the fountain to its crystal stream.

His liberality, which perhaps is but another name for enlargement of mind, his freedom from prejudice, and clear comprehension of the truth and goodness belonging to all parties, form certainly a bright gem in the beauty of his character. Channing saw as few see the poverty of those limits with which men are usually satisfied; and, believing in the infinity of truth, and in the progress of man, he could never look upon any sect as being more than a partial manifestation of the true light. He pleaded the distinction between human goodness and human opinion, however hallowed by time or sanctioned by numbers; and, under the veil of skepticism, was as willing to acknowledge as to witness the existence of great virtues. Herein was the surprise of Coleridge, that he should find in the American preacher such freedom from the prejudices common to every school of belief. But this fact, as already observed, is but an affirmation of a thorough and wide comprehensiveness; for he whose penetrating energy and all-embracing interest are each remarkable, is necessarily free, and often to the dissatisfaction of every party. He whose constant inquiry is, "What is truth?" and who hearkens to all the objections which silently arise even against settled and favorite positions, can never know the severe bondage of sectarianism; and a brief passage of Channing to his friend is so apparent in his character, that we give it a place in our essay. "I owe," said he, "the little which I am to the conscientiousness with which I have listened to objections springing up in my own mind to what I have inclined and sometimes thirsted to be-

lieve; and I have attained through this to a serenity of faith that once seemed denied in the present state."

The liberality of his mind was aided, we think, by his doctrine of progress. No man should say, "I have formed my system," and there rest contented. Believing that Nature and Christianity are but partially known, and regarding the soul as formed for endless advancement, he not only inferred the possibility, but the moral certainty, of the future dawn of new truths. Hence he was apparently always on the watch-tower to behold some new exhibitions of great truths and principles, as they might be presented in the events of society, in the phenomena of the soul and in visible nature.

In the spirit which Channing inculcated, all denominations might be one in Christ; for he regarded them all as representing some great and important truth. Accordingly, his pulpit exchanges, during the first years of his ministry in Boston, before the storm of ecclesiastical controversy came on, are said to have been so unsectarian, that he was alternately owned and disowned by all the sects around him. But the liberality of Dr. Channing never approached the indifference that cares not for what is believed, but always accompanied deep earnestness in the cause of truth, an uncompromising opposition to what he deemed to be error. This broad charity was the offspring of a wisdom which saw the love of truth that wrought under all differences, that hoped more for the future than the past or the present was able to give, that made allowances for diversity of

education and mental tendency ; and we should add to all the considerations that pertain to intellectual expansion, the generous love and reverence of humanity, that always tends to unite in bonds of charitable interest all who are enriched with their possession.

The independence and self-reliance of Channing blend in beautiful contrast with his reverence for others. This is a prominent trait. He approached all subjects and persons with the dignified air of respect ; and a tone of reverence for other minds, for their thoughts and motives, is plainly perceptible in his general allusions, in his various letters, and in many incidents unnecessary to particularize. We think this power of veneration was deep ; for in nature and in man, he always saw the divine. Humanity, through his views, was particularly sacred ; and how could he feel otherwise than reverent towards it ? Characteristic, as well as philosophically prophetic, is the intimation in his writings, that the true reverence for human nature would create tones of eloquence as yet unheard. A bearing of man toward man would reveal a dignity and grace as yet unknown in human manners. But this quality, whilst it extended largely to others, did not stand alone, but was balanced by a firm and tranquil power of self-reliance. He permitted none to invade the pale of his mental freedom. He would think and speak for himself, preserving inviolate the fidelity he owed to the decisions of his own reason and conscience. Power naturally relies on itself. But the potency with which he cautioned others to resist

spiritual aggression, the jealousy with which he contemplated the influence of numbers bound by a party bond, the plea he made for individual agency as better than a pledged associative action, the supremacy of the rational and moral nature within over all imposing authority from without, and the frequent allusions to the foes by which the independence of the soul is everywhere threatened, prove that the subject had been well investigated, that the costs attending this vigorous trait of character had been ascertained, and that his self-relying mind was rendered such, not wholly by native tendency, but more especially through a settled purpose, on the formation of which the light of a various observation and of deep meditations had shone. Self-reliance is doubtless an element of every strong character. But there is a foe to its existence in the pride of fashion, in the sway of sects, in the traditions of the past, and in the disposition of the many to blindly follow the self-confident leader. But where has Channing left a single trace of subserviency? What passage in his life or literature is destitute of an independent and manly air? In several utterances on individual freedom, he has unconsciously sketched his own character. As for instance:—

“ We must commit ourselves fully to a principle of truth and right; we must dare to follow it to the end. Moral independence is the essential of loving warmly, thinking deeply, acting efficiently, of having the soul awake, of true life. This habit of relying on principle should give us a buoyant consciousness of superiority to every outward influence. A far-sighted anticipation of

great results from worthy deeds should make us strenuous in action, and fill us with a cheerful trust."

Other and forcible expressions of this attribute frequently occur. Let us enrich our pages with a few more of these truthful and elegant quotations.

"What faculties slumber within, weighed down by the chains of custom! The want of courage to carry out great principles, and to act on them at all risks, is fatal to originality and freshness. Conformity benumbs and cramps genius and creative power."

"A bold, free tone in conversation, the decided expression of pure and lofty sentiment; may be influential to change the whole temper and cast of thinking of society around us. Are we not traitors to great truths, when we suppress the utterance of them, and let the opposite errors pass unrebuked? We must be palsied by no fear to offend, no desire to please, no dependence on the judgment of others. The consciousness of self-subsistence, of disinterested conformity to high principles, must communicate an open unreserve to our manners."

"Claiming no superiority, allow not this claim in others. Expect and require from others the same deference which you feel yourselves bound to pay. As you set up no pretensions to exclusive sanctity in yourselves, distrust them in your neighbor. The exclusive saint bears one broad mark of the want of sanctity. The real Christian is the last man to be a pretender. Never suffer your opinions to be treated with scorn in social intercourse, any more than you would your characters; but, whilst you force them on none, let men see that you reverence them as truth, and that you expect decorum and courtesy in those who converse with you on this, as on deeply interesting subjects."

Indeed this virtue of real independence, in union with proper courtesy and reverence to others, is so rare that we love to linger about the genuine utterance of so high a quality. We love to behold man stronger than opinion, and mightier than custom. Never can we forget the impression made by the following lines in earlier years: —

“I beg you to remember, that in this discourse I speak in my own name, and in no other. I am not giving you the opinions of any sect or body of men, but my own. I hold myself alone responsible for what I utter. Let none listen to me for the purpose of learning what others think. I, indeed, belong to that class of Christians who are distinguished by believing, that there is but one God, even the Father; and that Jesus Christ is not this one God, but his dependent and obedient Son. But my accordance with these is far from being universal, nor have I any desire to extend it. What other men believe is to me of little moment. Their arguments I gratefully hear. Their conclusions I am free to receive or reject. I have no anxiety to wear the livery of any party. I, indeed, take cheerfully the name of a Unitarian, because unwearied efforts are used to raise against it a popular cry; and I have not so learned Christ as to shrink from reproaches cast on what I deem his truth. Were the name more honored, I should be glad to throw it off; for I fear the shackles which a party connection imposes. I wish to regard myself as belonging, not to a sect, but to the community of free minds, of lovers of truth, of followers of Christ, both on earth and in heaven. I desire to escape the narrow walls of a particular church, and to live under the open sky, in the broad light, looking far and wide, seeing with my own eyes, hearing with my own ears, and

ollowing truth meekly but resolutely, however arduous or solitary be the path in which she leads. I am, then, no organ of a sect, but speak from myself alone; and I thank God, that I live at a time and under circumstances which make it my duty to lay open my whole mind with freedom and simplicity."

The deep seriousness that pervaded his thoughts and brooded over his whole mental action, though at times some may have felt it as somewhat severe in his manner, we must regard as the richest of moral and intellectual traits. Through this appears more and more the depth of his thoughts and virtues. Through this also the deeper springs of the soul, springs that lie beneath the upper and surface-world of emotion, are reached. Truth never penetrates us so thoroughly as when it comes wearing the hues of a deep and thoughtful seriousness. But there is no lack of serene cheerfulness. Indeed, where will you find brighter beamings of hope? Hope was always radiant in Channing; and here, as elsewhere, there appears the harmonious blending of apparent opposites.

It is stated, that his childhood was tinged with edateness; that, about the time of his entrance on his ministry, his habits of abstraction and seriousness almost rendered his presence oppressive; that, in the pulpits where he was a general favorite, some complained of his gloom. These facts of his earlier life, which was succeeded by a gradual ascendancy of sunshine, are accounted for in his Memoirs by the circumstances of ill health and extreme conscientiousness. Let these have their weight in accounting

for the excess of the solemn shade. But the mere fact of deep seriousness resolves itself into the depth of his own spirit. The mind that comprehends most, that sees most of the good and evil existing in human life, that lives in communion with great truths and prospects, that holds a consciousness of excellence upon which the rough agencies of the world's evil are constantly breaking in, and that is exquisitely alive to all moral deformity and violence, must, in a world like this, hold deep seriousness as a part of its nature. From the great struggle of humanity with evil, from the peril attending the greatest good through which all may be lost, from the vast value of man, from the infinitude of truth and of the Unknown, there falls upon us a shade of seriousness which souls of deeper action and of moral greatness must wear. Great hope and great joy are serious. All expansion of Power, whether of mind or of matter, whether addressing us from mountains, oceans, and skies, or from the vastness of high purpose, the grandeur of great thoughts and native powers, sends forth an influence of solemnity, and exhibits that which is somewhat inspiring of awe. But as goodness and hope are supreme in the depths of the universe, so is the serenity of these the principal trait in the highest characters; and if we have not studied the character of Channing in vain, this serene cheerfulness, like the tranquillity of stars, pervaded it. We read him for encouragement, for the courage and hope he awakens. This balance of light and shade, seriousness and cheerfulness, cannot dissatisfy us; for we think we discover its proper accordance with

a similar balance in all nature, which, taken as the mirrored expression of the Creator, suggests the perfect union of these traits in Him. We know and acknowledge the value of mirth; and we are told that its spontaneous outburst from the joyous heart always gave him delight, whilst passages are not wanting in which he pleads the law of amusement in our nature as deserving means of satisfaction not yet introduced, — passages which assert the healthful, temperate, virtuous tendency of innocent amusements over the people. Nor did his analogical suggestiveness fail to point out corresponding voices in the joyous notes and scenes of the outward world. We admit, we say, the value of mirth. But never do we expect to meet a deeply interesting and extraordinary character, such as takes a generous and lasting hold upon us, in which seriousness, all beautiful and impressive, is not the prevailing element.

Under the name of cautiousness, we would notice the conservative tendency of Channing's mind. To this also belong the gentle distance and cool reserve observable in his manners. He was always alive to the perils of society; which apprehensiveness, however, was balanced by a serene fulness of hope. In every paragraph of his writings, the meaning is guarded from perversion and mistake. He anticipates every danger. No man was ever more thoroughly alive to the perils which surround our nature and our lot; and we believe that none ever hoped more steadfastly and earnestly than he. Without being satisfied with the past, he paid it homage; whilst his power to grasp and love, to unfold univer-

sal principles, prevented great names or hoary assent from becoming, in any sense, his masters. Jesus would not destroy the law or the prophets. He sought to fulfil and to expand the good already conceived. Neither would Channing destroy the past if he could; but would accept the truth it has brought, as thankfully and as cheerfully as he would welcome a discovery.

There are two classes of minds which stand in great conflict to each other, and which divide the sceptre in the direction of society through its great changes. The first of these are the conservatives, who see the past as all, who are satisfied with its attainments, who seek salvation through its light, and who regard all innovation as perilous. These have no patience with reformers. The other class, bold in the doctrine of progress, embody some new and revolutionary idea, and go on with it as all. The past to them is dead. They call it a grey old hypocrite, a liar, a tyrant, a thief. They despise it for its stupidity; whilst the future and the new thought are all in all. The truth these rough pioneers bring, they present in strong terms. They are brave and fearless. They arouse and agitate.

Now, Dr. Channing belonged to neither of these, but united in himself the two great principles of conservatism and onwardness, — these principles, we say, purified from their excesses. There was a deep energy in his nature, a slumbering fire, a bold, brave spirit of truth and progress, reined and checked by a strong conservative tendency. In society, the conflict of these two principles is but relatively real,

whilst their co-operation in the production of reform is absolute and perpetual. In reference to the grand design, which is reform, they are as the centripetal and centrifugal forces, which guide the planet in its orbit. The former, you know, would arrest its advance wholly by drawing it to the central, parent mass, the sun ; whilst the latter would drive it forward for ever in a straight-line progress through the endless immensity. But the conflict of the two yields the beautiful ellipsis.

Thus do the conservative and the onward tendencies of society produce finally the perfect circle of reform. The restless energy of reformers needs the checks of conservative influence, or its impetuosity would lead often to shipwrecks ; whilst it is unquestionable, that new truths get cleared of their dross through contest, and take finally a deeper root in the popular confidence. These two agencies have always appeared, in the progress of society, in a phenomenal antagonism to each other ; but, in their design and final result, were real and permanent friends. They who have fought the hardest have been found contending for different branches of the same truth ; whilst an harmonious wisdom, greater than the belligerent knew, has presided over their struggles, and blended their influences into the service of truth. Say what we will in our radical moments, the past and present are as spring and summer in every man's life and in the flow of ages. We may cry out, " I have nothing to do with yesterday ; " but yesterday has much to do with us. It is a friend and companion we cannot divorce. Its history is ineffaceably

written in the life and character of to-day. Tomorrow can affect us only by becoming yesterday. Every plant or bursting rose-bud speaks of yesterday. Its growth is there. Full of interest are these brave conflicts between new and old. But the harmony of these appear in Channing. He was not naturally a pioneer : he would not agitate community much about its errors. Others must first trouble the waters, must throw some idea into a state of popular agitation ; and then, when the strife of conservative and reformer had reached its meridian, he could, in the calmness of John and in the potency of Paul, present the subject in such wide relations, in such clearness and consistency as to cool the strife, and convince all of a truth and justice in which they should acquiesce. We doubt that Channing had written on slavery, had not the abolitionists first aroused the country to the rights of the slave. We also doubt that he had ever stood forth in the doctrinal advocacy of new theological views, but for the manner in which the public mind was already agitated on themes of wide theological difference. Such men are not the first movers ; but, when they do move, they cause a wide circle on the sea of reform, extending even to the very shores ; whilst it not unfrequently occurs, from the want of proper comprehension, that both parties claim and accuse the man in whom these two principles harmoniously act.

We incline to the opinion, that no one man can give the entire character of another, however familiar with its various exhibitions. There is usually more in men than they have ever acted or spoken. Espe-

cially is difficulty multiplied when the character viewed is not a bold concentration of life and energy in one or two projecting points, but abounds in the refined, harmonious, and almost invisible blendings of various and seemingly opposite qualities. It is in such characters that the spirit of excellence seeks its most perfect expansion. The character of Channing evidently comes under this view. He is clearly distinguished by the total symphony of his powers, in which the moral predominates. We have noticed, as best we could, the idea of human worth that gave light to all his teaching, that influenced his own nobler aspirations, and that left its deep traces on his character and life. We have endeavored so to state the several traits of his character observable at a distance, his moral purity, philanthropy, liberality, great self-reliance and humble reverence of others, deep seriousness always wearing the serene cheerfulness of hope, and his conservative and onward tendencies, that a just ideal of its moral wealth may arise in the reader's mind. From this department of the subject, let us advance to a more particular examination of his intellectual powers.

The intellectual are indeed the executive faculties, the instrumentality of success. Great ends demand a correspondingly great executive energy. We cannot, without violence to the plainest and simplest psychological light, so separate the intellectual from the moral in any man as not to admit that the highest quality of greatness in the latter implies a corresponding excellence in the former. There are no Fenelons in moral influence on mankind, who

are not Fenelons in intellectual refinement and energy. For a time, therefore, let us consider William Ellery Channing merely as an intellectual man.

As mental characteristics flow to some extent from ancestral sources, it might not be wholly out of place to name the historical fact, that the grand-parents, both on his father's and his mother's side, were persons of more than ordinary intelligence and energy. William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration, honored for simplicity and purity of character, as well as for ability and good sense, is perhaps as plainly present in the constitutional tendencies of him who bore his name, as any of his ancestors. But, as it is desirable to contemplate the mind of Channing from its own exhibitions, we will not seek to trace out any connection subsisting between it and its ancestral springs, through the ever-faithful laws of hereditary descent. Doubtless he would be found to differ from each and all.

The organization of Dr. Channing, frail as it became, was peculiarly and happily adapted to perceive and to realize truth. We may not be fully understood by all in the sentiment here spoken; but there are many who know, better than they can express, the truth to which we refer, — the peculiar fitness of certain organizations to receive, through sympathetic sensibility, the divinest influences. We occasionally meet one whose eye and form have, more than others, a spiritual expression, — an expression that intimates a natural fellowship with truth in its highest and beautiful forms. Their very nerves have a sensibility to the True. Perhaps,

however, this is only another mode of stating the higher fact of mental excellence to which the personal materiality conforms, since refinement of sensibility in the soul is apt to have its clear expression in the body. Be this as it may, it is certain that Dr. Channing possessed a constitutional susceptibility that felt even the moral influence of the atmosphere he breathed, and of the natural world, to whose beauty and loveliness he was ever alive.

There is in Channing's intellect a certain *definiteness*, a clearness, a transparency, that is rarely to be found in authors who deal so largely as he in generalization. This is a conspicuous trait. Hence the ease with which he is followed by common minds. The uneducated cannot leave his pages without the conscious feeling that they have gained his meaning. It is not uncommon to meet persons who strive to grasp the universal, and in the attempt fail of that directness and singleness of aim, without which, power is wasted. Following Channing, the reader is never lost in twilight or in clouds. Great thoughts are always simply expressed. His is a luminous page. But we would not intimate that the thorough comprehension of Channing demands any thing less than a ready power to appreciate great moral ideas, and to recognize the deepest facts of experience and consciousness. The mere matter-of-fact man, who cares only for details, though many rays may enter his mind as he reads, will not be interested like one who loves to trace the broad expansions of truth into the wide range of general principles.

Notwithstanding the obvious definiteness for which

we contend, the charge of mysticism, or a tendency to mysticism, has been offered by one or two of his reviewers. There is no question, we think, that the mind of Channing, like all great minds, tended at times to pass the limits of the known, — to verge on the twilight region which divides the day from the night, the known from the unknown. No doubt such a mind was conscious of the mysteries of being, of the dim and undefined shadows of distant truths passing over it. Souls of divine temper have longings after the Undefined and the Unattained. We grant, that here and there is an expression that might intimate a fact like this, — a plain fact of inward experience to which the soul of the reader may respond ; but we deny, that, in the presentation, he ever gives you the shadows of truth. It is truth itself, unembellished, and in the plainest words. When we consider the order of topics on which he wrote, — topics that turned constantly from the outward to the inward life, that aimed to manifest the soul, — we should have held his writings as destitute of one principal feature of excellence, had they attempted to lay open the human spirit on an even plain, where all its powers and action had seemed as common as the hills and meadows around us.

A passage like the following has been thought to border somewhat on the Platonic mysticism : —

“ We believe that the human mind is akin to that intellectual energy which gave birth to nature, and consequently that it contains within itself the seminal and prolific principles from which nature sprung.” — Octavo volume, p. 189.

Mysticism, if we understand it, is shadowy, and in a degree unintelligible. But is not this sentence plain? Does not the common belief, that God is the Parent Mind, through whose energy the universe was framed, and that the soul is his offspring and son, contain all that this view expresses? If nature sprung from God, and if man is his son, then necessarily is "the human mind akin to that intellectual energy which gave birth to nature; and consequently it contains within itself the seminal and prolific principles from which nature sprung." The whole view has always reposed in the common faith.

If placed on philosophical grounds, the conclusion is just as easy and intelligible. For, in the examination of nature, man is conscious that the same order of wisdom and love that the earth and the heavens reveal he possesses within the range of his own faculties. How, indeed, should man recognize in nature a divine mind, but through powers similar to those which nature reveals? In the possibility of recognition, therefore, lies the induction of Channing. We see in it nothing except what the common belief and the bonds of logic fully contain. But we are aware that mysticism has better meanings than mere unintelligibility; and, whilst the soul and nature remain so full of the undefined, of mystery, of the inexplicable, greatness of intellect will be doomed to no condescension in giving a various expression to this fact and condition of being.

In England, we are told by persons who have mingled freely with the middling classes, that it was not uncommon to meet those who felt a lively

interest in his writings, and whose hopes had been upborne by his powerful faith in man. Indeed, what bright fires he kindles along the pathway of the poor, the oppressed, the unfortunate! Such will ever understand him, at least, as their friend. His clearness of style is but the evidence of the same attribute of intellect; for it is thence that style chiefly originates. The freshness and spontaneity of his communications bear an unpremeditated character, whilst each sentence and thought wears the completeness of maturity. This union of spontaneity and matureness, of definiteness and universality, forms another instance of the union of apparent opposites, for which the character of Channing appears so much distinguished.

We should say that the intellect of Channing was not remarkable for its merely logical processes in arriving at truth. At least, he gives you the results of logic, all that logic may gain without troubling you with the processes; and we should think him not very much accustomed to the severe labor of purely metaphysical and logical thinking. Following his mind, as it courses on with the clearness and transparency of a river, it is difficult to think of the logician. He never seemed like one who had made reasoning an art, but as one who had thought much, who had looked on every side of the subject on which he treats, who has ever dealt fairly with his own mind, who has never turned aside to party purposes, and whose intellectual life was continually enriched and ennobled by lofty aims, and a deep, disinterested love of truth. It is one of his traits to

give us his *convictions*, and often without telling us how he came to them. But the convictions imply adequate processes causing them; and, whether these belong most to logic or intuition, it is quite certain that they are able to stand the severest wrestlings of the logical faculty. Our infant transcendentalism has taught us, that "sinners reason," whilst "saints behold."* We admit that the logician is far less than the philosopher; far less, indeed, than the mind which, as by instinct, seems to seize on great and inspiring truths. We concede that there are minds which act *above* mere logic; but we deny that they act *against* it. Truth can have no war with fair logical effort. How far the mind of Channing partook of the logical, and how far of the intuitive, we pretend not to say; but certainly not enough of the former to give character to the man. His intellect seldom appears to act alone. The *soul* speaks. The heart and the reason blend. The prophet mind and voice are his. Perhaps Coleridge has best said what should be believed on this subject, when, alluding to Channing, he remarked, "If you will excuse a play on words in speaking of such a man, I will say that Mr. Channing is a philosopher in both the possible renderings of the word. He has the love of wisdom, and the wisdom of love."† He who writes from but one faculty in himself can move but one in others. He who writes from all, moves all. Give us life!

* The Dial. — *Orphic Sayings*.

† Letter to Washington Allston, vol. ii. p. 219.

The love of beauty, of nature, is clearly one of his intellectual traits. This element unconsciously flows through all his speech, and contributes freely to his freshness, purity, and elegance of thought and style. No abstraction or introversial tendency ever diminished the liveliness of his sensibility and joy in the scenes of the material world. Believing in the harmony of the mental and material worlds, he would enjoy each in unison. The beauty that early inspired him on his native island; the devotional delight yielded by the scenes among which he rambled in Old Virginia, when life was young and its fire unabated; the chaste description of natural scenery among the lakes and mountains of England; the observations made on the various beauty of the ocean, and on the matchless forms of sublimity in Switzerland, instruct us that a poetic element lived in his soul, that the varied beauties of the universe were near his heart. Particularly does it strike us, that Channing was, as few persons are, alive to the sublime. Power, speaking through the vast forms of nature, awoke a kindred power in his own breast. From the breast of the ocean he thus speaks: —

“The soul and nature are attuned together. Something within answers to all we witness without. When I look on the ocean in its might and tumult, my spirit is stirred, swelled. When it spreads out in peaceful blue waves, under a bright sky, it is dilated, yet composed. I enter into the spirit of the earth, and this is always good. Nature breathes nothing unkind. It expands or

calms or softens us. Let us open our souls to its influences.

“The ocean is said to rage, but never so to me. I see life, joy, in its wild billows, rather than rage. It is full of spirit, eagerness. In a storm, we are not free to look at the ocean as an object of sentiment. Danger then locks up the soul to its true influence. At a distance from it, we might contemplate it as a solemn minister of divine justice, and witness of God’s power to a thoughtless world; but we could associate with it only moral ideas, not a blind rage. At least, I have seen nothing which gives nature an unkind expression.

“We talk of *old* ocean, hoary ocean: I cannot associate age with it. It is too buoyant, animated, living. Its crest of foam is not hoariness, but the breaking forth of life. Ocean is perpetual youth.” — *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 203.

From the regions of the Alps, he said, —

“Do you not envy me the beautiful, magnificent scenery which is now stretching around me? I shall never forget the day I spent at Berne. It was Sunday, and in the afternoon, under a most brilliant sky, I walked on the ramparts, and hailed with joy, as old friends, the mountains in the horizon which I had visited a few days before. All that nature can do to lift us above the sordid is done in Switzerland; and who can doubt, that, where there is a deep purpose in the soul to elevate itself, much aid may be derived from the sublimity of the external world? . . . It is worth no little suffering to cross the Wingern Alp, and scale the Grimsel. I had strength for neither. . . . This country has inspired me. I grew better almost as soon as I entered it.” — p. 221.

But examples of the mild enthusiasm kindled in

his mind by the beautiful are perhaps unnecessary, since the flow of his words and thoughts seem to murmur of this as their fountain ; whilst some of the best metaphysical views, yielded by this mysterious attribute, are found in different parts of his writings, without any intention, however, of discussing its qualities. But it is chiefly a moral beauty that he extracts from nature ; and we may suppose that a mind, drawing so much from its own resources, and rising so constantly above the outward fact and its natural impression, must have found its chief materials of enjoyment in the invisible sanctuary of the spirit. One historical fact speaks a volume on this branch of our subject, namely, the new epoch which the beauty and sublimity of surrounding scenes in his native Rhode Island opened in his mind.* That beauty and that sublimity could never have created the epoch his history records, but for an inner fact of the beautiful pervading the soul ; for thousands were amidst it at different times, without ever being conscious of a work going on within them, forming a new era in their moral and intellectual development.

We proceed to consider briefly the claims of Dr. Channing to Originality, — a power, above all others, the rarest to be found. Still, we properly demand its presence, before we accord to any one the highest order of greatness. But what is originality ? Is it the causation of truth ? No : for truth is uncaused ; and no idea can be formed, for which the materials do not previously exist. Originality, therefore, belongs

* Channing's Works, vol. iv. p. 337.

only to three forms or modes of influence, namely, discovery, combination, and expression.

In the first of these, *discovery*, there are but few claims to be asserted by any who take the mind for their field of speculation. Some, who have supposed that new light on the intellectual and moral philosophy of man has appeared to them, have been mortified and surprised to find their original views in Plato, or in other teachers whose light, thousands of years ago, may have fallen on India, Palestine, Greece, or Italy. Coleridge said, that, for very many centuries, it has been difficult to advance a new truth, or even a new error, in the philosophy of the intellect or morals. It is not, therefore, in the department of discovery, that we look for originality in an author like Channing.

The originality of nature is not the production of new elements, but the various combination of those that have always existed. Rock, tree, air, and ocean, tell you this. A few elements are thus combined into an immeasurable universe; as a few great principles may, under the control of moral genius, enter into many discourses, into the most extensive theory. Here is the great work of genius, so to use what all men know, as to bring them to new and important views, to quicken thought, to liberate men from error, to awaken the full power of their own minds. Here Channing was in no ordinary degree original. Nowhere else do you find such a combination of thought. Every article is marked by the individuality of the writer. The reading public might know an essay of his almost as well without

his name as with it, — the character of his mind being so strongly impressed on all his themes. Who can read in his literature the least homage to a master? Where is the slightest tinge of conscious or even unconscious imitation? These cannot be found. The highest power, we know, usually exhibits itself in original forms and processes: still it is not difficult to find very strong men, who bear plain marks of the formative influence of revered authors. There is a certain quickening energy, which we find it difficult to describe, that distinguishes creative minds; and it is the fulness of this that pervades the literature of Channing. The plot of his subject is usually wide and striking, whilst the common theme becomes new in his hands. The common truth yields a new light, as it is brought into a higher service and connection than we were wont to view it; whilst the suddenness with which the unexpected ray frequently emanates and illumines, awakens exquisite delight. In *expression*, which is nearly half of a writer's power, the same evidence appears. Nowhere else do you meet his style. It is clear as crystal, full of the beauty and force of the writer's mind. It is the fresh creation of an original spirit, marked by power full and wide, flowing beneath the calmness of a graceful simplicity and ease. We refer to originality of style, however, only as an intimation of originality of intellect; for the law of writing, as well as of speech, gives to language the leading characteristics of the mind that frames it.

We have spoken of originality as a rare endowment; nor is the pulpit perhaps its most general and

favorite resort. When it does appear, it is sometimes marred by eccentricity. But in more perfect minds it is a harmonious fountain, a consistent action of all the faculties. Whatever Channing may have received from abroad,—and we imagine that he received much; for to every good influence of nature and life he opened his generous embrace,—whatever, we say, he received from abroad, was so thoroughly transformed as to become a new life. The spirit of Channing is eminently creative, eminently original. He was a new man in the world.

His power was marked by calmness. Perhaps this is its principal trait. And two inductions equally logical repose in this fact; namely, the high *quality* of his mental agency, and the difficulty of an immediate popular appreciation equal to the power and goodness possessed. The deepest spiritual energy works in calmness, somewhat as the workings of omnipotence in nature are mostly calm and silent. The power that bids the plant become a tree, and the worlds to revolve in their orbits, is wholly unheard. But nature is not all calmness. There are thunders, lightnings, storms, and cataracts, that occupy a necessary place in the great whole. Still, storms are transient, and cataracts are few; whilst nature, in perfect mildness, does her perfect work. The mind of Channing never becomes a cataract, never a roaring sea, but goes forth in a full and an even strength. It is slow that "worlds get grown, that solar systems get formed." The great and the deep power thus works. Through this feature of calmness, we see the intellect of Channing; for it always wrought in

this strong and quiet way. But this fact forbids us to think that he is adequately appreciated ; for observation forces upon us the belief, that the world is more slowly reached by the highest quality of influence ; that its ear is more readily won by dazzling and noisy exhibitions of power. If, however, it requires longer time for a man thus characterized to be fully known by the world, when known, his hold upon it is more permanent and lasting.

In the course of our reflections, we have asked, Which is greater, the analysis or the synthesis of Channing's mind ? And it is difficult to say, to which he most inclines ; for both appear in quite equal proportion. It is plain that the most common as well as the more elevated truth was closely questioned, was well analyzed. Hence, in the simplest utterances, it is difficult to find the commonplace. In the simplest sentences, there is an exactness of meaning, a perfect fitness of words, which intimates that they were preceded by a questioning, analyzing genius, that gave to these simple utterances their thoughtful freshness. In touching the scenery of Switzerland, of Grassmere, of the sea, the beauty expressed bears the clear marks that its forms were analytically viewed.

It has been said, that Dr. Channing sometimes nearly exhausted his friends by questions, calling out their knowledge in the most definite form, and to a thorough extent. It was somewhat in this style that he dealt with subjects. From his diary, containing various rules of self-discipline, we take the following : —

"I should constantly have some *end* in view in thinking. My thoughts should be arranged: there should be some directing principle for them. A passive mind rests in the perception of an object. The active mind requires for its use, cause, consequences, relations, signification, past state, tendency, changes. Every thing has innumerable connections and dependencies. These are the objects of thought. In connecting with a thing *all that belongs to it*, we become *acquainted* with it. This thorough acquaintance with all objects of perception is what we should propose."

It cannot be pretended, that the profoundest analysis is always *exhibited* in the discussion of every subject, or that he always gives you the deepest possible reason for what he believes; but his topic is usually so treated as to imply far more analysis in the writer's mind than is ostensibly manifest on the surface of the presentation. We are informed of the processes that reading him awaken in the reflective; and, from the nature of these, together with the clear and definite light that shines from each part of his subject, the most moderate inference the truth will warrant is, that the analytical faculties of Channing's mind were accurate and strong, yet so much relieved by the life of the affections and of the imagination, as scarcely to convict the reader of their severe and patient action.

But the synthesis, the bringing together of many rays into one light, the clear and steady advance from given principles to great conclusions, — this stands out in bolder relief than the other, although we are not sure of its actual ascendancy over it. We say

the *steady* advance ; though at times the conclusion springs so suddenly from the admitted premises as to convince us of an intuitive logic in the reasoner, requiring another word for its expression. We choose to leave these points to the unbiased judgment of our readers, some of whom may think differently on the equal fulness of these opposing traits.

The power to rise above the facts of observation to higher analogical facts, the tendency to dwell on the general ideas and principles which the facts of observation suggest as above themselves, and the ability to see and the disposition to fasten on the laws which pervade the phenomenal facts of nature and experience, strongly distinguish the intellect of Channing. Therefore he could never have been a great historian, in the sense in which the world has too long understood the vocation of history. He could not, without violence to his mind, have remained long in the mere series of events, names, dates, and changes, which are mostly the substance of what we have been accustomed to call history. Patience might be wanting for this. But he had all the elements for giving you a nation's life, a nation's character and spirit, using the details of external development as wholly subservient to this. Neither could he write a review like Macaulay, with the same ground-work of particular facts ; but, without neglecting these, he could present you higher views, and give you as truly the real character and life he undertakes to unfold. We will venture to say, that, in his most objectionable review, the review of Bonaparte, his remarks on power, its different kinds and

uses, are an expression of greater thoughts than you will meet in any of the articles of the gifted English Reviewer. But you may say that these are *moral* thoughts. So they are. Still they are thoughts, and the prefixing of this adjective cannot take away their greatness. Is not all life moral? Is not nature moral? Is the intellect less purely intellect when acting for the moral, than when acting without it or against it? But let us not here open a chapter of contrasts.

The great characteristic of Channing's mind, the one that includes all others, is the *unity* of his mental powers. His is an even strength. There was a fine balance of the various parts, an absence of irregular and projecting points. Herein lies the secret of true greatness. It is not difficult to find great talent anywhere. But the rarest thing on earth is to find a strong man who is not so deficient in certain parts as to offend your idea of greatness. As in every perfect form there is a balance of parts, in the tree and in the noble personal form, so there is a total harmony of faculties in all who represent the most perfect greatness.

The progress of such men is marked by consistency. The epochs which form their history are, more than others, like the seasons in their accordance to each other. In the growths of nature, there are no contradictions. The last stage is in harmony with the first. In the progress of Channing's mind, there are no remarkable turnings from darkness to light, no wholesale renunciation of old opinions, no great war between any two mental states. This consistency,

however, between the different periods of progress is but one of the revealing evidences of the unity we have named.

Another of its manifestations may be discovered in a consistency of views. It is only the well-balanced mind that looks on all sides of a subject, that hearkens to every argument and objection that may arise before it decides and takes a final stand; and it is only such minds that so discover the great principles and all their distant leadings, involved in an important question, as to take such grounds as will not be likely to receive the condemnation of the light of future years. There is doubtless a tendency in most minds to realize unity in their views; but it is not uncommon for gifted and enlightened persons to express sentiments at one time which are, indirectly at least, contravened by those they utter at another. Changes are implied in progress. And those which cause us to contradict our former selves are noble also, when prompted by reason and conscience; but what we allege is this, that contradictory changes evince weakness somewhere: a side view of truth has been taken; fractions, and not units, have been considered; the subject has not been studied as a whole, and known in its connections with other subjects, and in its harmony with all known truths. We claim that Dr. Channing was remarkable for this habit of looking on every side of a subject, of examining all objections, of weighing all opposing reasons, and of knowing the accordance of his position with all the truth he knew, before he took his stand, and announced his belief. Hence the unity of his views.

Wide was the range of his themes. Various were the occasions and purposes that called forth his intellectual efforts. And yet would it not be difficult to select from all his reviews, sermons, essays, lectures, and letters, any two opinions and sentiments that oppose and destroy each other? We know it is a small thing for the noblest mind to be in some of its states at variance with itself, for the mightiest are frail and erring; but we still aver that the more perfect a mind is in the balance and harmony of all its powers, the more it resembles Him in whom contradictions are impossible, the more accordant are its eras of progress, and the more unity will prevail through the variety of its decisions and views. Channing is singularly self-consistent, and that, it would seem, without aiming at such consistency.

We are amused and edified by late writers, who plead for the *now*; who tell us to speak "the thoughts of to-day, in words as hard as cannon-balls," even though they contradict every thought, deed, and utterance of yesterday. There is a truth, doubtless, at the bottom of this plea; but would it not be well to distinguish between the impulse of to-day and the thought of to-day? For the one too often passes for the other. So far as our yesterday was right and true, so far our to-day will confirm it; else it, too, must be repented. Yesterday, to-day, and tomorrow, will be accordant in the same proportion as they flow from the mind's unity, in the same degree as all parts of subjects are penetrated thoroughly and justly while the opinions are being formed.

But the conscious harmony of Channing's mind

appears in that tendency which sought to reveal the agreement between Nature, Providence, and Christianity. He never separated religious truth from the universe of truth. In the Christian miracles he believed, not on the ground, however, that they contradicted nature, but that, in spirit and design, they were one with nature; that, as confirmations of Christianity, they operated to carry forward the mind in union with the whole ministry of the natural. Everywhere in Channing do you meet this wide tendency to harmonize in human faith the facts of outward nature, the soul, the course of providence, and the great ideas of Christianity. He took a truth of revelation, as for instance the paternal character of God, or the solemn retributive law there announced, and never left it till its verity was traced through the wide range of nature and experience, and echoed back from the deeps and the heights of the universe. This to us is a great proof of the position assumed; as is the development of the view, pervading all his sacred literature, of the agreement of all God's voices heard through his various mediums of self-manifestation. The harmony among our inward powers to be sought in religion bears the same way. He sought the union of the intellect and the heart in worship and in faith, that devotion might have the sanction and support of the whole soul, that the intellectual powers might give illumination and vigor to faith. In such particulars as these, and in the justice with which he treats all subjects, is discoverable a balance of mind rarely to be found in other men.

We have elsewhere spoken of the uninterrupted

tendency of Channing's intellect to expand into the universal. So conscious was he of this, that he regarded his duty to mankind to consist in faithfully setting forth those great and universal truths which deeply enter into the problem of human happiness, and by which the reformation and salvation of society are to occur. In several passages this consciousness is expressed. To the universal in philosophy, morals, and religion, he applied his mind. And, if true greatness exists anywhere, it cannot be denied that it belongs to universal truths, to the unchangeable and all-pervading laws and elements of matter and mind, of wisdom and virtue. It lies not in the local and the transient. And he who, by natural and constant aspiration, holds continued fellowship and intimacy with the universal in man, nature, and life, offers the clearest evidence of having a mind related to the greatness he sees, loves, and unfolds. We read in this fact, not only the intellectual expansion for which his writings are marked, but we see also the *quality* of his powers. The correspondence between the calm agency of his own mind, and the mild action of the universal to which he was attached, is strikingly beautiful; and, if we would extend it a moment, it would bring us the thought, that all such agencies are for the day more unobserved than the merely temporary announcing itself with trumpets. But as the sun and stars overlook the ages; as they appear in uniform splendor, when the local storms are passed, and their thunders are hushed; so he who lives and speaks from the universal, sheds his radiance on the world, like the fixed

and steady lights of heaven, when the memory of the local spirit is forgotten, and the foaming, crested waves of passionate excitement have broken and died upon the shore.

We have endeavored, thus far, to present Dr. Channing in the principal traits of his character. We have noticed, though imperfectly, what to us is most striking among his intellectual and moral traits. We would now offer a few remarks on the proportion of the former to the latter, in which the secret of his power appears.

There is a distinction too little made in psychological reasoning, that strikes us as very necessary and practical, which is the real difference of superior minds in the QUALITY as well as in the quantity of their powers. There is a finer and firmer fibre in some minds than in others. In mere quantity of powers, you may find several equals and some superiors to Dr. Channing. But, when quality of mind is considered, you will rarely find his equal, either in the past or the present. Seldom, very seldom, may one be found from whom emanates so high an order of influence. This distinction should never be forgotten in comparing Channing with most others who have great mental energy. For this is his principal distinction from such minds.

Overlooking this view, some resolve the secret of his success into an enormous moral development, into mere faith and conscience; and have left with us the conclusion, that, with an intellect bordering but slightly on the super-ordinary, these inspiring moral traits may achieve sublimest wonders. We

would not undertake to advocate the extraordinary character of Channing's mind, it being ill suited to the plainness of the evidence on which his fame so justly rests. But, as a matter of speculative interest wholly, we would ask, how are faith and conscience to move mankind on the highest topics of thought, and on the greatest questions of human interest, in the calmest manner, but through the agency of intellect? Must not every heart be reached through the mind? What is the essay on Milton, the treatise on Calvinism, and some early doctrinal sermons, but severe labors of intellect? And these are still the strong monuments of his power. That ordinary talent may produce great temporary effects, when moved by an excessive action of moral feeling, we know; but to penetrate the soul in its calmest moments, to influence the soundest parts of society on great topics more deeply than they had been influenced before, with no appeal to passion, demands intellect of the highest quality. Properly speaking, a great faith—that is to say, faith in the vast designs and agency of God, faith in human nature, and in the boundless sweep of providence—asks a wide scope of vision, and usually implies it. The hold which Channing has on the human mind cannot be accounted for by education, for he was not the best scholar; nor by the fulness of moral sentiment alone. Reason demands the concession, that in him was an intellect most extraordinary for the unity and quality of its powers, fertilized and ennobled by the influence of a spiritual life, which, for beauty and power, it is difficult to equal from the best examples. Indeed,

to fall short of this concession is to break the unity, naturalness, and beauty of his mind. We cannot love the monstrous, even though it wear the halo of a reputed saint.

Webster, with colossal brow, and lion-like look of power, at once impresses you as one in whom there lives the vast *amount* of energy, as one in whom nature has invested her might. But, in this impression of vast mental vigor, there is not the idea of a man whose constant home is universal truth, whose nature is exquisitely alive to the beauty and concord of the universe, and to the perfection of the soul, as when you come near to Channing. Where goodness predominates in any character, it is not so natural to think about the talents. Talents are first in the association of ideas, when every thing else is second to them, when there is nothing but talents to admire. Probably, it is the good man we think of, when Channing's name is mentioned; which is so prominent in the conception of his greatness, as not to render the idea of intellect as impressive as if it stood alone, the principal power to be seen, and unshaded by the grandeur of moral attributes. Though we would never compare the human to the divine except for the purpose of illustration, we would say, that the celestial towering of this idea of goodness, in the conception of Jesus, is so great that mere intellect is scarcely thought of. Thus, in the enlightened mind, the idea of God springs up as of the Father, the Preserver, the Friend, the All-perfect; whilst the infinity of intellect comes in as second to this. But is intellect less for the

grandeur and presence of moral attributes? Somewhat in the spirit of these remarks, Coleridge, speaking of Channing, said, "His affection for the good as the good, and his earnestness for the true as the true, with that harmonious subordination of the latter to the former, without encroachment on the absolute worth of either, present in him a character which in my heart's heart I believe to be the very rarest on earth." In quantity of intellect, Webster surpasses Channing. But in quality of mind, he surpasses Webster; and it would not be difficult to verify the position, that he has communicated greater thoughts, and has influenced the human mind more deeply, more extensively and nobly, than the great and gifted statesman has done.

The first thing to be asked in ascertaining the mental character of an author is, What are his themes? For men choose the subjects on which they love to think; and these reflect the order of mind. The correspondence between Channing and his subjects is worthy of a thought. No man ever wrote on a higher order of themes. The unity, perfection, and paternity of God; the nature, relations, and duties of man; the elevation, worth, and improvement of the soul; the accordance of revelation with nature and reason; education, freedom; the duty, interest, glory of the nation and state; — these are themes which in true moral grandeur are not to be surpassed. And when it is remembered, that Channing did not *rise* to topics like these, but laid his hand upon them, with all the naturalness and ease that a child plucks the flowers along his path; and

when it is remembered, that, in their discussion, great and universal principles came into his discourse, as naturally as the various verdure greets the breath of spring, it seems that stupidity itself must behold the shining proof of an intellectual superiority, that is not only extraordinary, but native. This dignity of subjects is always sustained. If he had written a volume on water-baptism, on ancient sacrifices, or on the Apocalypse as teaching the end of time, there would be evidence of a falling away from the spiritual eminence which seems to have been his natural home.

Leaving the discussion of intellectual and moral traits, we would follow Dr. Channing into his literature, and note what to us is there most strikingly exhibited. The first thing that we here notice is a full command over his subject. There is not a place where he seems to toil. He never appears to struggle with difficulties; but, as a master of his theme and his thoughts, he advances with firmness and ease. On this we would not enlarge; but would allude to it, in passing, as the greatest quality of good writing, and as the most indubious sign of power.

Another feature of his writings is the wide views taken of the subjects discussed. A truth is followed into a wide range. Hence, in part, has arisen the charge of diffuseness. But, in the great range of nature, there is no truth remaining in solitude, none belonging to a corner. Every truth has a large range; and ought not its discussion to bear some evidence of this fact? Ought it not to be followed

out in writing, somewhat as it courses along through nature and the life of man? Style, in this respect, is, and should be, modified by the order of thought in which a writer deals. The end to be gained is the best impression on other minds; and, if a writer deals in great ethical thoughts, and in modes to which most are not accustomed, he should avoid a cramping of the spirit of truth by over-condensation, — should allow one idea to stand by itself long enough to be seen and measured, before another is permitted to crowd it away. Considering the views in which Dr. Channing dealt, we are not sure that a greater number, brought into the same space, would be to the benefit of the reader. The skies are not less beautiful for the space between its stars. If he had used a different order of truths, the same style perhaps might be moderately liable to this charge; but, as it is, the manner adopted best subserves the end in view.

In reading this author, we are conscious of being *penetrated* by his influence. This power to diffuse himself through the mind he instructs, and to take command of the whole attention, is characteristic of Channing. He carries us along by a power which almost seems our own. He pervades us more than do most authors. This ability, shared by all masters of the human heart, was his in an eminent degree. But it was not the passions that he moved; for his influence hushed their tumults, and brought on a calm; — a calm in which a serene intellect and the moral feelings found their true supremacy. We remember to have seen tears fall from the eyes of an

uneducated man, as he read a page of Channing on the offices of the conscience; but sympathy, which he only moves through the higher sentiments, was not his fort. He spoke to what is deeper than tears; and, though we may forget the argument, we cannot forget the influence.

Authors differ much in the power here mentioned. But the best examples go to prove, that the more living and perfect a human spirit is, the easier it can penetrate and pervade other spirits; and no fact bears a mightier sway over the fate of an author, than the *kind* of sentiments, thoughts, and feelings, he awakens in others. No writer can be otherwise than immortal who moves what is truest, deepest, holiest, and best, in man. From this may we not safely predict the future influences of Dr. Channing? For the soul shall never change, and who has reached more successfully its divinest springs?

In the literature of Channing, there is a constant dignity of style as well as of subjects. This is always well sustained. Gifted minds have high and low moments. At one time, thought flows into words and sentences, as the rivers run; at another, all is drought and vacancy. Men are unequal to themselves. But in no page or paragraph does Channing falter in the usual beauty and perfection of his style, which always corresponds to the dignity of his thoughts. Not that all are equally eloquent or forcible, for thought and speech vary as parts of the landscape; but the same formative, perfecting genius is always present. Were we to seek a fault of style in one so far above the fear of criticism, it would be

found in the sameness with which he often passes from one view to another ; as, for instance, " I proceed to state another reason," — trifling to be sure, but perhaps not wholly unworthy of regard.

But were we asked to state *the* great virtue of Channing's literature, we should unhesitatingly refer to its MORAL INSPIRATION. There is a sense, unnecessary to be explained, in which the best human writings are inspired ; and no inspiration is so perfect as that in which the love of the true and the good accordantly blend ; as that in which reason, imagination, love, and conscience, pour forth as clear streams into one transparent river. The lesson he gives to literature is, that nothing is so good as truth, — nothing is so powerful, nothing is so beautiful as truth, — truth as really perceived and felt without exaggeration or fictitious embellishments. No age is without a living literature, when *sincerity* dictates the pen ; whilst every death-state of popular literature is marked by the absence of this. From Channing, therefore, may be educed a good suggestion and a plain reproof. The *soul* must speak, or literature is a dead November leaf.

His unwillingness to linger about his past writings, to read much of the criticisms and laudations passed upon himself, has in it a deep and noble meaning. He would turn his eyes away from his past limits. In forgetfulness and separation from past moods and positions, the mind may be more freely open to new and fresh conceptions of truth. He who is wedded to old associations cannot behold nature anew, cannot be free to welcome fresh revelations, cannot hail

with joy and gladness the dawn and sunrise of new spiritual days. There is a bondage of the past over the present, when its perfectness is acknowledged, of which the sensitive mind cannot be ignorant; and, as a guard against self-complacency, as a dread of the limitations of the past, this indifference and inattention is beautifully expressive of true self-comprehension and of the purest aspiration.

From these general views, let us proceed to his particular works. And, opening among his early efforts, the review of Milton first commands attention. We regard this as the most able of his reviews, whilst that on Fenelon abounds most in perfect and unconscious touches of moral description. Here we see Milton in his full dimension. The analysis of his mind and character is happy and clear. Channing, it would seem, was peculiarly adapted to measure a mind like Milton's; for the proximity of mental states, which is always the essential law of a perfect mutual appreciation, was not wanting here. In the character of each, the moral and religious elements prevailed in strong and exalted power. This is, indeed, a great point. Also the sense of sublimity, the chief fact of Milton's intellect, existed, as we have elsewhere intimated, in much vigor in Channing, though never poured forth in an unrestrained action, but guided into the service of composition demanding the ascendancy of reasoning power. Each was alive to the beautiful; each was an independent mind, sought truth sincerely, and in some important respects, though in different centuries, came to like conclusions.

In portraying the nature and mission of poetry, Dr. Channing assigns it the highest place, and discovers its great sources in the soul itself; in the aspirations, thirsts, yearnings of the immortal powers; in the passions of a great nature; in the longings of the spirit for a more powerful, joyful, and perfect state of existence; whilst the present life, and the splendors of the visible universe, are tributary to this spiritual and refining energy.

“It is not true, that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates; as it were, life’s ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. . . . It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.”

The light manner in which he treats the opinion, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, that its creations are brightest from an early and half-barbarous state, has, we know, a few strong opponents. But the whole controversy, in relation to poetry as flourishing best in a cultivated or in an uncultivated age, resolves itself into agreement, when both parties inquire for the *kind* of poetry that belongs to each of these periods. Homeric poetry

may best flourish in a ruder age ; for it is the poetry of passion and of outward life. But poetry giving expression to man's more spiritual longings, conflicts, aspirations, and joys, flourishes best in later time. "Paradise Lost" could not have been produced in a rude and undeveloped stage of the human mind.

But the causes which contributed to his success in the review of Milton did not unerringly guide him in his review of Bonaparte. Notwithstanding the ability that article displays, it is too evident that Napoleon is not exhibited in his true and proper dimension. Without pausing to object to that severity which strips the hero of every moral virtue, we regret that the least injustice, from so high a source, should have been done to his mental greatness. We can see that his love of power came to bear a mighty sway over his better sentiments. But a mind may be still great and mighty, whether acting with or against the moral laws. In this review, Channing speaks of the different kinds of greatness, which he distinguishes as Moral, Intellectual, and Active, or "the greatness of action." He gives Bonaparte a place in the last and lowest order of these divisions, "the greatness of action;" in which, however, he is not disposed "to consider him as pre-eminent."* Without instituting a controversy on these distinctions, — whose convenience in the theoretic confinement of Napoleon to the least honorable of the three is not a little remarkable, — we would assume, that, as outward action is as directly from the mind as the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, it may, as

* Works, vol. i. p. 120.

infallibly as they, attest its greatness or inferiority. Whatever metaphysical distinctions may be made, it is certain that greatness comes of the mind. What else has any from which it may come? It is this that directs every grosser power. Bonaparte — originating his own plans and directing their execution, in the midst of the greatest difficulties often, and here and there uttering a sentence all sparkling with a penetrating genius that comprehended men — could give as sound evidence of mental greatness as the writer of books, or the constructor of new creeds and philosophical theories. The world has believed no lie in the homage it has paid to its heroes. If these have had the greatest influence, the reason is, they have been in reality its greatest men. Napoleon, as a man of action, was not the executive or the administrative man chiefly. He was the originating actor.

But to return to Dr. Channing. He begins his article by remarks on Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, and affirms for it the "great merit of impartiality." He also says, "We think, that his laudable fear of wronging the enemy of his country, joined to an admiration of the dazzling qualities of Napoleon, has led him to soften unduly the crimes of his hero, and to give more favorable views than the truth will warrant."* At this time the public opinion was not formed in relation to Scott's *Life of Bonaparte*; and the single fact, that Dr. Channing could accord to it the rare merit of impartiality, and gently accuse the author of giving more favorable impressions of his

* *Works*, vol. i. p. 70.

hero than the truth will warrant, prepares us to say, that, under the views from which he wrote, he was not thoroughly capable of giving us Bonaparte as he was.

Nevertheless, there is considerable justice in this review. Allowances are made for the disastrous influences of Bonaparte's early education ; and the essay is evidently prompted by a desire to arrest the moral injury which a character like his, viewed through the popular admiration of a great conqueror, was calculated to create. Before the firm grandeur of Channing's moral ideas, the conqueror of nations seems to stand before a master. But, after all the merits and excellences of this article are enumerated, the conviction remains, that there is a back-ground of truth that does not appear ; that others should share the blame exclusively laid upon him ; that his legal benefactions on France, his conversations at St. Helena, and other manifestations of his mind, not here to be named, conspire to make his greatness far more than a secondary greatness of action. The conviction still remains, that he had a greatness of intellect, creative and strong, such indeed as few men have ever possessed ; and, whilst we should persevere in the doctrines of justice and peace, we should discriminate between a servile homage to English literature, and a real reverence for the principles of which war is ever the infraction. Napoleon belonged to a revolutionary age, and though more good than evil to Europe probably came from his movement, yet it is well that his career was arrested ; for no man would nobly have used such an extent of power as

the success of his plans would have gained. But, bad as Napoleon may have been, let us not speak of him as one who broke in upon the calm of the universe from no cause but his own vicious will, as if there was nothing out of him tending that way.

The Remarks on Fenelon breathe a gentle and deep spirituality. A character like Fenelon, Channing could not fail to draw to the life. The saint of divine virtues, the hero in whom the moral or the religious element prevailed, could not be otherwise than thoroughly comprehended by a moral genius so penetrating as his. In giving us Fenelon, Channing has unconsciously drawn the picture of himself.

But time would fail to speak of each particular effort. These early productions, published as Miscellanies, strike us on the whole as being, more than his later writings, severe labors of intellect. Those of after-life evince a greater mingling of the affections with the current of reason, as both flowed on in a glorious river of sublime and useful discourse. The discourses on Self-culture, Spiritual Freedom, Revealed Religion, the Imitableness of Christ's Character, the Laboring Classes, and the Immortal Life, must live with the language in which they are written. We know of nothing in the English literature with which to compare them. It is true that only a few great principles flow through all these; but this is not unnatural. Great principles *are* comparatively few, whilst their illustrations and exhibitions are many. In nature, science has told us that there are but about fifty-six simple elements. But see what hundreds, thousands, and millions of combina-

tions and embodiments of these does nature present you ! If you deal in principles wholly, be content with an infinite few. But if you work with facts, things, particulars, and details, you have an infinite many.

The people felt that there was no such preacher as he. Without any attempt at eloquence, or display of any sort, and through the calm and earnest utterance of his real thoughts, through deep sincerity and living faith, through a wide range of thought and love, he gained a power over many minds more valuable than the throne of the Cæsars. His idea of the minister's vocation was most exalted. All eternity overshadowed it with sacred importance. A frequent hearer thus speaks : —

“ No preacher, perhaps, had ever at command the stores of a richer imagination. But all was sober in his administration of religion. To utter the truth, the naked truth, was his highest aim and ambition. The effect he was willing to leave with God, and the heart of the hearer. He never seemed to labor so much to enforce truth, as to utter it ; but this kind of utterance, this swelling and almost bursting of the inmost heart to express itself, was the most powerful enforcement.” — *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 288.

It was said, that he and Buckminster introduced a new era in preaching ; that he read the Scriptures and sacred poetry with peculiar pathos ; that a mild and melancholy beauty tinged his manner ; that “ the most trifling saw in him a man thoroughly in earnest ; ” that the fire and enthusiasm of his na-

ture were subdued; that his appeals to conscience were solemn and thoroughly penetrating.

“He saw, and made others see, that life was no play-place, but a magnificent scene for glorifying God, and a rich school for the education of spirits. He showed to men the substance of which surrounding appearances are the shadow; and, behind transient experiences, revealed the spiritual laws which they express. Thus he gathered round him an enlarging circle of devoted friends, who gratefully felt that they drank in from him new life.” — *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 206.

We would simply add to these testimonies the fact, that Dr. Channing caused himself to be wholly forgotten, through the interest he awakened in his subject.

As a religious controversialist, Dr. Channing has certainly some of the most exalted traits; for, on all topics of theological difference, he sought a position far above the pride, prejudice, and passion, which controversy excites. He was conscious of great danger on this point. Hence, he found his opponent in the abstract errors he opposed, in the best arguments by which they were maintained, and not in individuals. He left his thoughts to speak for themselves. He was fearless of the results, having given his matured reasons, in the full confidence of a due appreciation. This is controversy in its noblest form.

Another fact bespeaks the great man far more than the most ingenious array of argument, which is the firm conviction he entertained, that all parties

were fighting in a mist; that, to end their controversies, all must have a light which none as yet possess.

"I apprehend," said he, "that there is but one way of putting an end to our present dissensions; and that is not the triumph of any existing system over all others, but the acquisition of something better than the best we now have. The way to reconcile men who are quarrelling in a fog is to let in some new light. It seems to me we are fighting now in a low misty valley. A man who should gain some elevated position, overlooking our imagined heights of thought, and who would lead us after him, would set us all right in a short time." — *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 281.

It is rare, very rare, that any man, who takes a part in topics controverted, ever gets a position high enough from which to make this discovery.

In discussions theological, the great points are considered, the main principles elucidated, and urged upon the subject in hand. You will observe, that he abounds less than most writers in quotations of chapter and verse. His few Bible quotations are such as express a general and an important truth. This is probably to be accounted for by his confidence in the general strain of Scripture, rather than in the use commonly made of detached passages; and also by his usual habit of bringing nature and the soul under tribute to his views. All sects quote chapter and verse; and he whose reasoning is chiefly the marshalling of these, never leads you profoundly through any one subject. The Baltimore sermon is

decidedly the greatest of his controversial efforts. It concentrates much intellectual force. Clearness, vigor, and comprehensiveness, are its conspicuous qualities. Its boldness and depth of argument, its candor and its charity, its expression of great principles, its philosophical distinctions and harmonious currents of nature, revelation, and consciousness, constitute it one of the ablest efforts of which theological controversy may boast.

The two discourses on Revealed Religion, or the Genuineness and Truth of Christianity, strike us as original, as a peculiar combination of ideas, such as none but he could have given. In the first discourse, the reason he assigns for believing in Christianity is because it is *true*. In the second, he endeavors to show that Christianity is rational; that it accords with reason, and is founded on it. For a moment we have hesitated, when reading these premises, and asked, Do we not give reason too great a task when we assign it the entire work of knowing Christianity? Is Christianity founded on one faculty? Is it to be known by one faculty, though the greatest? It must require *all* the faculties to know Christianity; for it is a religion of the whole soul. But, when we see the writer seeking its accordance with all the spiritual wants of our nature, we are admonished to the more enlarged use of this word *reason*, as meaning all we know, and all of which we are conscious.

It is plain that Dr. Channing was a supernaturalist. He believed firmly in miracles, and maintained that Christianity was miraculously unfolded to man;

that Christ pre-existed, and was supernaturally given; that he is in advance of all ages, and is the Saviour through all time.

“Under him,” said he, “the great battle of the human race is to be fought.” — “In regard to miracles, I never had the least difficulty. The grand miracle, as often has been said, is the *perfect, divine* character of Christ; and to such a being a miraculous mode of manifestation seems *natural*. It is by no figure of speech that I call Christ miraculous. He was more separate from other men, than his acts from other acts. He was the *perfect image* of God, the perfection of the spiritual nature.” — *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 449.

But the supernatural in Dr. Channing's premises is, so to speak, very natural; for he never infers discord between the two. No man dwells more on the harmony between Christianity and nature; and he would as soon imagine, that the laws of life in the flower and the verdant fields are violated by heaven's light and rain, as that the laws of mind are violated by the influence of this supernatural religion.

This subject has excited some controversy since Dr. Channing died. But no great light, as yet, has come. Perhaps more than ever do thoughtful men accept of the supernatural, on the ground that it accords with nature; for the confidence of man in this is very deep, and seems to underlie every other confidence. Mankind have always believed in what they have regarded as supernatural phenomena. This is indeed a great fact; for the race is wiser than the few. Every earnest controversy implies a want

from which it springs. There has been an unphilosophical and a superstitious excess of supernaturalism in the popular belief; and this excess, through re-action, has brought up the other extreme of naturalism. Perhaps the final result will be, that the accordance between nature and the miraculous features of Christianity will be better known; that supernaturalism will cease to be a contra-naturalism in human belief. But this is not the place for such problems. Channing is a supernaturalist, whilst the flowers of nature bloom perpetually in his path.

Channing, we think, should be read by statesmen, not because he has enriched political science with any new thoughts, but because the worth and dignity of man's nature, which is the great idea illuminating his page, is the basis of political liberty, virtue, and wisdom. All wrongs done to the people imply the absence of this truth. Moral right does not predominate in matters of legislation. Hence slavery and despotism. Channing carries the subject of politics into a higher and better atmosphere than we elsewhere find it. The spirit his writings breathe toward the helpless and the suffering; the absolute greatness of human rights, though vested in the poorest, humblest son of earth; the supremacy of moral rectitude in a people's happiness; and the wide fraternal sympathy which, irrespective of territorial and arbitrary distinctions, should bind mankind together, — we would see enthroned in the wisdom of every man who lifts his hand to direct the affairs, and to form the character, of nations and states. Though a thorough republican, he had no great faith

in the people as legislators, and far less in kings and aristocracies. He asked both to rule as little as possible, and said that, in the present state of the world, King Log seems the best king. He believed that we should improve our sovereign, rather than boast of his infallibility.

We have said that Dr. Channing was not a pioneer of new and revolutionary thoughts, but was one of whom reformers might take counsel. But, as all truth is reformatory, come when and how it may, he was, in the sense heretofore explained, a reformer of ideas, sentiments, and actions. And his whole character, as a reformer, is so perfectly drawn in a single sentence of his pen, that we here present it: — “It is not by assailing the *low* in practice or principle, but by manifesting the *high*, that the great work of reformation is to go on.”* There is not another sentence which makes so perfect a history of his whole mental manifestation as this. His life was singularly a manifestation of the high, — the high in idea, purpose, and spirit, the serene elevation of which is carried through the most exciting subjects. Turn to his work on Slavery, written when conscience, prejudice, and passion, were everywhere bursting into flames, and you are at once conscious of being in a cool yet sunny air of reflection, where you see and feel the deep wrong of oppression; the indestructible, universal law of freedom inscribed by the Creator on the human heart; and where you cannot utter words of passion against the slaveholder.

* Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 377.

Here is the philosophy of reform. Man can rise above no particular state, except through that which is above it.

We have now presented Dr. Channing in what to us appears the chief characteristics of his moral and intellectual character. We have followed him into his literature, and have spoken of the principal traits of his writings. Let us now inquire, How did such a mind grow up? What were its epochs of progress?

This brings us more extensively into historical particulars. W. E. Channing was born, April 7, 1780, on the island of Rhode Island, Newport. From this place came the first impressions of life and nature to his mind. His father was a lawyer of fair standing; his mother was a woman of plain strong sense, with more than common sincerity and independence of character. William is said to have been rather dull, though grave and reflective. He loved the lonely ramble on the sea-beach, and delighted in venturesome sports. At the age of thirteen, his father died, leaving in humble circumstances a wife and nine children. This event spoke to William of self-reliance. A year previous, he had been sent to New London to prepare for college, under the care of his uncle, a clergyman who, it seems, had green earth on which to stand and open fields, though surrounded by the Lybian waste of a gloomy theology, whose stern proscriptiveness had overclouded the State with intolerance. It was here, in the awakening movement of a religious revival, that young Channing's religious life takes

date; so that New London, to him, was always sacred in the memory of a great spiritual fact. This period of life, on which the circumstances of society, events, and the forms of external nature, exert creative influence, is indeed important to all, though most depends on the quality and internal action of the mind itself. Then it extracts for its growth the precious of all surrounding scenes. Nature was beautiful, society was interesting there; and, in this first era of Channing's history, there is enough of the disinterested, the courageous, the reverential, the kind, to exhibit the prophetic blossoms of the autumnal fruit.

The second epoch of his mental growth commences, we think, in his fifteenth year, or thereabouts, not from any thing belonging to the college-life he was leading at Harvard at the time, but from the dawn of the great idea of human capacity for perfection on his mind. This is worthy of distinct remembrance. Simple was the circumstance that called it into being, — the reading of thoughts, kindred though by no means equal to his own, from Hutchinson. Human nature then rose to his view in the brightness of its obscured divinity. Ever after, man became his great theme, to whom his speech and pen always turned in deep and hopeful interest, as indeed do all the means of nature, providence, and Christianity. If the flowering of the plant, growing from its own life, opens an era in its advancement, so did the dawn of this truth in the history of Channing. Other facts belonging to this period are also interesting. Shakspeare, the sun of drama, poured

his beams upon the intellect of the students, Channing among them ; whilst Price saved him from materialism, and gave him the doctrine of ideas. Politics aroused his talents. He excelled in the classics, and, on leaving, took the highest honors of the college. Driven to examine the evidences of Christianity by the prevalence of French infidelity, he selected, in his senior year, the ministry for his profession. Nor is that a meaningless page in this early history which records his stay among the good Virginians, where he saw nature and society under new forms, heard an order of eloquence thrilling and free, met a freedom of manners, a generosity of character, a democracy of political sentiment, a social enthusiasm, a high-mindedness, and spontaneity of virtues, that deeply interested and instructed him. This contact with the very antipodes of the ceremonial reserve and Federalistic tendencies of society whence he came, made no useless impress on this New England youth, although the absence of self-care and the excess of study ruined his excellent constitution for life.

But he returned to Newport, and, unaided by a teacher, studied theology. As the scenery of this place was so eminently creative in the formation of his character, we will extract a few lines touching this point : —

“ I must bless God for the place of my nativity ; for, as my mind unfolded, I became more and more alive to the beautiful scenery which now attracts strangers to our island. My first liberty was used in roaming over the neighboring hills and shores ; and, amid this glorious

nature, that love of liberty sprang up which has gained strength within me to this hour. I early received impressions of the great and the beautiful, which, I believe, have had no small influence in determining my modes of thought and habits of life. In this town, I pursued for a time my studies of theology. I had no professor or teacher to guide me; but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library; then so deserted, that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor. The other was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now, without thinking of the work which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped so much to form me as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of winds and waves. There, began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune, — the happiness of communing with the works of God. I believe that the worship of which I have this day spoken was aided in my own soul by the scenes in which my early life was passed."

Few, indeed, ever pause to reflect on the intellectual and moral contributions of the external creation. Perhaps no man fully knows the extent of its crea-

tive, developing influence ; whilst it is certain, that no one unfolds his spirit in the beauty of its powers, whose mind is not open and alive to all the great and beautiful impressions of the surrounding universe. That Channing found an aid to his spiritual growth in nature ; that he strove to imbibe the spirit its forms express ; that he felt a lively sympathy in the outward world, which increased by time, is plainly manifest. We have now gained an important fact in the formatory processes by which the character of Channing was formed.

In 1803, he was ordained pastor of the Federal-street Church, Boston. This was a new school for the mind and heart. His feeble society became large and prosperous. His rules of self-discipline exhibit a stern faithfulness, a deeply serious spirit, of which the plain fault was that of governing himself too much, repressing spontaneousness by excess of discipline. Still his mind was gradually reaching out like the banian-tree into various subjects, his eye meantime practically surveying all classes. Then came along, after a time, that war about tenets which swept like a storm, and assailed spotless Christian characters for heresy of opinion. Hitherto Channing had moved in peace with all his neighbors ; but, when he saw that a crisis of freedom had actually come, he took his firm stand in behalf of human progress and liberty. His fearlessness and his prudence are alike prominent in this conflict between new and old, freedom and authority, reason and tradition.

In June, 1814, he was married ; in 1822, visited England, Italy, and Switzerland ; and, in 1823, re-

turned to his people. The following year, he was assisted by the ordination of Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, as associate pastor, which relation continued during the life of the principal pastor, on whose death he was chosen to fill his place. This faithful aid from Mr. Gannett is not unconnected with the excellence of Channing's sermons; for it gave him time to mature and elaborate every topic on which he chose to write.

But we will draw to a close this statement of particular events. Indeed, *his* great events are his thoughts, and cannot therefore be well thrown into history. The great reforms felt the weight of his influence, though no society could claim his name on its roll of membership. He lifted up his voice in the name of peace, laid open the passions whence wars proceed, stripped their blood-stained victories of false glory, and sought to turn the hearts of men to an age of peace. Temperance, education, slavery,—indeed, all the great oppressive evils forbidding the development of humanity,—called out his energies. His voice in the pulpit, as his health would allow, continued to utter his calm thoughts. His interest in the laboring classes continued to increase. He came to care less for criticism, and more for seizing every opportunity for doing good. He befriended and aided feeble denominations who were struggling to represent some important truths. But a volume is needed to express these things.

The publication of a few reviews and essays, snatched as they were from the denominational limits of the paper in which they appeared, and thrown

into foreign periodicals and magazines, created an enviable fame; and, from the manner in which he struck those chords in the human soul which vibrate alike in every country and age, he came to be heard by nations. From the heart of Germany, his works were called for when living; whilst with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and several of the choicest spirits of foreign lands, a literary fellowship subsisted. "I envy you for two objects of interest you will meet in America," said an intelligent lady to her friend, at the foot of the Alps, on hearing of his intention to visit this country. Being asked what they were, she replied, "Niagara and Channing." Thus was Channing one of the few great lights of our country's literature that may be seen from afar, — perhaps we should say, the prominent one of this number. But from this lofty eminence it is interesting to send a downward glance to the fact, that his first compositions were awkward and ungraceful; that it was through care and discipline that he gained the ease and sustained dignity of style which give to his literature an almost unrivalled charm of excellence.

In the brief life of man, we opine, but three general epochs may be found in the progress of the best minds. The first and second, in the life of Channing, are plain; and the third dates in that period, mentioned in the Memoirs, when anxious self-discipline gave way to freedom; when, to use the language of the author, his manner grew "less ministerial, and more manly;" when his mind took a wider range of naturalness of freedom.

The religious, devout element of Channing's character sheds its hues over all his moral discourse. Strong faith in the Invisible, in the Spiritual, in the presence of God, is the very tone of all his writings. Sensualism grasps the outward only, but never penetrates the surface of the Seen far enough to adore the Divine and the Eternal. But this ready recognition of the Invisible, the best proof of a religious spirit, is as clear in the mind of Channing as the evening star in its heaven. Heaven is a state, he thought, far more than a place. The spiritual world he conceived, might be all around us, and everywhere, though hid from human vision by the present obscuring veil of flesh. The fountain of worship flows clear from his heart.

But of what great truths do the mind and character of Channing instruct us? What does the manner of their growth practically teach? They yield us three ideas:—1. A noble QUALITY of nature on which to build; 2. A settled PURPOSE, from early life, to seek the perfection of the mind, of the character, as the end of being; 3. A constant living UNION with good and great objects, as the means. Within these we may limit the whole philosophy of Channing's life and greatness. On the first of these ideas, we remark, that Channing shared somewhat largely of those qualities which make men aborigines of goodness; as the school-mate said, "It is not half so hard for him to be good as for me." Neither is it half so hard for some minds to seize on great thoughts and express them happily, as for others. But this doctrine has its limits, and in the

present case must not be so applied as to dispense with heroic virtue against temptation, of intellect against difficulty. The second of these thoughts seems every thing, since none can rise above their aims, whilst many fall below them. We discover a correspondence between grandeur of aim and native excellence; but we frequently see noble natures through self-neglect outstripped by those less gifted, in consequence of a more settled determination to win the highest prize. The universe is a half-blank to one of no high and settled aim; whilst to him who has it, all things revolve about it, as planets round their sun.

It takes greatness to make greatness. Souls partake of the objects on which they live. If Newton or Leibnitz had never lifted their minds above trifles, the world had never known them but as men of trifles. This life of Channing to us is eloquent, because it is a constant devotion to great objects; because man, nature, God, duty, and Christianity, commanded the *sincere* and faithful action of his mind. This opening of soul to all things, this living on great objects in meekness and humility, is good, is the path that leads up into the mount of God.

Not long since, we noticed a remark in an English work, in which he was styled the American Chalmers. But the points of contrast are probably greater than those of similitude. In style, the long, complicated sentences, abundant verbiage, and imagery of Chalmers, contrast widely with the plain style, the rich but sparing figure, and the simple language of Channing. Chalmers writes more ex-

clusively for the student. Channing writes for the scholar also ; but is far more popular. His ideas stand out in bolder relief ; there is a more perfect blending of intellect and soul, a more quickening energy of faith and love, and certainly a higher exhibition of universal principles.

Between him and Priestley, the points of likeness and of contrast are striking ; of which the former are few, the latter many. Both were alike in simplicity and purity of character. Each had a similar loyalty to honest conviction, a like disinterested love for truth and fearless utterance of opinions. Channing, however, is more cautious in his statements and premises, and far less venturesome in speculation. Priestley had, we judge, the greater metaphysical and philosophical powers. He had more intellect for theorization, with a severer discipline, and greater vigor of the logical faculty. Still we believe that Channing would see more truth, and separate it more freely from error, than Priestley. He made sure his premises, — was misled by no desire to establish a theory. His eye was single ; therefore his whole body was full of light.

Priestley had more searching, minute philosophical genius for the penetration and comprehension of the material world, than Channing. He enriched some of the physical sciences by important discoveries, and could get more science from nature than Channing. But the latter could get from it more spiritual truth, more moral expression. The prophet brings out more divine representation than the philosopher. Priestley had matter, whilst Channing had spirit, for

his basis. Here is the great contrast. It is wider than the poles. Priestley reduced divine agency to an operation of law : with Channing, God has a spiritual access, direct, immediate to the soul. He wrote far less than Priestley ; but, writing from higher spiritual views, and from a higher life in his own mind, he is, we think, destined to influence mankind incomparably more.

Since Jonathan Edwards, Channing is the most distinguished of American divines. Edwards had in his character a deep religious power, a most firm faith in the doctrines he preached. Hence the great effects of his ministry. As a writer, he was far more abstruse and metaphysical than Channing. But his order of themes, as a whole, was probably unequal to his. If his intellect was deeper or stronger, it certainly was not so expansive, nor of so fine and so high a quality of power, as that of Dr. Channing. He was a giant, with his freedom limited by the impregnable walls of his firm theology ; and, through his devotion to particular tenets, was prevented from standing under that open sky where the universal truth of God and nature could speak through his mind as freely as it did in the discourse of Channing. Through Edwards, you behold Deity in the stern grandeur of sovereignty : through Channing, he dawns upon you as the " Parental Divinity," in the light of an unbounded love. Man, with the former, is, by nature, wholly corrupt : man, with the latter, inherits a nature of noblest elements, and abounds in every age with bright evidences of his divine original. But we will not go into further theological contrasts.

The deep religious element of Edwards evidently needed the liberalization, the union with nature, the tempering of love, which gave elevation, enlargement, and power to the writings of Channing. Though compelled by truth to say, that Channing had a higher quality, a wider expansion, and a more quickening energy of mind and general influence than Edwards, we thankfully and joyfully concede, that each did a useful and necessary work for his day.

The question has been asked, Will Channing's name go down to future times with increasing brightness? or is it now in its zenith? We profess no skill in prophecy; but certainly this age must have grown more moral, disinterested, and intellectual, than we have believed it to be, if such a writer as he is as yet thoroughly appreciated. With its selfish and sensual attributes still remaining, we must infer, that much distance must yet be passed before the spirit of the age can meet his spirit in perfect appreciation.

If the sources of his future influences were in local establishments or in sectarian controversies, it would be easy to answer this question. But such is not the fact. He set forth great and universal truths, which cannot die; and, as a successful representative of these, we must believe his name is yet to brighten. Wherein he has greatness, it belongs not to the transient, but to the perpetual. We would also add, that the catholic tendency of the human mind increases. Sects and nations feel this. And, as man ascends from the local to the universal, such an author must accumulate power. Life animates his

page ; beauty belongs to his style ; and, what is not least, naturalness belongs to his character and to his communication. The world slowly outgrows a mind of which these three things may be affirmed. Reading Channing puts us into communion with the goodness, greatness, beauty, and sublimity of God and the creation ; and whoever will do this, we will call great, for he is so to us.

Perhaps no one fact attests his genuine superiority more than the growing and widening tendency of his mind through the later period of his life. It is natural for age to retrench itself behind old limits and opinions. But it was the reverse with Channing. His hopes for mankind grew brighter, his natural enthusiasm stronger, and his views enlarged, as he came into what is usually called the autumn and winter of life. He was more than ever impatient of restraint, was looking over new fields of thought, and standing in the radius of a widening circle of views, when called from this to the higher world. This to us is a beautiful and highly significant fact.

But we draw our remarks to a close. We have imperfectly discussed a pure life, a great mind. We are more than rewarded, if our remarks may incite a new interest in his character and works ; for we are conscious of writing for many who have never tarried long among his thoughts. It is too true, that he is still praised by some who know him from his reputation, much more than from what he has communicated to the world.

The last spring of Dr. Channing's life was passed

in central Pennsylvania, among the beauties of Wyoming, the Juniata, and the Susquehannah vales. The summer was passed in Lenox, Mass. where, on a bright day, his voice was heard in public for the last time. His topic was West India Emancipation. In September, he started for Boston, through the passes of the Green Mountains, but was arrested at Bennington by an attack of fever, from which he never recovered. Twenty-six days he lingered, exhibiting the same elevated mind and feelings characteristic of healthier times. But, on Sunday, Oct. 2, 1842, amidst the calm beauties of autumn, when the sun had gone down, his gold still radiant on the clouds and hills, he looked through his window eastward into his reflected beams for a time, then closed his eyes in death's mysterious sleep. These last days wore the calmness of a Christian's faith.

After suitable services in the Federal-street Church, Boston, — at twilight, “among the shades of Mount Auburn,” were deposited his remains, where a white marble monument, with appropriate inscriptions, now tells the visitor and stranger of the burial-place of William Ellery Channing. Good brother! thy voice is not silent! Long may we hear it in deep, celestial tones summoning us to nobler faith and courage! Long may it be the reproof of our selfishness and unbelief!

If one word may express the true position of this man when among us, it is this, — that, more than any other moral teacher of his time, was he the Prophet of the Age.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

"THE BIBLE DOCTRINE OF GOD, JESUS CHRIST, THE HOLY SPIRIT, ATONEMENT, FAITH, ELECTION. To which is prefixed, Some Thoughts on Natural Theology, and the Truth of Revelation. By WILLIAM KINKADE. New York, 1829."

It is always unsafe to judge of what a master knows, by what his pupil has learned. Particularly is it unsafe so to do, when the latter has sadly misspent his time, and has but carelessly heeded the assiduities of his teacher in his behalf. What Nature and the Soul may be able to teach, under better circumstances on the part of the learner, and what men have actually learned, are questions that should never be confounded. They are very different, and much that may be affirmed of the one cannot be said of the other. If angels were our teachers, their success would necessarily be limited by the capacity, attention, and diligence of their pupils.

Forgetting this distinction between the master's knowledge and the pupil's attainment, men have judged, that through natural light the idea of a Supreme Being and of an immortal life could never dawn upon the world; that the facts of mind and matter could not evidence a Divine existence and a future life. Taking nature as a teacher, we are not,

as already observed, to limit its capacity to what mankind have already learned ; for every year adds some new discoveries. New truths are constantly being unfolded. Nature is but partially explored. And that mankind are destined to know more of its hidden truths than they have heretofore attained is indeed a safe position, if we but remember the inexhaustibleness of its science, and the present narrow boundaries of all that may be called human knowledge.

But, even measuring the master by the scholar, we must come to no mean conclusions in reference to nature as a religious teacher ; for man has not only gathered the various wealth of science from its laws, but has quite universally received the ideas of a Supreme Power, of moral right, of an overruling Providence, and of eternal life. These ideas of natural theology may be traced through every form of superstitious belief, and in lands perfectly ignorant of the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures. Polytheism, whilst it affirmed a sort of divine omnipresence in nature through its multiplicity of gods, never denied a Divine Unity ; for it always broke up the equality of the gods by giving them a Supreme. This must always be. The natural world instructs men in this theory of centralization, when every solar system that is formed leaves a sun, a sovereign centre mightier than all the rest. And human society is always shaping itself after this view. There is always a first in every group ; and especially would men not fail to acknowledge a Sovereign Deity over all the rest, in those places and ages when the ten-

dencies of the human mind were so strongly given to despotism, when individual dignity was unacknowledged. For the great fact of human inequality would appear enlarged in mythology, until the pagan worshipper, among his thousand altars, should lift his eyes and direct his prayers to one greater than all. Paganism confirms the idea of One Supreme, even when its worship has been the most extensively polytheistic.

The gigantic fact in the Jewish sacred development was, that they worshipped the spiritual One, whilst the surrounding nations worshipped the material Many. This fact, among a gross people, still towers up the monumental proof of a divine light shining upon them. God must have spoken through other than voices of nature; for Jews were never very gifted interpreters of such voices. But Socrates in Greece believed in one God. So did Confucius, five centuries before the Christian era. Where is the evidence that either owed any thing to the Hebrew Scriptures? Nature, though poorly understood, has taught mankind infinitely more than tradition ever contained; and we are yet uninstructed in the propriety of demanding, that all persons and ages should receive a given truth through the same channel. St. Paul, standing on the same idea, alleged that the heathen of his day, who had no written revelation, were a law to themselves, learning the eternal power and Godhead from the visible creation.*

But let us meet the question at once, Is nature

* Rom. i. 20.

competent to teach the being of God ? Can it assure us of his attributes ? Can it teach his immortality, — his goodness ? Can it assure us of his unity ? *These* are great questions ; and we are aware, that a difference of opinion has obtained among those whose capacity and love of truth entitle them to high respect.

When we ask what nature is competent to teach, we have some idea in our minds of what nature is. And I apprehend, that, in common discourse, the only idea attached to this word by many refers wholly to the external universe ; and, in measuring what nature may teach, they only attempt to ascertain what may be learned from observations and reasonings on the external world. But this is far from being a just ideal, since the human soul is a higher order of nature than suns and stars ; for the magnificence and glory of these would be unknown but for an evident superiority of soul which is akin to all the magnificence and glory of the visible world. The soul, it should not be forgotten, in all its aspirations and elements, is as much nature as the seas and the continents ; and, inasmuch as its order of faculties is highest, more light on problems of theology should be expected from it than from the material earth and heavens. Human worship, philosophy, goodness, hope, as phenomena of the soul (so all human history), belong to the lawful data of just reasoning on this topic.

The clearest, ablest, and, we will add, the most original statement of the argument, setting forth the inability of nature to suggest and confirm the idea

of one God and the immortal life to any portion of mankind, that has ever come under our notice, is found in the writings of the Rev. William Kinkade; and a part of this article will therefore be a review of his argument, entitled "Natural Theology." The bold vigor of the author's mind has given a freshness and a commanding force to his views, that make his argument deeply interesting; and we think we are not mistaken in the conviction, that very many of his readers have founded their sacred philosophy upon it.

In the vigorous style of the following lines, our author's position is announced: —

"There is not one inch of rational ground between Christianity and Atheism. Independently of the Bible; or some supernatural revelation, we could never ascertain the existence of God. Many Christians contend, that the existence of God may be learned from the works of nature; but I believe they all confess, that they cannot teach any correct knowledge of his attributes. Then I contend; that, if nature can give us no certain knowledge of his attributes, she can give us no assurance of his present existence, because, if she cannot assure us that he possesses the attribute of immortality, she cannot assure us that he now lives. We never could ascertain from the works of nature, that God is immortal; but, on the contrary, reasoning from effect to cause, and seeing all his works perishable, we should naturally be led to think that the author would also die, because it is a maxim in the laws of nature, that *like produces like*; and if God is like the things he has produced, he must be mortal: therefore, for any thing that nature teaches to the contrary, he may have died long ago."

The great regularity with which nature now moves is to our author no proof that Deity now exists, since the system might continue to operate from the principles at first received from the Creator, or it might be governed by subordinate agents.

No man probably ever paid a higher homage to revelation, as distinguished from nature, than the author whose words are here quoted; and whatever may appear as irreverence to the latter, as a medium of religious light, only evinces the fulness of his belief in the supernatural order of divine communication.

In the premises assumed, it should be denied that "*all confess* that the works of nature cannot teach any correct knowledge of his attributes;" for this admission has never been general among the advocates of natural theology. Indeed, what kind of a universe must that be which should be able to teach us the being of God, and remain silent concerning his attributes? The being of God, when taught, implies that we have an *idea* of him as *God*. If nature teaches the existence of a Creator, it is impossible that she should be silent concerning his attributes; for it is a certain and necessary inference, that a Creator must have as much wisdom and might as his creation displays. He may have more, but he cannot have less. As the external universe is boundless both to the imagination and the sense, and as it is everywhere the expression of a wisdom and power greater than we may attempt to measure, we must, on the simple and necessary principles of reason, ascribe the same illimitable wisdom and might to the

Being from whom the creation proceeded. How could a grand poem, that should convince us of the existence of a great poetic genius, fail to exhibit the attributes of his intellect? How can any great work fail to express some principal attributes in the originating mind? It is in itself impossible. Who, being assured of the mere fact that God made the worlds, could look around on this varied earth filled with the supplies of every want, and lift his eyes to the serene fields of stars above, without seeing, in the midst of the endless adaptations of things, the infallible proofs that a Being, capable of originating a universe like this, must be wise and mighty, beyond the capacity of man to express? We object, therefore, to the concession claimed in the premises by Mr. Kinkade. It is plainly and palpably unreasonable. Neither has it generally been made.

But does nature, under the easiest and simplest interpretations, in the absence of revelation, intimate the mortality of its Creator, even on the principle that like produces like? For, in judging of what nature teaches, we must take it as a whole, — at least, we should judge from all that we know of it, and not from a part. Now, does nature in fact ever perish? Is there, strictly speaking, a mortal and perishing element in all its wide and beautiful domain? Science and philosophy have long since answered these questions in the negative. The great balance of nature preaches permanency; for the laws that preside over all material changes are deathless. All the natural laws and all substance are, so far as we may know, immortal; whence it follows,

that Deity, judged from his works alone, is also everlasting.

It is plain that the writer of the argument now considered, made that limited portion of nature, which exhibits the phenomena of dissolution to each generation, to stand as the type of all nature. The flowers wither, the trees decay. Organizations of life dissolve before us. But how small a fraction of universal nature are these! Do the stars fade before the eyes of any generation? Does the mild queen of night perish from the skies? Is not this the sun that poured light into the path of the first man? Does nature ever grow old? And does nature ever die? Nature is always full of deathless energy, is always young, and never allows an element or a law to perish. The law of decay or dissolution, being one of the laws of nature, is a part of the creation of God to him who is assured that God made the world; and to suppose the possibility of the Creator falling a victim to its power is to suppose him inferior to a law of his own creation, which is manifestly absurd. Reason alone teaches that dissolution ministers to a benevolent end, that it is necessary that the vegetable, animal, and human races should die; and to suppose it possible that a Being, capable of originating a universe like this, should not be able to resist the agency of one of his own limited laws, so as to preserve his own existence, is to us the summit of folly, to which reason and nature can render no support. And to imagine that creation could go on by the direction of inferior agents is in itself a suicidal position, since all beings

and agents under God are necessarily included in the word *creation*, and therefore cannot be logically distinguished from it as governors.

In further support of the utter destitution of all spiritual light in nature, the author says, — “If we should admit that our Creator exists, and that he is wise and merciful, still, if we have no assurance that he is immutable, there can be no certainty that he will exist in future, or that, if he should, he will then be wise and merciful.”* This affirmation is founded on the previous assumption, that nature cannot teach the unchangeability of its author; but, as we have shown, the vastness of the idea involved in the conception of Creator implies that he is superior to the universe (which, indeed, is greater than man is able to know), the inference of reason is plainly in favor of his immutability. Nay, more, it is certain that a Being able to create a law is able to control and direct it. And the mere fact that such a Being exists, as wise and merciful, is evidence that he will always so remain; for the preachings of nature proclaim most of all the Eternal, the Changeless, the Everlasting. “Like,” it is true, “produces like;” though too much must not be inferred from this, else we may demand too great a resemblance between man and the temples he builds. But we welcome the principle fully for argument-sake, and say that “nature remains, all living and throbbing with mighty and unexhausted forces; and, if God is like it, he also lives unexhausted and mighty.” This is

* Page 10.

the nature-sermon coming from all this vast array of worlds, from the everlasting Permanence that underlies and supports all phenomenal change.

“That man,” says Mr. Kinkade, “without revelation, could form no correct ideas of the divine attributes, is clearly proved by the heathen. Although they had some knowledge of God by tradition from their ancestors, yet, being destitute of the Scriptures, they could form no very correct ideas of his attributes; hence, they always have, and still do, ascribe to their gods the most malignant passions and abominable conduct.

“Rom. i. 20 has been quoted to prove, that a knowledge of God may be derived from the works of creation: ‘For the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.’ It is hardly probable that St. Paul intended to hold out the idea, that the people of whom he then spake had received their first knowledge of God from the works of nature, because he must have known that they received it from their parents; of course, he only intended to hold out the idea, that, to people who knew that God made the world, creation is a great display of his eternal power and Godhead. If they got their first ideas of God by viewing creation, they could not have lost these ideas while they kept it in view. If all my knowledge of an artist is derived from viewing his works, I cannot lose that knowledge, while I continue to behold those works. If the knowledge of God flows from the works of nature, as a stream from a fountain, the stream cannot dry up while the fountain continues the same. But the apostle informs us, that those people did lose the knowledge of God; that they became vain in their imaginations, and that their

foolish hearts were darkened ; and that, as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, he gave them over to a reprobate mind." — Page 11.

The statement, that the vast millions of the pagan world received all their limited light through tradition from their ancestors, is merely assumptive. It might indeed be very difficult to ascertain their most remote ancestors, and, still more so, to prove that tradition was the medium of their whole religious intelligence. There is an historical darkness on this subject that should neutralize all positive assertion in relation to the general state of the heathen world. That the pagan worshipper should ascribe human passions to his gods is by no means strange, admitting the hypothesis that he has some religious light from nature ; for man, in every age of the world, has carried into his worship a measure of the weakness and imperfection of his own character. The Jewish worshipper is also obnoxious to this charge ; for human and violent passions were often ascribed to the Being adored. From the necessity of the case, — although man's worship is the purest issue of his inward life, — the state of mind, in any given age from which worship proceeds, exhibits itself in the views adopted, and the homage given.

But is Mr. Kinkade really sound, when he says that men could not lose the knowledge of God, provided that knowledge flowed from natural sources ? He says, while the sources remain, the knowledge or the effect *must* also remain. This, indeed, might be true, if intelligence came to the human mind as

the river flows from its many springs ; but we are conscious of a power by which we may close our eyes to the brightest lights, to the truth and beauty of the divinest writings, and to the many proofs of that Sacred Presence which makes the universe alive with worship and love. Do we not often see men becoming stupid and dead to the noblest influences of the natural world ? Do they not grow deaf to its highest teachings ? Are not the soul's more sacred voices often silenced and drowned by the lower passions, and by the degradation and thralldom of sin ? God is invisible. Mankind, to know him, must seek him ; must stand in the light of his various manifestation ; and must, from the soul within and from the world without, welcome the light that reflects his wisdom, purity, goodness, and power. There is, we think, a deep philosophical truth in the idea that we really know God, from a wisdom, purity, justice, and love in our own breasts, that are kindred to these attributes as infinitely expanded in him. "The pure in heart shall see God." Here is the deep truth. And by it is clearly seen, that, amidst the living wonders of nature, and the greatness of inspired pages, men may cease to *know* the Creator, and bow to the low and the sensual. Thus, to a people who had listened to the words of Christian apostles, St. Paul said, "Awake to righteousness, and sin not ; for some have not the knowledge of God : I speak this to your shame." The whole philosophy of the Gentile apostacy was fully expressed, when the apostle alleged, that "they did not *like* to retain God in their knowledge ;" and a

people thus inclined may turn away from him, and from the evidences of his presence, far enough certainly to be worthy of being considered as having lost the knowledge of their Maker.

Another position of Mr. Kinkade is quite bold and startling. He alleges, that the human mind, unaided by divine revelation, might as reasonably infer, that there are millions of gods, as that there is but one, because the opposite character of so many things in nature could not to reason suggest the idea of a Divine Unity. This, indeed, may have been the logic of men in times when nature was less known; although it must still be remembered, that the *variety* characteristic of polytheistic worship, was pervaded by the *unity* of some sovereign Jove, who held a sway of power over all. Let us further state the premises and conclusions of the author before us:—

“ If the book of nature could teach the knowledge of God correctly, then all the heathen, drawing their knowledge from the same source, would think of him alike, and would all believe in but one God. But we find that they are all polytheists, and differ widely in relation to the number and attributes of their gods.

“ I have never talked with a person who would testify, that his first ideas of God were formed from the study of nature; but, on the contrary, I have uniformly found, that mankind, whether savage or civilized, receive their first ideas of the Deity from their ancestors. If a man, in possession of all the senses of mature age, who had never seen nor heard of a creature like himself, should, in five minutes after he got his existence, see a water-mill, he would be as unable to account for it, as for the stream

that propelled it; but, after he would get acquainted with men, and learn from them that a certain man made the mill, that information would enable him to discover in the machine the skill of the artist. Just so, after we are informed by revelation that there is a God, and that he made the worlds, that information gives the works of nature a voice to display to us the wisdom of the Creator; and every trace of intelligence we discover in the mechanism of nature is a corroborating proof of his wisdom.

“ If a man who had never seen nor heard of a book should find the history of the Arabs containing the Alcoran, written in Arabic, it would not inform *him* that there was such a man as Mahomet, or that there is such a nation as the Arabs. And, if he should keep it his lifetime, and never meet with a person who had seen any other book except it, and never came in contact with any person who had seen or heard of Mahomet or of the Arabs, and should never see or hear them himself, he would die, not only without the knowledge of their religion and laws, but also without the knowledge of their existence. So we may have the volume of nature before us till we die; and, unless the author should reveal himself *directly* or through prophets, it could never teach us his existence, much less his attributes and laws. If the man who found this book should meet with an Arabian who could teach him to read Arabic perfectly, then that knowledge would enable him to learn from the book the existence, religion, laws, and customs of those people. Just so, after God had revealed himself to us by the prophets, and informed us that he made all things, then, through that information, ‘ the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.’ ”

• We will not pause to sift the logic of these strong

paragraphs, until we have heard the author plainly state the reason *why* nature is so dumb and speechless concerning the greatest truth that man or angel ever received. Here it is : —

“ Although there is nothing in the Bible contrary to reason, yet its truths never could have been discovered by reason, because men cannot reason without something to reason on. The best mechanic cannot construct a machine, without materials ; the blind man who never saw cannot reason on colors ; nor can the deaf man who never heard, reason on sounds. Just so I think of those who never heard of God by revelation : they could reason nothing about him. The reason why nature cannot impart to us the knowledge of God is because she does not possess it herself. Neither the earth, the water, nor the air, knows God : they know nothing. How, then, can they communicate to us the most sublime of all knowledge ? ”

If we may be allowed to speak a word of the venerable author's intellect, before we examine the ground covered by the foregoing extracts, we should utter the impression, that, whilst it is uncommonly strong and clear, it is almost destitute of what may be termed a wide philosophical analysis. Where this is possessed, there will be at least a sufficient comprehensiveness in the premises selected. No one can read the last paragraph quoted, without being convinced that the mere outward elements, such as water, earth, and air, comprised all that he meant by this word of most unlimited meaning, — nature. This idea appears frequently in the entire article, in which there is not a sentence intimating that the

human soul, which is our only power of intelligence, is a part of nature, when spoken of as a teacher. This alone is a great deficiency, and constantly compels an erroneous reasoning.

But, to go back to the supposed intimations of nature in favor of many gods. To us no inference is more unnatural, or more strongly contradicted by a reasonable interpretation of the facts of the universe falling under our notice. Man, the chief of these facts, is himself a unit; and, from the unity of his own consciousness, he naturally and necessarily infers the unity of the Creator. And that, in attempting to solve the problem of creation, reason should rest in One Supreme, is a result most natural from the strong tendency of the human mind to find a centre, to recognize *one* as greater than all. This tendency, strengthened by the very constitution of nature external, and of society, whether in great masses or in small groups, is always breaking forth into human reasoning. There will be a monarch-summit blending in harmony with what is less. Mont Blanc symbolizes a universal truth. But, waiving the consideration that a natural tendency moves the mind to fix on One Supreme, aided by a condition of things which never fails to carry our thoughts from positive on to superlative, let us advance to draw from nature a direct proof that the attributes of only One God are stamped upon it.

To begin with the outward universe, do we not see everywhere exhibited the traces of order and of uniformity? You cannot ordinarily travel a thousand miles over the area of human government, with-

out being impressed, from its contradictions, with a multiplicity of lawgivers and administrators. But travel, study, and examine the natural world, tread the soil of every clime, sail on every sea, and watch the stars that brighten the night of every season and the skies of every land, penetrating nature with all the science that ages have accumulated, and no clash or contradiction of laws will force upon your thoughts a multiplicity of lawgivers. Light and gravitation are the same in Canton as in New England. Accordant laws are always unfolding, and no new fact can suggest a different Deity from him whom the old and the known facts proclaim. Were we gifted to look through the material world, and to trace its order from system to system, and to receive knowledge of all the laws that reign over the now unknown fields of immensity, we should not, from the new developments of nature and truth, be compelled to stand opposed to what we knew before, but only discover in these new evidences of the wisdom, power, and love of Him whom the more familiar scenes of previous observation had proclaimed as God. Now, this harmony of nature proves something about the origin of the universe it pervades; and what can it more naturally teach, than that it has one great Source? What can it more plainly teach, than that the universe sprung from One Omniscient Being? Where are the discords and contradictions that even intimate to a wide form of reason, that nature originated in more than one creative Mind? There are none. They are parts of an infinite harmony.

Without applying the same view to the laws which pervade the empire of mind, we would pass on to notice another of our author's arguments, namely, that if nature could give to men a knowledge of God, then all the heathen, drawing their views from the same source, would think alike concerning him. This needs but a single remark ; for it is clear, that men of every grade of intelligence are capable of interpreting nature differently, not only in relation to things sacred and religious, but those which are purely matters of science. The Bible, says our author, is the only and true source of light. But do all who read it think alike of the Deity and his attributes ?

Further support is sought by Mr. Kinkade in the circumstance, that none with whom he has ever conversed would testify that their first ideas of God were received from nature, but that they invariably derived them from their ancestors. This, at first view, appears a weighty fact. But what is the conclusion it justifies ? That nature never suggested to men the being and presence of God ? This we very much doubt. For it might be said of each and all with whom Mr. Kinkade ever conversed, that their *first* idea of the sun, as being the centre of the solar system, was not received from nature, but from parents, guardians, and teachers. Would this prove nature unable to teach Copernicus, that the sun was central in his position among his family of worlds ? From the very condition of mankind, commencing in infancy, their first ideas on most subjects must come from persons further advanced than themselves

in knowledge and experience. But this can never prove how much or how little mankind, through the long ages of their existence, have learned from intuition and reflection, and study of the external world. Yet is it true, that any man ever *knew* God through any traditional communication? To listen to a report, however hallowed by antiquity, saying that a wise, kind, and infinite Being made the world, is not to know such a Being. To know the *name* which men bestow upon the Creator is not to know him. Truly speaking, no man ever knew any thing more about God than he himself has observed, thought, and felt, of his nature and presence. It is only from experience that this knowledge comes. Through the wisdom and goodness of the soul within us, we are able to conceive of the Creator's wisdom and goodness. The wisdom and goodness of God appear in all his works. Once shut out from the soul these living rays from the external world, and take away from it the consciousness of qualities similar to those it adores in God, and all the sacred traditions that ever won the ear from Adam until now, though poured forth in an angel's eloquence, could never impart to a human being the idea of God. The elements through which success is possible would be gone. Is not God's thunder-voice from the cloud better than a hearsay from the olden time? Is not this mighty, living, boundless, and beautiful universe, with the worshipful action of the soul, a nobler proof that God exists, than a mere report of what our ancestors believed?

The illustrations through which Mr. Kinkade un-

folds his views add no new argument to his position, although they set it very forcibly before us. That man, however, should be supposed to be as ignorant of nature, without direct revelation, as the individual he supposes is of the machine and the stream propelling it, is to us a conjecture as much at war with our reason, as it is with the experience and history of the race. That the volume of nature, so called, should be to mankind, whose very life is written upon its pages, as dead a speech as is the Arabic volume to him who has never heard of a book or known a letter, is also full of the same darkness that enters into all his figures on this topic.

We should now have done with the reasonings of Mr. Kinkade, did not his strongest argument remain to be stated. It is in substance this: Nothing in the empire of nature can grow without a seed; neither can ideas spring from nothing. Man must have previous materials for every character he constructs, for every theory he builds. Now, the elements out of which the idea of God may be formed not being in nature, and the mind having no power to originate an absolutely new idea, the mere fact that the belief of his existence is found in the world amounts to a proof, that revelation alone gave to mankind the idea of a Creator.

This popular, and, as it would seem at first sight, philosophical argument challenges us to analyze our noblest conceptions of Deity, to ascertain whether the incapacity of man to originate a new idea is any proof that none unvisited by divine revelation could ever have believed in their Creator.

What idea or view of God is it, we ask, that has no previous elements for its construction in man, and in the world about him? for different ideas are theoretically avowed. What attributes are there belonging to him, of whose quality man knows nothing from other sources? These must be pointed out, or the claim instituted falls to the ground. Is it the mere idea of self-existent Being? No: it cannot be this. For the idea of Being, and intelligent Being also, is taught by the existence of every man; and the abstract view of self-existence is suggested, so far as we are capable of its comprehension, by a reasoning process with which even children are not unfamiliar, that demands the cause for every cause; a process that always forces the weary mind to rest on an Uncaused, or Self-existent Deity.

Is it the idea of creation that he knows not from elements within his reach? Certainly not; for man, in a limited and qualified sense, creates. Surely he must have this idea from what he knows of origination, or he could not receive it from a book, or ascribe it to his Maker. We say God is a being unlimitedly wise, good, mighty, and benevolent. We say he is pure, is infinite and eternal. We call him just and merciful. He is omnipresent. These are the principal ideas that enter the minds of the intelligent and the devout, as they bow the knee of worship in his earthly temples, and lift the voice of praise amidst the terror-striking storm, or in tranquil moods meditate on his mercies, which are in countless numbers strewn along the earth and skies.

We rejoice that our Father in heaven has placed in our nature, and in the creation around us, all the necessary elements for knowing him. For this is the only condition on which a divine revelation is possible. Man can receive no idea from Heaven, except he has something in his own previous experience through which he may receive it. Man from his own soul learns what wisdom is. He knows more than he can express. He sees also the silent works of a mighty wisdom in the seasons, in the days, in the ten thousand operations of the world about him; and, lifting his eyes to the troops of stars that come out to guard the sleeping earth, and expanding through the greatness he beholds, he calls this wisdom infinite.

Thus also does he know goodness, purity, benevolence, mercy, justice, and power, from his own experience. Man is everywhere surrounded by an infinite sweep of power. How can he fail to get this element of the character revelation and nature assign to God? Where, we still demand, is the element in the best religious belief, that has no source in the human soul and in human experience? Thus far we cannot find it. Is it the idea of the Infinite? Surely this is a vast conception. But has not the soul, under all skies where it has had much development, exhibited evidence of having this vast thought? Yes: there is a sense of the Infinite in the soul itself, its own powers sharing of the illimitable and the godlike. The boundlessness of time and space, as well as the vast and mighty forms of sensuous nature, also suggests this thought and feeling. Man

knows that eternity is real ; for he cannot compass time, or believe it compassible. He feels a partial omnipresence of man's spirit and influence. He is silent before the ubiquity of a power working in matter and space. Where, therefore, is the strange element in man's idea of Deity, that justifies the argument of our intelligent and earnest author, which would wholly exclude nature as a source of religious knowledge, in order to draw exclusively from the inspired page ? We say he thinks, loves, speaks, acts, not as man thinks, loves, speaks, and acts ; but these superior conceptions evidently proceed from what we know of man. And to us revelation is none the less sacred because the soul and the external world contain the rudimental and preparatory elements through which the Highest may reveal his will ; for the visible world, and these primary ideas of humanity, grow sacred when we contemplate them as God's highway to the human heart.

We have now done with Mr. Kinkade ; having met, as we think, the whole power of his argument. We have used his name and reasoning for the purpose of bringing forward the strength of the extreme position against the capacity of nature to reflect upon the race the rays of spiritual light. He was, indeed, a close student, an earnest preacher, a strong believer in the present divine influence of God over man ; and, after a life of much study and self-sacrifice, of original thought and preaching ; after the weary toils of many missionary labors in the West, to which he devoted a Herculean vigor, in the autumn of 1832 he closed his eyes in death's sweet

and long repose. Even his errors are interesting, from taking so deep a root into religious soil.

Let us now return to positive ground. Man stands upon the earth, its crowned chief, looks backward and forward, above and around, where immensity and the everlasting impress him. From the wants of his nature, and from the darkness that envelopes his origin and end, without a decided trust and knowledge of God, we perceive the paramount importance of this intelligence to every human being. No knowledge is so sublime, none so necessary to man's highest, deepest wants. And can we think, that all light that emanates from God is confined to the limits of a language or a book? Does he thus shut himself out from the human race? This cannot be. He has a living and a universal speech, which the nations may hear, and which, to some extent, the unlettered sons of the forest and the barbarian tribes of the earth have heard with reverence and awe.

We begin with simple fact. The first blow a child strikes on a stone causes him to hear a sound. He repeats the blow, and hears again the sound. That moment he has learned a *cause*, and ever after will ask for one when a phenomenon is presented. Thus does the condition of life at first, and always after, turn men into reasoners, and sets them at work in finding a cause for every unknown phenomena. Then the interest of the race in the problem of creation proceeds from a simple and irrepressible source within themselves, a source never exhausted.

Under this tendency, men seek to know the Cause of the universe; and the latent, deep convic-

tion that lives at the bottom of this effort is, that it *was caused*. It is not fitted to impress men as being eternal. From the strength of the tendency just named, it is utterly impossible, that large masses of men should approach the natural world with any other conviction, than that it was made ; and we pay to this fact great homage, because it lies beneath logic, and acts with the unconsciousness of a great and undoubted certainty.

But what contents the mind to rest in God ? Why does it not rush on further, it will be asked, and demand for *him* a cause ? We think two reasons may be assigned for this ; which are, that one demand of this kind leads to another for ever, thus preventing the mind from becoming settled ; whilst the very greatness of the idea of God, as filling the whole soul, overshadowing man and the universe in his power, so arrests it in its search of causation, so fills it as being All in All, that it cannot pass beyond. God is infinite. What can man conceive beyond this ? An attempt to go beyond the idea of God to find a greater is not to find a greater God than all things proclaim, but to find a greater idea of the only Infinite than the one with which he started. As no man can advance beyond the infinite, so none can conceive of a being or a greatness beyond the One whom all things reveal. Therefore reason demands a rest of the mind in God. There are defects, doubtless, in the old argument for the Divine existence ; for, if we mistake not, it was mostly drawn from the material world, and little stress has been comparatively laid on the higher witness of his

being, as found speaking from the soul itself. Paley is lame with his watch-symbol, which, supposing a man to find, convinces him that it had a maker from its completeness of design. But we approach watches with the previous knowledge that men make them, whilst we do not approach worlds with the previous intelligence that God makes them. Perhaps it is natural that the chief proofs of his being should have been sought more frequently out of man ; since the great majority of mankind are less inclined to reason from their own souls, than from objects of perception through the external senses.

There is, we think, a medium-ground on which this topic should be placed. To say that supernatural revelation, independent and alone, teaches all that is known of God, is to forget that no revelation can be made independent of nature. Nature must lend her images and symbols, also her various impressions of primary knowledge, or God could not reveal himself to a single member of the race. The most touching inspirations of the Bible constantly exhibit this indebtedness to the natural world, and to the native instincts and feelings of the soul they address. Then to fly to the other extreme, and say that nature teaches all that the wants of mankind require should be taught ; to say, as many have done, that nature is a sufficient and the only true teacher of religious truth, is to deny all divine communication from the Father of spirits, and is to contradict what the race have almost universally believed. And to us the race are wiser than a caste or a school. If God indeed is a supernatural Being, there must be in the world's

history some supernatural development, else the greatest reality has slumbered for ever.

Perhaps those who dwell on the extremes of these positions would do well to consider well the difficulties which each involves. We would pause, however, to point out but one inconsistency, which attaches to those who allege that nature, without revelation, is ignorant of God; or that, without it, it might teach in opposition to his unity, and other attributes. It is this. They usually appeal to nature in proof of the Divine existence and unity, *after* they have derived these conclusions from revelation. Why do this? If nature teaches falsely *before* revelation comes, what evidence have we that it can teach truly *after*? A false witness cannot ordinarily confirm a true one. If nature is totally ignorant of the Creator, previous to the light of revelation being reflected upon her, then all her light is borrowed. Not a ray is original. Such a witness cannot even confirm an inspired testimony. For a confirming witness is one who knows something himself, not he who can only throw back what the other told him. It is from knowledge that one testimony confirms another. This contradictory and suicidal appeal to nature, as a witness, might be carried much further; but we only ask, why make nature teach contrary things at two different times? Would it not be well to distinguish between what nature teaches, and what many may foolishly infer? In nature, God is the real speaker. *He* teaches. And were his mediums of instruction multiplied to millions more than those we know, he could teach nothing but truth through

any of them. To say, therefore, that nature teaches falsely, is but another mode of saying that God lies.

We pity the bewildered child of doubt, who is engaged in seeking a *proof* that God exists. The fact itself speaks an alienation from nature, a confusion of heart and mind. Nobler spirits do not ask proofs; but they see, they feel, they know the truth. Still it is good to hear God's witnesses; for they speak truth, and speak it plainly. Therefore let us briefly hear the four witnesses that testify of his truth and presence:—

1. And first, the soul itself proclaims His Being; for it contains the sacred feeling, the element of worship.* How can the religious phenomena of the world be accounted for without this admission? Do not the ethics of the world prove a moral nature in man whence they came? Do not the sciences prove an intellectual energy as natural in him? Philosophies prove man to be naturally a reasoning being. And worship, whose altars and shrines are over all the earth, proves a religious nature, without which, creeds and altars had never been.

Here blossoms in the soul itself the most beautiful and divine proof of God. Worship, having root in the human heart, always looks up to him. Worship, as a fact of nature, implies a God, as the eye implies light, as hunger implies food, as thirst implies

* In saying that man has by nature a religious reverence, a tendency to worship, is not meant that he is always religious in character. Reason is a natural power, though thousands live unreasonably.

the fountain. Led by the analogy of external wants, with their appropriate satisfying objects, we could leave no great want of the soul unsated. Man thirsts for knowledge. Behold a universe of truth, of reality! Boundless fields of science are spread out before him. Truth is a universal presence, shining forth from the blue heavens, and gleaming from each point and law of nature to meet a universal thirst. Man loves society. Behold nature, ever social, ever speaking to man his own language, ever wearing the hues of his own spirit! Behold himself in neighbor, country, and world! Man bows in worship; the sacred element stirs within his breast. Behold the Supreme One, — the Great Unseen, whose dim shadow and likeness all this universe is! Is there the spirit of worship in humanity, and is there no God? Then the correspondence of the universe is broken, and man's deepest want has no object to meet and satisfy it. Then is worship an error of nature.

2. The visible material world bears witness of God. Its infallible proofs of design not only prove a designer, but a Divine Mind appears to shine out as daylight from all this visible world, from all this physiognomy of God. Deeper than thought is the unconscious feeling of mankind, that worlds were made. Behold the races growing, dying! Behold the seasons changing in perfect order! Behold worlds wheeling through the still immensity, so much according to law, that exact calculations may be made of the time of their revolutions! Behold this silent, vast, and perfect *government* of matter! And

is there no governor? Have these laws no law-giver? "The fool hath said in his *heart*, There is no God." Six unities prevail through the solar system, which, though we cannot here stop to name them, prove that no chance-action of matter could ever have thrown those worlds into the relations and order which they so beautifully sustain. A world without a God, and a God without a world, are thoughts above all others most unnatural. Nature is dead, contemplated as Godless. But when you hear the hymn of the stars, the praises of the fountains and the sea; when nature pours her song of life into your ears, as the chaunt of the Parent-Will, and when God's calm, holy, and eloquent voice fills all this temple of nature in which you stand, then it is that nature *lives*.

3. History also rises up, with hoary locks and furrowed countenance, saying, "I have seen God's foot-prints in the earth." Indeed it is as difficult not to see God in history, as not to see him in the earth and stars. For his name is woven into the life of the world. Millions of altars point unto him. Then, consider the progress of the ages, in which sublimer ends have been fulfilled than men have sought. Sacred is this idea of God over man. It is uttered in the songs, fears, hopes, and prayers of mankind. Man, it is true, in the drama of history, is the visible actor; therefore his agency is more clearly discoverable. But the more the past is examined in its various epochs and ruins, the more clearly is it seen, that justice has wrought out the great problems of destiny; that evil has been subordinated to good;

that the actions of man, like the needle to the north star, have vibrated to a power above himself; and that over the wild harp of time the unseen fingers of the High and the Holy have swept, causing it to yield the varied harmony of ages. God speaks out of the past; and, from the connection and design exhibited by its eras of change, from the solemn justice that addresses us from its ruins, and from its sacred hopes and worship-offerings, the great idea of his presence dawns upon us, like the mingling light of a thousand stars.

4. But God speaks in Christ, in whose history it seems that he came nearer than ever before to our race. The division-gulf between the finite and the infinite is passed; and, instead of the overwhelming and all-obscuring view of a Vast Infinite, the contemplation of whom is not to strengthen but to overpower humanity, the Infinite is clothed in the hope-inspiring character of Father and Friend. To doubt the being of God, since Christ became a part of the world's history, is to be insane. God in the soul, as heretofore explained, God in outward nature, and God in history, are viewed within the range of natural theology, and are sources from which all people may draw. But God in Christ is to us the highest eminence of wisdom, from which is heard a voice whose truth is echoed back by the mountains and vales, the heights and depths of the whole creation. These are living and original sources; and whoever long and earnestly drinks from them will have verdure in his thoughts, will speak and act from a real energy of soul.

But our natural theology is very unnatural, if it causes us to feel the great distance of God. It is true, we feel at times what may be called the usurping despotism of matter; but the natural conviction is, that God is near, acting in all his works, moving the universe at his will. What are the laws of nature? They are but his modes of action. He is as truly present in the weaving of the leaf of June, as in the morn of creation, when "the stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." Nature speaks of the living, present Deity, as foreign to nothing, and as working ever.

Nature, it has been said, is an inflexible, unbending teacher; which may be very true, if by nature is only meant the material world. But, if we include the soul in this term, as we certainly should do, then nature is no longer the stern and distant representative of God, but is warm, direct, familiar, whilst it also wears the colors of simplicity and power. But the living teacher, sent from God with words of power, comes far more near than the medium of material nature permits; although the penetrating as well as the soothing influence of the earth's scenes is very great. Often nature comes near our hearts, when men are unable to enter.

Man is made for a generous confidence. His nature, we believe, demands it. Questionings and doubt, though they may for a time sharpen the intellect, and be useful in the formation of a noble character, as a means of separating the mind from lifeless error, are a mildew of death when made its daily nourishment. As God is the greatest Being, it fol-

lows that the idea of him is the most sublime of all ideas. None is so creative. But our best idea is necessarily but a low and dim conception. We shall and should outgrow it, as light continues to dawn on our minds. The universe exists to brighten and to enlarge it. To this end Christ both lived and died. He came to manifest God in wider relations than he had ever been known. And as God in Christ is *the* great exhibition of divine knowledge, we should seek to study the Father in the Son.

But we shall not make the proper progress, we fear, in theological science, unless we find a basis for faith in nature, in what we know. We would start from our own souls; for it is through the *knowledge, consciousness, and experience* belonging to these, that we are to apprehend and realize all the revelations of God's mind and will. And, as there is a bond of harmony uniting all that comes from the Creator, we should fear to set at variance his word and works.

The tree of faith is stronger and more storm-defying, when it takes deep root into nature's free and ample soil. A deep and silent confidence in the truth of natural reality pervades the breast of all; and it is only when this confidence enters into the basis of religious belief that it is natural, vigorous, and free. A great theological writer of the present century said, "If we wished to impoverish a man's intellect, we could devise few means more effectual, than to confine him to what is called a course of theological reading. The very subject to which above all others the writer should bring his whole strength of thought and feeling, which allies itself to our no-

blest faculties, to which reason, imagination, taste, and genius should consecrate their noblest efforts, is of all subjects treated most weakly, tamely, and with least attraction." But let us account for this fact. Why does such study often narrow and impoverish the intellect, whilst the investigations of nature tend to enrich and expand it? Several reasons perhaps may be assigned; but the chief one that strikes us with force is this, — that theology, and the studies appertaining to it, are too widely separated from the genius and spirit of the Creator's works, are too much isolated from the best wisdom of the actual life, and do not sufficiently seek to go hand in hand with the wider teachings of the human heart, and of the life-awakening nature around us. In short, the religious teacher must drink from the original fountains we have named, and must learn and live the harmony that unites them. Christ must be his great teacher. Theology must be naturalized, must receive the light of all known truth, and be enriched by the new-gained treasures of knowledge to be drawn from the inexhaustible Christ, and from the inexhaustible sources of the creation. Both are teachers sent from God. And it strikes us as deeply true, that this union of strength would close the door of doubt among large portions of the thoughtful; would open new and noble passages to the human soul; would enlarge, elevate, and purify the intellect and the heart; would give to sacred literature the freshness of a true and real life; would tend to kindle a genuine earnestness in the pulpit; and would, we trust, if carried out, take from the religious teacher

his sepulchral tones, and make the eloquence of the pulpit as natural as the song of the bird, and as power-inspiring as the voice of the sea.

Certainly we would welcome all light, and from every source. We would know God truly in his glory and loveliness. For worship is everlasting; and the eternal law pervading it always stamps on the character of the worshipper the moral likeness of the attributes and qualities he adores.

The Bible attempts no proof of the being of God. It merely asserts the fact, presuming that all assent to it; that the truth of it is so clear that no one can doubt. How much nobler is the strain, "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth," than if, presuming either ignorance or doubt, the writer had opened the genesis of creation by urging a proof! The thoroughly convinced and assured are not apt to think of doubts in others. He who says, Show me a proof that truth and virtue are real, is in the lowest state of mental and moral illness. And he who hears not God's voices within and without, and who, on an earth whose exact revolutions and manifold blessings tell us of him, and under skies that look down with many thousand eyes on the inhabitants of earth, still watches for evidence that God exists, is the subject of a morbid and self-made bewilderment. Nobler natures do not call for proof. They see and feel the Everlasting Divinity. Many things, no doubt, ask for pity; but who can deserve it more than the poor and weary proof-hunter, who cannot see his God? Blind Bartimeus could not see the sun.

ESSAYS.



GENIUS.

WHAT Genius and its characteristics are, what its proper aims and calling, what its liabilities and responsibilities, are questions of undoubted interest, even to those who are compelled to conduct the investigation without a single spark of its kindling energy. We grant that genius best comprehends genius; for the law that lies at the bottom of all appreciation is that of kindred faculties. But, from the unconsciousness that marks this mysterious power, it is little prone to self-inspection; and, reporting itself only in its works, we, who are among the taught and the entertained, are at liberty to analyze its properties, and to speak of them to others.

But there is a common ground on which the man of genius and all others meet. He addresses the consciousness existent in all, in the full hope of being understood. The many admire. They are conscious of the truth that genius utters. Only *they* could not *say* it. The fact that, under the most inspired teaching, all are conscious of the same inward elements; the fact that the most gifted ones are felt to be natural, and the fact that their glorification finally comes from the popular mind, prove that there is

some sense in which the genius and his less gifted brothers stand upon a common level. The law of nature, just alluded to, that the mere fact of admiration implies that the admirer has in his nature that which is kindred to the qualities admired, applies to this case in all its force ; for it is evidently on this that the possibility of admiration depends. But that all men have genius in that differential sense which enables the Æschylus and the Shakspeare to produce, does not necessarily follow, since the power to *do* and the power to *appreciate* are not the same. He who could not perform a miracle might detect the divine presence in one wrought before his eyes. In defiance of the apparent conflict, I hold the two ideas in harmony, that men of genius are few, and that the admiration of the many is possible only on the ground of kindred powers.

This topic belongs to that invisible nature we denominate Mind, on which volumes have been written, and theories, more numerous than the planets, have been multiplied. But, within the province of philosophy proper, the ability to unfold the nature of matter or mind has not yet appeared, although the discovery of important properties belonging to each has, for ages, been a part of the knowledge of mankind. It is conceded that matter and mind are the consistence of the universe ; and that these, though substantially different, are analogically similar, so that the reasoner on mental properties may find assistance in the eloquent illustrations yielded by the laws and facts of nature physical.

Humanity is a unit spread out into an infinite va-

riety of gifts and powers. Perfect equality nowhere exists. Worlds are not the same in size and density, nor men in talents and fortunes. In the natural world, the greater bodies always govern the less, as the revolutions of our own solar system most clearly and happily teach ; and, through a law equally universal, the mind, great by nature and discipline, becomes the mover of masses. Make all worlds of the same size and density, and the motions of the universe instantly cease. And there is no doubt that the useful activities of the human race are promoted by its great diversity of faculties, from genius in its highest forms to the most limited extent of natural capacity known to the common mind. But as mind is of supreme value ; as the universe material, in all its order and magnificence of law, is but secondary and auxiliary to it ; the great man is more deeply interesting and more highly sublime, than the visible structure of any world that moves at the bidding of Omnipotent Power.

What *is* Genius ? Is it a single faculty of the human mind, separate from all the rest ? Is it independent of the other powers ? Or is it not a harmony of all the faculties, a happy combination of the powers common to all men ? — These in their place.

But where is the old family of genii that figured so largely in the classical antiquity ? In the burial of mythology, this beautiful conception of the Greek and Roman, that gave to each man and woman of the world a supernal spirit, a guiding angel, through all the vicissitudes of life, is for ever gone.

The august fraternity of genii is no more. But there are some truths in the old crude faith we dislike to dismiss. In the coarseness of their conceptions, they placed the genius out of the man, still influencing him. Now, the genius is in the man. Yet it often keeps back of his phenomenal character. Then every man, woman, and child, had a genius. Now but few claim the power indicated by this name. Yet is it not true that each has, in some sense, genius? Otherwise, through what inward power does the youth everywhere apprehend its presence when displayed? Genius was then divine: so is it now. It was then an inspiring divinity; no less so at this day. Its agency was then for the weal or woe of its subject. Let us keep these hints of the old myth; yes, even this, that *places*, as well as persons, have their genius; for they speak oracles to the meditative, they utter language as various as Homer and Anacreon. John Mason Good tells us, that the ancient word representing genius first appeared in the Hebrew, was then copied into the Sanscrit, Arabic, and Chinese; and from the eastern languages it was conveyed into the Latin, and from this into our own, and into nearly every language of modern Europe; implying, in every instance, a tutelary, a guiding, or inspiring divinity. But we are at issue with the ancient in this. "There's a divinity" *within* us "that shapes our ends," — not a demon *out of us*, not a *foreign* guardian and guide to fortune.

Tracing the lineage of this term through the Grecian lore might yield an idea for the thoughtful, and

perhaps some amusement to the curious. But I would linger here only to say, that it is thought by some to descend to us more immediately from the Greek verb *gignomai*, or *ginnomai*, which claims ancestry in *geno*, a word of great repute in Grecian lore. *Gigno* is a supposed ancestor to this celebrated noun; and, if this gives the proper lineage of the word, it also gives the idea, *to beget, to produce, to create*. That genius is the *creative, originating* force of mind is therefore somewhat favored by this etymology of the term.

But leaving the word, let us follow the inquiry, What is Genius?

No one can imagine that genius is a faculty separate from the order of intellectual powers common to every man, without opposing the truth, that the elements of the human mind are fundamentally the same; that the difference lies not in the class of faculties, but in their quantity, quality, and peculiar combination. The human body has the same number of organs, in the different orders of strength and agility. The noblest feats do not imply that a new nerve, muscle, or limb, is possessed by the actor, unpossessed by those of lesser skill. Neither can the highest and noblest achievements of the superior mind argue the possession of a single mental faculty unshared by others. The mind is one. All differences must be resolved into quantity, quality, and combination of powers, which, in unequal degrees, are shared by the race. I here speak of the matter simply with reference to the nature of man, granting, of course, all that will probably be claimed for

the inequalities of educational circumstances. The primitive constitution of one man contains what is possessed by all men. He is a monster born who comes into the world with more than the usual number of limbs and organs. Nor could the man of genius be contemplated as natural, provided his mind contained a faculty unowned by the mass. Indeed, were one to be born having a highly sublime faculty of mind, the like of which others do not possess, he must for ever remain unknown; for to know him, in the order of greatness to which the new power refers, implies a like faculty in others. He must find a race like himself, or be unknown.

The man of genius differs from others, perhaps, in the *amount*, not in the *number*, of his powers. Still more does he differ in the *quality* of his powers. Genius always implies a finer quality of spirit. Quality in the soils varies not so much as quality in the empire of mind. Nor do the trees in their beautiful growth *combine* the same elements more variously, than the individualizing spirit of humanity combines the same class of mental powers. In the true man of genius, — and in this statement I mean not all who attain this fame, but simply our highest idea of such a one, — in him, I say, the highest quality of powers is so harmonized, that their natural operation is marked by the perfect. There is such an innate susceptibility of truth, such an inward harmony of soul, that, when the mind acts, there seems to be an unconscious choice of the highest excellence.

Properly speaking, men of genius are intuitive.

What logic labors for, they behold. Genius is quick to see the law involved in facts. Its processes are rapid, and are not to be fully reported. It penetrates the cloud of appearance, tears away the veil of falsity from the divine face of truth, discovers by a glance the deep reality of things, sports with the old boundaries of thought, and brings harmony from all it touches, by that easy, rapid, and spontaneous action of mind that most resembles divine agency. Genius has a fine, spiritual sensation. It *feels* the true, the right. It has a temperament its own. There is a happy union of imagination and judgment in all its achievements. It is the sudden wisdom, the spontaneous reason, the natural inspiration of man. Nature smiles when she sees wealth and opportunity attempting to create it; and, after a brief pause, tells all concerned, that genius is born, not made. But I would more definitely inquire into its characteristics and attributes.

1. And I would first of all remind you, that genius is unconscious of self. This is its beautiful characteristic. And do you think that this view is not older than Thomas Carlyle or the Edinburgh Review? Ages since, Sophocles was deeply impressed with it, when he said, "Æschylus does what is right without knowing it." And Æschylus, more than he, was creative. The great man wears the livery of simplicity. He never marvels at himself, but rather at the universal nature manifested in himself and in all men. Shakspeare always lost sight of himself as an individual. Burns was driven by poverty, and not by self-applause, to publish his poems. Neither

was aware of having done any thing wonderful. Both had been surprised, could they have foreseen the admiration of after-times. Jesus never wondered at his own miracles. Genius never said, "Have I not well spoken?" For the naturalness of all its performances not only excludes the feeling whence these vanities spring, but, from the perfection of the standards which genius owns, we may infer dissatisfaction, rather than complaisance.

When we return to our own experience, it is not difficult to learn, that our most perfect actions and utterances have always been in those golden moments when we have lost sight of ourselves as individuals, when we have surrendered ourselves wholly to the inspiration of the thought to be expressed, or the end to be attained. He whose mind is partly on himself, and partly on his theme, acts with divided energies. He who forgets himself in his theme alone wields his entire power. In the social circle, it is not till we have fallen into this unconsciousness, that we are happy and at ease; and the perfect grace of manner never comes till then. The most perfect lines of the poet are those which cost him the least labor. I admire this law of genius. It is beautiful. Nor is it less the minister of utility, provided a boasting age, and many persons who are too conscious of being unappreciated, would use it as the mirror of self-inspection.

Kindred to this is the naturalness which appertains to this school. In spite of our previous knowledge of fiction, King Lear ever afterwards is a real king, and Desdemona a real woman. Falstaff is as really

an English humorist as Dean Swift. We see the heaths of Scotia waving with blossoms red, we stand amid the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and join the cotter in his worship, while reading the page of Burns; nor can we dismiss Coleridge without bearing ever after the sacred image in our bosoms as of one we know, the image of Genevieve, who could not become more real in our minds, had she lived and died in a hundred countries. Genius will be natural. Its most perfect words often cause the poor, unlettered drudge to feel for the moment that "*he could have told that.*" Each life being unfolded under the impressions of the same outward nature, varying only in its scenes, and each having an experience of similar facts, varying mostly in manner and extent, and each conscious of the workings of the same inward powers, it is not difficult to determine what is true to nature. Genius interests because it represents us. It revives in beauty what lay in repose. It speaks to our primitive being, which underlies all custom and art, and outlives all changes, the same for ever. Hence, the man of genius lives for ever. He speaks to the Everlasting, and it hears him.

2. But genius begets, produces, creates. He is the fountain, and not the cistern. He does not hold, but flows; and, when true to his vocation, his influences are as the Nile, calling out verdure wherever they go.

There needs be in this world those who create. All beaten paths were once a wild. Man was before government, art, philosophy, and song. He is older

than the Church or the State. The demand for genius was laid in the most primitive state. And since progress is the law of society as well as of individuals, there must be creators of new paths, leaders and inspirers of men; for everywhere the majority, by the instincts of their own minds, are more inclined to follow and adopt, than they are to strike out new modes of thought and action. The demand for creative power is everlasting.

Greatness belongs to both origination and administration, but in a far higher sense to the former. We often find strong minds, in the various callings of public life, who most ably discharge their duties, who execute in an admirable manner, and who are in the highest sense useful. But they add no new idea to enrich the science to which their lives have been devoted. They leave things as they found them. The man of talent merely, is strong for enterprise, strong to administer, and strong to execute. But talent alone never creates a new state on nobler foundations of law, never leads Israel out of Egypt to their promised land, never originates a Protestant Reformation, and never electrifies a country with a new truth. Genius creates the world, and talent is the giant Atlas who carries it. But creation is the highest work. It is most like the All-Perfect Mind.

The man of genius is rich in new modes of thought, if his sphere is laid in this direction. Give to philosophic genius a fact, and it soon discovers the law that pervades it; and, through what it sees in the few simple facts, it may rise to higher truths. To the man of this order of genius, the facts of nature

and life are always pointing to what is above themselves. A few means, in his hands, are turned to a great account. He makes a way. Napoleon boasted of having made *his* generals "out of mud;" and in the immense fruitfulness of his mind, both for the origination and execution of plans, there is displayed the creativeness of genius in its boldest forms.

In calling the man of genius *creator*, I would guard my view from a possible abuse. It might be inferred that I use the term in its absolute sense, implying that out of nothing, or almost nothing, genius constructs her magnificent temples. Indeed, there is something of this view implied in common discourse, when people say that an author has made a scene of life or nature beautiful by shedding upon it all the light of his genius. But creation supposes pre-existing materials; and they who acknowledge the fact that nature and life are always more beautiful than we see or know, will withhold from genius the credit of making beauty, in any sense, but will accede to its agency the discovery and presentation of beauties which the common eye has failed to perceive. Reason creates no law of logic; conscience, no law of ethics; and genius, no law of beauty. Law flows from God, and on the tables of nature and fact it is inscribed. The mental powers can but discover and report. It is creation to combine anew, to dissolve old compounds, and form new structures, in which sense the man of genius is doubtless creator.

At the head of every epoch, there is a great

man, — a man of genius : surely one, perhaps more. Moses was a man of great genius for his day. He had large powers of origination, and was by nature, as well as discipline, qualified to preside over the exodus, journeys, and social state of a people, from whose development, in their settled state, such great consequences were to flow. His genius presided over the great plans. He knew the distant land of promise, and he could inspire the stupid masses with new courage and hope. But Joshuas were needed also : talent had its place.

The eleven centuries in which Grecian thought took philosophic form flowed along under the presiding genius of Socrates. He *begat* the philosophers, not by teaching a system, but by so waking up the spirit of reflection, that it could not die for ages. So, indeed, of every epoch in art. The masters appear as causes. So of all the epochs in religion and letters. Luther was a genius, more destructive than constructive, to be sure ; but the evils with which he fought were positive, and the energy and means he wielded were also positive. When destruction had cleared away the rubbish, and the times demanded a more constructive great man,* he came.

Byron stood at the head of a grand revolution in poetry, — a revolution that swept away the school of mere mechanical niceness, and idolatry of the rules, and, more than any one else, established the school of earnest, life-breathing style in this department of English literature. If Cowper was the harbinger,

• John Calvin.

Byron was nearly the finisher, of this change ; still retaining the lofty structure of verse he had so much admired in Pope. History also, in England, had no philosophical merit, till its grounds were trodden by David Hume. But it is needless to follow further this idea of history. Men of genius are the universal men ; the men whose influences are felt by the millions, the men who most strongly mark the epochs of human progress. The world, in its institutions, laws, thought, and song, points to them as to the gods of the earth, so far as creative achievement is concerned.

3. Genius is also bold and free. The eagle is probably its fittest emblem. It darts, it soars, it sports with the storm ; it comes down for its prey, and again ascends. The free winds — now soft and balmy as the breath and whisper of angels, and now driving the dark clouds like great autumn leaves — is a good symbol of romantic genius. Talent is often enslaved. It is often bought. And, for the most part, the man of talent merely is more apt to value truth from its relation to some local enterprise and end ; while genius, though often perverted to minister to the passions, is far more capable of loving truth for its own sake, — of making science its goddess.

Power is instinctively free and independent ; and, from the very nature of genius as intuitive, vigorous, and rapid in its action, it is incapable of the narrow enslavement to which men of other powers are often exposed. Many consent to masters whose worth they do not know. They blindly find them in opinion, custom, and habit. No man serves what *he*

deems unworthy ; but the man of genius weighs and penetrates all pretended masters, and explodes their titles to reign before he submits to the yoke. The liberal tendencies of genius are prominent in its history. Nothing is more difficult to confine within sectarian walls. Hence also the scepticism of this class has been not a little complained of, as reference to the names of Hume, Rousseau, Byron, Burns, Shelley, and others, at once evince ; and perhaps one cause of the phenomenon lies in their natural dislike to constraint, and still more in their superior capacity to penetrate the poverty of popular belief. I have said elsewhere that genius is quick to discover the law of things ; and law is universal. The range of real principles is infinite. The man of genius, more than others, is apt to realize the unity of the universe, and the spiritual expansion to which this conception ministers. Now, it is plainly evident that the sectarian constraints of society are opposed to the universality of which I speak. They are too small to measure its range. Hence they often and justly become its sport.

I think the position safe, that, in the liberal tendencies of genius, there is a recognition of the universal worth and equal elements of human nature. One feels certain, that, had Shakspeare devoted his life to politics, his tendencies had been to popular freedom ; for the human heart, and not the divine right of kings, had been his argument. Burns alarmed his government by his free expression of sympathy for the popular freedom, the love and purpose of which were bursting forth in France.

Youth, it is said, is enthusiastic for liberty ; and, from the warm temperament that is usually the accompaniment of genius, this enthusiasm remains longer in its veins. The autumnal green not unfrequently adorns its fading years. Byron was zealous in Greece. Shelley, under all his persecutions, held a glowing hope for the human race. Genius is more apt to penetrate the surface, to look through the circumstance and accidents of man to his nature, is more given to contemplate him from his manhood ; and therefore its general sentiment is more likely to be, " A man's a man for a' that."

The man of genius, especially in the department of sentiment and action, throws himself upon his primitive nature. His spirit appears not tamed and domesticated. His atmosphere smells of mountains and forests, of the unmanaged elements, and unaffected loveliness. Nature's wildness is ever inspiring. The desert bears its matchless flower. The noblest animals are unenslaved. "The lion is alone." And in the untrodden wilds, where God alone is gardener of the rich parterre, genius feeds and grows, no less than under the smile of various art. Imagination, "the angel of the human mind," is boldest and freest of all the faculties, — is most inventive and least restrained ; and, in fineness of quality and fulness of extent, is always implied in the word *genius*.

4. But the characterization of genius is not complete without the presence of unity. The inglorious error has shaded many minds, that the man of genius is a splendid fraction, that there is but one thing in

which he may excel, and that in other matters he must be less than other men. Nothing can be more untrue. Excellence of nature must display itself in every condition. All men doubtless excel most in that to which their minds are mostly given; and that there are peculiar adaptations of various minds to various spheres, is equally true of every order of intellect. Dugald Stuart expressed what I believe to be true on this subject, when, speaking of the Caledonian bard, he said, "All the faculties of Burns's mind were equally vigorous. From his conversation, I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." I say "fitted to excel" in all, but probably not in the same degree. Harmony of mind, the characteristic of excellence, is, as elsewhere observed in this volume, a balance of faculties. How can a man of this class shoot up into one idea and into one end, in a manner to disprove his natural capacity to excel in other spheres? The whole problem is solved most clearly in any one genius of the highest order. Who can read Shakspeare, without seeing the philosopher, the artist, the poet, the legislator, the man of letters and of business, all existing in the author's mind? Milton wrote the mighty essay, as well as the divine poem. True, life is too short and its cares too numerous to permit any one to shine in a magnificent splendor in several callings; but the common error, so far from being supported by this fact, must seek its confirmation in the failures of genius to master the difficulties of any profession to which it has been early and faithfully devoted. In

practice, I will leave this question where it is beautifully solved in the life of Mozart, and would advise the reader, if he seeks fragmentary greatness, to remove his labor from the spheres of genius. For units, not fractions, are here.

What flows from the premises here stated is the conclusion, that the man of genius is conscious of the harmony of the universe. He feels this fact deep in his spirit's life ; and this universal harmony without, he sees and hears as the image and echo of the fact within. He is one with all. Hence, as from a fountain, flow the various melodies of song, speech, and deed.

I have spoken of what seems to me the plainest characteristics of genius, but not without being conscious of the difficulty there is in defining it. Like the mysterious power of life, we know it only in its phenomena. We find it marked by unconsciousness, naturalness, invention, freedom, spontaneity, and unity. Quickness of energy is also implied. All these point out its mission as being to enlighten the race with new truths, to multiply life's comforts, to awaken diviner aspirations in men, to break up the bondage in which they are held, to revive the consciousness of a divine nature, to scatter the clouds of error that overshadow the pure reason and the reign of law, to dissolve the coarseness and check the selfish tendencies of all, to spiritualize human character and happiness, to call into proper dominion the disinterested, generous feelings and virtues, and to preside over the progress of the ages. This is the solemn mission of all thus divinely endowed.

Amusement, as well as edification, is yielded by those who seek its signs. Absence of mind, with all the eccentricities, has been thought its harbinger. Childhood is sometimes watched as strangely as the Roman viewed his birds of omen. But absence of mind, sometimes mistaken for mental vacancy, is but the evidence of abstraction. In a proper man, it is, indeed, but a faithful *presence* of mind to some distant truth, and is a more certain indication that he lacks interesting company, than that he is kindled with the Promethean fire of this endowment. "Genius is eccentric," cries the popular belief. So is the idiot and the lunatic. But do they give us Hamlets and Manfreds? What more than genius ought to know the graceful and the proper? What more than it should be alive to their slightest violation? The youth, of whom his friends can only say that he had forgotten his Christian name through intensity of abstractions, must bring better claims to the tribunal of sense, than his dreamy moods, or leave the world unconvicted of his relation to this high fraternity. Perhaps it is only the intellectually weak and adulterated generation who seek much after the signs of this reality.

A certain idleness and hatred of study are supposed to mark the man of genius, — an opinion growing out perhaps of the ease and spontaneity of such minds. But it is a dissolute error, unworthy of the subject. The fact that genius seizes at once on the strong points of a subject, that it darts to the conclusion which costs the slow logic of the world much longer time to compass, argues great innate

activity ; an activity, in fact, that knows less of repose and slothfulness than do the great majority of men. Often, when to appearance there is no labor, a deep and silent work is going on, like the noiseless, invisible agencies of nature around us, through which vegetation, in a thousand forms of beauty, springs up, and through which the worlds revolve in the boundless space. In deep, vast souls these unheard processes are always more, far more, than the observer conceives.

Genius has its own methods of study and reflection ; but idle it is not. Its labor is not strained : still it is labor, nothing but labor. We look at a particular work of genius, and, in our transports among its beauties, we forget the care and the toil. No such work is done by magic. Childe Harold is the ripened result of all the stages through which Byron had passed. He who carries himself into his work necessarily represents his entire past ; for all the conflicts of faith and doubt, hope and realization, reason and passion, joy and sorrow, — all the facts of love and hatred, virtue and vice, and all the impressions from the endless whirl of outward circumstances which he converts into idea and symbol, contribute to his present power. And when we remember that the spiritual history of genius is peculiar ; that, in many instances, it includes the baptism of sorrow and storm, where can be our wisdom when we infer that great labor has not preceded its grand and beautiful monuments ? Could we look into the unseen realm of mind, could we there behold as by a glance all the subtle workings of thought and imagination belong-

ing to the different periods of any one great man, and then glance into the narrower action of other minds thoroughly and constantly absorbed in the pursuits of worldly gain, the thought would never again occur, that the history of genius is one of slothful repose, even though the best thoughts may come in its calm and unconscious states.

A more true and beautiful indication of genius is the tinge of thoughtful melancholy on a thoughtful mind. It is the better sign of the deep and exquisite sensibility, of the profound depths of thought and passion, and of the rich experience, by which the highest forms of excellence are cherished. Nature, in her highest, mightiest forms, wears this shade. The ocean, the mount, the cataract, the storm, wake the spirit of seriousness. What is deepest in the soul is serious. The pillars of the universe never laugh. Power loves the solemn tone, though softened and brightened by cheerfulness. Where wit of the highest order appears, it implies this opposite fact. Gilbert Burns testifies that his brother, in childhood and youth, was inclined to sadness; and some of his richest strains imply, what may be said of every great poet, that, in the unbroken solitude of the soul, the brightest visions are born. To a divine spirit, this world is but partially satisfying; and in a world where the ruins of intellectual and moral being are so numerous, where the facts of life are so tragical, and man is unable to realize his visions of good, genius could not be sufficiently representative, without a share of this feeling in its construction.

Nature is prophetic. The man of genius is some-

what inherently led. His *love* early tells to what he should live. Young Schiller in the storm, eying the lightning, was the prophet of his future. — But let us close before opening wider this chapter of signs.

But men of genius differ from each other most widely. No two are alike in the exact quality and combination of their powers. And the universe and life are the true school of genius, as richly indeed as of talent and common sense, in being adapted to its development in all its needed variety of forms. The poet sees in nature and life all he desires for his song. The philosopher looks around on a shoreless sea of cause and effect. The artist beholds all as his, and the prophet sees all as his, as radiant with divinity, and fervent in worship. Perhaps the mystery of nature, its invisible agencies, its vast and boundless energy, render it more fitted to be the nursery of genius, than if it were more definite, sensual, and easy of comprehension. I would hasten, however, from these views to consider the *various* manifestations of this power.

1. And perhaps its display in art, addressing the soul through the senses more than from any other department, and ministering conjointly to utility and beauty, is worthy of a first consideration. Indeed, here must have been its earliest achievement; for man at first, ignorant of architecture, and, with the animal, “joint tenant of the tree and shade,” knew not to weave his wardrobe, nor invent the instruments of husbandry, defence, and musical delight; and, without models or teachers to guide him, must have realized his wants and desires through the ful-

ness of original invention. Great artistic nature spread herself instinctively around him ; and, seeing in her various structure the principles of art, he drew thence the primary lessons by which to rear the temple and the city. In the world's first stages, genius was man's highest aid, necessarily rude to be sure, but still, like Hercules, doing wonders in its infancy.

Art has three great epochs ; and, since it is but an exhibition of human intellect, each of these corresponds to the general state of the civilization belonging thereto. In the East, it was doubtless less perfect, though some strong monuments still remain ; yet the mind, unaided by previous and beautiful models, must have been rich in original force. But the Greek had a fine, harmonious nature ; and, under skies of mildness and circumstances of favor, he gave to art a perfect expression, — one that embodied the harmony and gladness of his own mind. He knew the wonderful mysteries of *form* ; and, under the spiritual tendencies of his age, he gave to the statue his pure idea of the beauty of the gods, so perfectly as never again to be excelled. Religion was the inspiration of art. — But this beautiful era need not be repeated. Statues are not men ; and great deeds are wrought by history into statues.

Speaking of the world as an individual, we may say that the genius of art wrought from the fancy of youth, but that in later stages it shall probably take more manly forms, proving that art, with its glories of the past, is but half grown ; that Phidias, Praxitiles, Polydore, and Raphael, may be sur-

passed. Whenever the human *mind* shall attain to a more perfect state, I conceive that it will be accompanied by a corresponding perfection of *form* and *feature*; which, speaking from the statue and the canvas, shall constitute an increased beauty of art.

The moderns eye the useful; and their miracles, for the most part, wear the color of gain; all which, for the time, are in place. But whilst the Arkwrights, Fultons, and Morses, have multiplied the useful, West, Allston, and Powers, have revealed divine beauty in the refined; and everywhere the taste of the people begins to apply the fruits of genius in adding ornament and grace to their homes. The third epoch of art, which has begun somewhat in eclecticism, is to end — let time determine; but we will prophesy honorably to the doctrine of the progress of ages: only it cannot be expected that the past shall be repeated, that any one era of art shall be the copy of another.

Artistic genius speaks to all with a silent, inexplicable skill. It is simple in its grandeur, as they who have beheld its miracles in Italy with an ingenuous eye say that the divinest charm is the spiritual part, the indefinable expression, the radiation of character from stone and canvas, the language of thought and feeling there inscribed, that wakes in the beholder the deepest and simplest attributes of his own nature. When we have felt the witchery of perfect music, and the mystery of the canvas, for a time we are conscious of being restored to ourselves; for the hour, thought reigns like the stars, and we are true and worshipful.

2. Genius is also philosophic, and, by its bold glances, discovers the shady fountains of causation. Its forms and manifestations are infinite; but, under these, the genius of philosophy has been ever the same, — the power to seize on the connections of cause and effect; to discover the universal law involved in facts; to unite, as by creative energy, isolated truths into accordant system; to readily disengage a truth from cumbersome errors; to detect the subtle and numberless analogies that unite the various truths of different sciences; and, from the data of the known, to rise to the unknown. Few are endowed with this order of mind, from whose eminence descend into society all great discoveries, and from whose agency the knowledge of mankind is increased.

The period of reflection naturally *succeeds* that of observation. We first know facts, and afterwards ask for their law. Hence the age of philosophy was late in the world's history, as late as the development of the Greek intellect, which, in its fine balance of reason and fancy, was as well prepared to trace the law of matter and mind as to enshrine the beautiful in statues and poems. The Oriental mind held too great an ascendancy of imagination and feeling to make a proper independent epoch in philosophy, although it had a radiation of reason subordinate to, and reflected from, its religion.* Socrates, born in the third year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad, was the genius, the creator of this order and form of

* See note, p. 206.

thought; and, rising above the sensuous symbolism around him, he sought to acquaint man with himself, and to bring out the immortal qualities of his nature. And that he found mortal foes in the sophists and in the superstition of his times, which caused his composed but unnatural death, as the sun was sinking in radiance amid nature's holy and eloquent calm, is but the witness of circumstance attesting his superiority to the age and the community he had labored to bless.

Beneath the common consciousness, there is a philosophic consciousness in him whose peculiar combination of powers gives philosophic genius. Reason acts almost as a spiritual instinct. Newtons and Bacons come not of discipline. And in the detection of law, which genius makes in the most wonderful phenomena of nature and mind, it dissipates the clouds of superstitious belief, and awakens the delight consequent on the contemplation of the universe, as being the subject of an order, beautiful, uniform, and unceasing. But for this order of genius, the fanciful veil of mythology had still enshrouded the operations of nature from our view.

The soul is the highest object of philosophy in nature; and its analysis preceded inquiry into the outward elements, as Palestine, Greece, Egypt, and India, do show. But the soul is ever too great for the measurements of the reasoner. We rejoice that the signs of the times clearly demonstrate, that the genius of philosophy is seeking a spiritual basis, that it is looking more and more into the inward consciousness, that its materialism is becoming but the

shadow and illustration of its higher faith. But I will dismiss this order of genius, which is evidently the highest, considered as a mere intellectual power, with the remark, that, as the mind in every age must reflect itself, its future advance must be accompanied with higher forms of philosophy as well as of art ; for the spirit of reflection, having its spring in the nature of man, can never cease, but must come into greater ascendancy, as the age of the world advances. *Youth observes ; age reflects.*

3. Genius in poetry revives the enthusiasm of early years ; gives new visions of the beautiful ; makes vocal the daisy, fountain, and star ; puts us into conscious union with ourselves, and earth and air and sea and sky. It gives voice to life's facts, to the soul's struggles ; it touches the spirit's mysteries ; brings out the unspoken eloquence of passion ; and, under its various speech, the mount, the storm, and the great tumultuous sea, the many-shaped clouds, the day-orb, burning ever in his tranquil sea of space, with the infinitude of nature's lesser things, — all grow into brotherhood with the spirit ; all echo its divinest facts and feelings. Genius comes into the dulness of life, to "make all things new," to teach and inspire that nobler self which is but half known in our phenomenal lives.

Genius here, as elsewhere, is creative and unconscious. It is alive to the living, unwritten poetry of the external creation. In its best moments, nature appears one vast and ever-varying poem. Its pictures are definite and vivid. Genius does not give the exact thing it portrays ; does not show us the

exact pine, brook, light, rose, and darkness, but the expression of these, — these as they are under its own colors. What we see by the imagination is a step beyond, or may be so, that which we see by the sense. The leaf and cataract you meet in poetry, you thus see; and the imagination should be so addressed, that its highest appreciative power may fully meet the highest ideal of the writer. Then storm, fountain, and star, are seen with increased hues of beauty. Beholding at distance also serves to raise the ideal above the scenes and acts which first suggested it.

Mere talent, under good discipline, not unfrequently produces respectable poems, and wins for a time the honors due alone to genius. The skilful wax-figure, at a distance, may be mistaken for the living original. But the real signs of power are wanting; the free, living, burning fire of life is not there. We detect both the absence and the presence of genius by that we cannot define. But we may usually observe in the genuine production, that the body of poetry has higher grace; that its variations of measure and sound accord with the inimitable spirit that creates, as the eye, face, walk, and form of the superior man bear the impress of his soul. Themes are also well chosen, and usually not very much from the field of the author's interests and particular experience.* The prince of poets never contrived to

* But Goethe, it is said, constantly turned his experience into poetry, getting a song out of each particular sorrow. Burns evidently did the same to a limited extent. But, in these poems, there flows the same generous, disinterested feeling that charac-

thrust *himself* upon you. Genius is not satisfied in giving single things, however beautiful they are ; but darts out into associations, connects the object it views with analogous reality ; and, in its sublimest and humblest courings, you can see the philosopher beneath the action of the poet ; for no man gives to poem divineness of thought who does not penetrate nature and life with a philosopher's eye. After all the graces are exhausted, the confession must come, that poetry, separate from its depth, energy, variety, fitness, and originality of thought, is but a painted figure, a mere concord of sounds. To call genuine poetry light reading is to confess a total ignorance of its mission and meaning ; for everywhere it is the fragrant bloom of the tree of knowledge. It is certainly through a deep wisdom that one is enabled to give the most inspiring expression to the emotions, thoughts, language, hopes, fears, vices, and virtues of mankind. But this philosophical element is somewhat out of sight, whilst the images and glow of imagination are nearer the common gaze. The perfect union of this penetrating wisdom, with the simplicity and freshness of conception and feeling belonging to the child, more than all else, forms the true poet. He is the child expanded into the man.

The Iliad implies an immense creator in the past,

terizes the general theme. Individual life, as well as the earth and the heavens, one might reasonably suppose, may be translated into poetry, when the writer can view its facts with as entire a freedom from egotism as that with which he contemplates the facts of history and of nature.

who was as much the genius of song as Socrates of reflection. The one was the high priest at the shrines of imagination ; the other, at the altars of reason.

Shakspeare. — who, like the priesthood of Melchisedek, appears to stand out by himself, without father or mother, precession or succession, in his art ; and, still more, without an “end of life” as to the perpetuity of his creations — is the greatest monument of the most various genius.

Byron can never be greater than he now is, through the verdict of future time, although society may concede to him a better nature and heart. Forsaken in childhood by his dissipated father, and left to the maternal care of one as impetuous as her son, who outstripped the verbs even in the number of her moods, and whose treatment blended the extremes of rage and idolatrous fondness, his early discipline was at once the prophecy of his after-life, in which the public either bowed in the fulness of worship, or by denunciation rocked the ground he trod. He was the poet of the passions, the “rose and thorn combined.” His genius rose unconsciously into sublime description. His intensity of thought and passion was nearly the same ; and the evils of his life, as well as his peculiar nature, — the persecution which drove him beyond the Alps, and made his home on the shores of the Adriatic, the various sorrows and misfortunes that rendered his being on earth as “a life on the ocean-wave, and a home on the rolling deep,” where his wild harp gave out its sad music to the elements, — all conspired to the breathing forth of that melancholy beauty which

shades his Harold, his Manfred, and nearly all his poems of sentiment, with gloom. Life and nature have a side of doubt, darkness, and gloom; the great fact is here, and it is fit that it should be represented, — if not in union with the light, then separate and alone. Bard of Albion! thou art not alone. *Real* is the sombre realm that waited for thy pen.

Burns, more than any other perhaps, the people's poet, — sweet and eloquent in all his touches of nature, though not to titles, wealth, and science born, — recalls the name of Byron, from that similitude of personal history which presents each as having risen through the power of his genius, and each as having fallen through the force of his passions. Burns excels in giving nature in her simplicity. Byron goes back farther into her shades and solitudes, into her complexities and mystery; extracts and transforms, and gives more of "the light of light, and the gloom of gloom." With both, the sun of life went down at noon, when they were best prepared for greatness of effort.

But I will not remain longer in this department of my subject. Heaven bestows no higher gift than the true poet who has "THE VISION AND THE FACULTY DIVINE" with which to inspire his race. But nowhere is genius more perverted, except it be in "the fair fields of old" and new romance, in which grand creations are rare, since the Wizard of the North laid down his harp to die. Indeed, there are passages and pages of the poets I have named, that no earthly reward should induce the lover of purity to write. Don Juan, though a monument to the per-

fict genius of its author, is but a splendid offering to Satan, — is the devil's poem in all its moral attributes. But the eras of poetry are and will be upward. When man *does* nobler *things*, then will come nobler poets and diviner songs.

4. Moral genius discovers, as by the glance of the eye, the moral laws involved in actions, though clouded by the conflicts of interest, — sees the beauty and supremacy of Right, where others behold only the loss and the gain. This order of genius, like every other, is intuitive and spontaneous. A man possessing it consults not authority on questions of ethics. He glances at the law, and this is the authority. Confucius, perhaps the best illustration of moral genius in the pagan antiquity, constantly reveals the power of beholding the ethical element as transfused through every variety of subject. He saw ethics in the soul. The fine moral fibre such minds possess, make them unconsciously alive to all the lights and shades of moral distinction. Indeed, there is no agency which, in its universal action, in uncorrupted minds, more resembles the power of genius than the faculty of conscience. Power, quickness, and spontaneity, are its general attributes. Swedenborg had in his mind an exceedingly fine view of moral genius, I think, when he said the angels do not *reason* concerning their duty. The more perfect our moral feelings, the clearer is the intellectual eye to behold what is right, and the more instinctively do we embrace the good, and shrink from the evil. We see, without reasoning on sight. We hear, without reasoning on sound. So there is

a free logic of the breast growing more perfect with progress in goodness, that can well dispense with book-exposition ; and the time may possibly come, that none, obeying their moral light, need to *reason* concerning their duty. Moral genius comes near to this.

When such contemplate the universe, they view its end as moral. When they discourse of man, and of the great problems that touch upon his welfare, they contemplate them from the moral point of view. They cannot discuss freedom or slavery from the statute-book, or the fortunes lost or won. This order of genius knows goodness as greater than talent and power. It implies good quality and compass of intellect, fertilized by the moral feelings.

5. But, before the dismissal of this theme, I would speak a word on genius in the Sacred ; for the idea of the Sacred overshadows the nations, and the feeling is most deep and universal under each form of barbarism and civilization. As religion is the grandest element of our nature, as its ideas are creative in the production of character, and as they are inwoven into the sublimest forms of human hope, it follows that men of the sacred order of genius should exist. They are needed to speak as originals to mankind, to awaken the element of worship into life, to lead them into new and nobler views of the Divine nature, to open the new epochs of man's religious advance, to dismiss from the old what has become dead, to appropriate the new into the wider forms of truth, and clothe the commonplace of human faith with new life and verdure. The prophet, there-

fore, has the highest order of genius. Beneath nature's wide and beautiful symbolism, he sees the Invisible. To him, all nature is conscious of Divine Presence; and the vast tide of circumstance for ever murmurs of God in its flow. The oracular, not wholly extinct yet in human bosoms, mingles somewhat in his reason; and, like certain birds conscious of approaching storm and winter, does, in its premonitions, picture the destiny of a people in their lives. Mohammed must have had a spark of this sacred fire to have enlivened his desert with a better faith and worship. The prophet speaks to the heart the "words that burn;" and so true does he speak, that the floods cannot stay him. Jerusalem may easily compromise with her priest; but, in her sensual states, she is ever inclined to stone her prophets; for the prophet-glance into humanity always discovers the spirit as supreme, and all his messages are spoken accordingly.

To all nature's and life's facts there is a divine voice, did we but hear it. But the ear is dull and the eye is dim through the alienation of life; and the man of sacred genius breaks through these barriers, moves the spirit in its calm and awful deeps, so that the soul once more awakes to the divine features of its existence.

We stand in the presence of this order of genius as under the shadow of the Almighty. We stand in awe, conscious that authority addresses us. The gale grows into a sacred tone. The religious note is struck in our bosoms, and the harp of the universe trembles in its melody. Oh! tell us not that divine

gifts have died with an ancient age. God lives. The soul remains. Nature is not dead. As the eye is the prophecy of light, and the ear of sound, so are the spirit's everlasting yearnings the prophecy that the order of sacred genius shall never perish from the earth. — But I should draw this article to a close. I began with the Artist: I end with the Prophet.

In the metaphysical part of this essay, I have endeavoured to show that genius is not a new faculty superadded to those the mass of mankind possess. I have treated it as the general result of the large amount, the superior quality, and the happy combination of elements, which, in different degrees and states, all participate. From the predominance of particular elements in the combination, influenced somewhat by developing circumstances, I would account for the peculiar adaptations of genius in different men for art, philosophy, poetry, ethics, and religion. I have assumed that the principle on which genius is understood by the many is that of kindred powers, and what apparently opposes this view, that few possess genius in the sense of being able to create.

But the harmony of these positions appears when it is considered, that the reader reads what genius *writes*, the observer observes what genius *does*, and not what the *processes* of mind actually were. The genius lies in the conception and in the *processes*; but the truth given, and the work done, are, much more than the processes, within the range of the observer's vision. Moreover, it is natural for gifted

minds to awaken by communication a kindred *action* in other minds for the time, through which appreciation takes place on the principle of kindredness. I think, that the true doctrine of mental sympathy and mutual appreciation is fully expressed in two general conditions, which are, — 1st, Kindred powers; and, 2d, Kindred states. Without the former, there would exist the insurmountable barriers that separate vegetable from animal existences, and these from the reciprocal communion of human intelligences. And, without the proximity of states, there can be but partial reciprocity — no farther than a kindred state previously exists, or has been awakened by the action of the superior mind. But the fact of kindred powers lies in human nature; and the school of life is such that all experience substantially similar facts. All are conscious, at one time or another, of each of the passions, emotions, and aspirations of man; so that there is enough of the kindred state to admit of general admiration for the highest gifts Heaven has bestowed.

But the very excellence of genius, its fulness of feeling, susceptibility, and imagination, implies important dangers. Great inequalities of feeling are violent tempters to intemperance and various pas-sional excess. The child of nature, in the blaze of kindling animation, and in the agitations of high elements of reason and passion, often forgets the solemn supremacy of right, and falls into errors, which seem the darker because they contrast with the splendors of superior qualities. We note darkness on the sun. Beneath the cloud of evils common

to genius is seen a nobleness which the sweet bard of Scotia has thus expressed : —

“ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play
Wild send thee pleasure’s devious way ;
Misled by Fancy’s meteor ray,
By passion driven ;
But yet the light that led astray
Was *light from Heaven.*”

But that men of genius are irritable, that a distrust of reward in an adequate reputation breaks in upon goodness of temper, is a charge sufficiently overthrown by the highest examples. The cheerfulness flowing through all the writings of Chaucer, the sweetness and evenness of temper so common in Shakspeare, and the calm self-reliance that the possession of great inward power naturally gives, consigns to darkness this gross opinion. Genius is self-assured ; and it is no small part of its mission to kindle light and cheerfulness along the path of misfortune and despair.

We would add to the intellect the moral splendors, in due proportion ; for these are the lasting charm, and will beam in effulgence from nature and from God when the memory of talent has faded. Let no man forget, that he is bound by the everlasting law of responsibility, either through his greatness of gifts, or his wonders of success. As well might Saturn refuse to revolve around the sun, because by her moons and rings she is more magnificent than her sister-planets. Gifts are but means. The end is all. As the universe has no particle unsubject to

law, neither has it a moral intelligence irresponsible to the great Retributive Right.

When the seed of genius is in man's mind, all things at once turn matron and nurse. He blooms on the rock, the hill, and the wild. The whirlwinds and the zephyrs, — all things, — nature, life, death, — friends, foes, success and disappointment, — all lights and all shades, — do a good and perhaps an equal service. All minister to feed the sacred flame. The critics help ; and, when all passion is down, the only great and true critic, the human heart, bids him live ; and the law that binds the star of the north to his place is not more inflexible and unceasing than this simple bidding.

"It is interesting to notice," says Washington Irving, "how some minds seem almost to create themselves ; springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear legitimate dulness to maturity ; and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds ; and though some may perish in the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation." *

* Sketch-book.

NOTE. — See p. 192.

In speaking of the East as not being *the* period in which philosophical genius had its most perfect development, it is not meant that the East had no philosophical reflection. For Egypt, India, and Palestine, had inquired into causation, and had investigated the mind before they had inquired much into the nature and properties of the surrounding material elements. But the individual was too much overwhelmed by a reverence for the Infinite. Before the idea of the Vast, the Infinite, and the Incomprehensible, the Orientalist bowed himself so fully as to retain but a dim perception of the individual freedom and grandeur of the soul. Man became, as it were, annihilated and lost in this contemplation and worship of the Impersonal and the Unseen. Although the religious element may be strongly, though we think not so healthily, expressed in this effort to realize a self-oblivion and absorption in the One Infinite, it is plain that the annihilation of man is the removal of the very source whence philosophy is to start. An independent school of philosophy must start from man, from the soul. In Greece it was different. Their gods were personal, were but deified men. The sufficiency of human nature is there constantly displayed. They hoped for nothing for which human capacity was not adequate. They stood therefore on better ground, and had, we think, a more philosophical as well as a finer æsthetic nature.

St. Paul, with a single but masterly touch of description, gives us the difference between the Jew and the Greek. The one "required a *sign*;" the other sought "after wisdom" (*Sophian*): that is to say, the Jew is only satisfied by supernatural phenomena; the Greek, by intellectual, by the phenomena of reason. The Jews, indeed,

never were an æsthetic nor a philosophical race, although the religious element had vast depth in these sons of Abraham. It was therefore to a religious development that they were called. There is in this descriptive difference a hint at the general difference between the Orientalist and the Greek. The former was absorbed in the purely *religious* phenomena, in which nothing is recognized but the Supreme. Man, and all else, is nothing. All individuals are but bubbles on the ocean of Deity, soon to dissolve into his breast. Reverence for God is so isolated as to annihilate man. In this state of the human mind, it is plain that the religious element, in its powerful development, encroaches on the philosophical, at least enough to make the light of the latter a reflection from the former. The Jews, indeed, never had an independent philosophy; and the Orientalist generally, though not destitute of this order of reflection, had not, we think, the acute analysis characteristic of the land of Pythagoras, and the son of Ariston.

B E A U T Y.

CHAPTER I.

“ One hath a vision or a dreame,
 So full of charminge image, that
 It lingers long in courts of memorie
 And love.” OLD POEM.

I HAVE long supposed that some useful thoughts might be given on this subject, if they served no other purpose than to awaken a people extensively given up to pursuits of gain, in a small degree to cultivate the pleasure which appreciation of the Beautiful always brings. Whatever fortune may deny to mankind, Heaven, all generous, grants this luxury to all, to the unfortunate of every grade. For over all there spreads a glorious sky: the stars, the light, the cloud, the earth, are as radiant in beauty to one as to another. Art may leave its miracles in the halls and galleries of affluence chiefly; but the Infinite Artist profusely scatters the miracles of beauty over all the earth. What we want is the spirit to discern and enjoy this universal attribute, through which the universe might yield to all men a happiness which but few comparatively enjoy.

That all mankind are designed to partake of this spiritual happiness, there can be no reasonable doubt. This, indeed, may be fairly inferred from the universal diffusion of beauty through the creation, and from the universal capacity of man to detect its presence. This capacity in many, we admit, is still feeble, owing to a want of proper development: the coarseness of animal excess, the surrender of the human mind to low aims, and the depressing influence of many outward circumstances, are obstacles in the way of this appreciation. Still, the ability is universal, and its cultivation is within the reach of every human being endowed with reason and the senses. The child is naturally fond of beauty. Here is a great proof of nature putting to silence the unbelief of multitudes in their ability to enjoy this high contribution of the external world to their elevation and happiness. Even in the most uncultivated, there are bright evidences of its existence. The green plants greeting your eye through the windows of poverty,—the unlettered children of nature you see gathered about the fountain on the open green of a city, or at the foot of the cataract or wild mountain scene, instruct us that a yearning for the true and beautiful still lives in the human heart, though overclouded by every mental disadvantage. I claim, therefore, that this is a theme for all.

Especially in this country, whose rivers, lakes, forests, and prairies, with every form and description of flowers, so luxuriantly unfold the varied qualities of natural beauty, that, without the least taint of national vanity, one may speak of the American

people as richly favored with the means of this cultivation. No country, as a whole, surpasses it. Niagara and Wyoming are but conspicuous scenes of a corresponding whole. And the greatest wealth of the new world will never be gathered by its inhabitants, till they incorporate into their mental growth the higher influences of the vast and beautiful nature around them.

But no country is destitute of means. Nature everywhere does much to elevate men. It is the absence of a settled purpose to apply its means to this end that proves the great evil. Beauty is everywhere revealing itself. It is globed in the drop of dew. The numberless worlds of the infinite space are fashioned by its laws. It flows in the waves of light, radiates from the human face divine, and sparkles in the pathway of every child. Go where you will into nature, and this smile of Divinity is upon you. All things are the throne and palace of this royal queen of earth and heaven.

Human life, also, is always revealing another kind of beauty. Before all eyes, there are some noble deeds to be admired. There are expressions of generosity, kindness, love, purity, and courage, in every country; and to hold a true sympathy with these is to enjoy a higher beauty, the beauty of character. Common life abounds in spiritual expression. Through this admiration, we rise in moral greatness and excellence. And the practicability of rising into the enjoyment of spiritual beauty — a term I here use to designate that beauty which springs from the contemplation of mind as an object — is evident in

the general capacity of introspection, the ability of turning the mind's eye in upon its own best operations. Through every soul, at times, some rays of beauty pass. The clouds of error and sin cannot wholly intercept this primitive radiance in the most abandoned. Some bright visions, in their dark pathways, will be revived. In this easy access to the realm of mind and nature, are the means of a refined joy, that may be wielded by all persons.

Beauty is a universal property. James or Joseph, as a late writer has said, may own the landscape; but the beauty and loveliness it reveals is as much yours as his. No deeds can hold them. And if property could be made of it,—if it were capable of having a landlord, he would undoubtedly be the ideal man whose mind is always alive to the True, the Sacred, the Beautiful. But it is as free as the mind of its Author; and we would that the human race, in joyful raptures, would open their arms to its embrace and say, "*It is ours!*"

The general aim of beauty, in its numberless forms, is one; and in its importance we may read the claims of the subject. Its general purpose is the refinement of the soul, by which I mean the calling into life and being of its generous sentiments, its love of perfection, its gentle and disinterested qualities. The human spirit grows graceful under its influence. The passions are softened, the moral sentiments are elevated, and coarseness dies beneath its light. There is a sordid selfishness, too common in all countries, that proves a foe to its influence. The higher and gentler virtues cannot flourish in the gross atmo-

sphere of coarseness; and against this barbarous tendency it is the mission of beauty to strive. In an ungraceful universe, man would necessarily be a graceless being.

Kosmos, the word by which the elegant Greek distinguished the world of nature, was not badly chosen, since its principal meanings were order and beauty. Yes, the entire world is this, from the flower that blooms to the star that glows; nor would we fall into narrower views in our present inquiries; for the beautiful is as omnipresent as God, is older than time, and boundless as space.

One consideration more should be added to show the importance of this subject. Beauty is sacred, and its natural influence prompts worship. It is the boundless radiation of God. For, as he is the first Being of nature, he is its grand source and centre. It is a mysterious attraction, sent out through all things to draw mankind to himself. It mingles with the spiritual aspirations of the heart, plays in all its buoyant and sustaining hopes, and glows in the fire that kindles the breast of the prophet. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of hosts!" — "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, hath God shined."* And it was a pure devotion that anciently said, "Oh! worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him."†

But I am aware that the main position of this chapter may be opposed by an argument like this: "Beauty is a superficial quality. It may please the eye, but

* Ps. 1. 2.

† Ps. xcvi. 9.

we are to find support in utility. To yield ourselves to its charms is to become, in the end, effeminate."

In reply to this, I would say that it must be to the superficial that beauty is a superficial quality, and that minds imbibing the thought and spirit of nature behold it more as belonging to the heart than to the surface of things. It is too *universal* to be spoken of lightly. It belongs to the whole soul, in its serene deeps, as much and more than to "the eye." Its best influences are in the depths more than over the surfaces of life.

It is admitted, that effeminacy might follow the constant study of the beautiful, if it be separated from use. But in nature these are not disjoined. The true standard by which to determine utility to a human being must be the wants of his entire nature; in which case it will appear, that beauty, being the satisfaction of a real want, is itself as truly useful as are the ordinary means of existence. Use is included in the absolute sense of this term; as, indeed, nothing is excluded from its dominion.

But, admitting the relative distinction between beauty and utility, how can the former effeminate, when followed in our mental cultivation by a similar balance of utility to that which we observe between the two in nature? Does God aim at this effect in beautifying so largely his creation? Do not the mightiest forces of nature yield a high order of beauty? The ocean is a sublime order of beauty; but who can speak of effeminacy, when inspired by its vast calmness, or its arousing might? This objection is founded, I fear, in ignorance of what

beauty is, and of the real danger of the age. The danger is, not that society will forsake its love of dollars, and yield itself to the undue cultivation of imagination and taste, but that multitudes will think many times of the dollar, whilst few will pause to drink in the light of beauty from the setting sun or the wayside flowers.

CHAPTER II.

THE IN AND THE OUT OF BEAUTY.

"I pondered much on that meeting of *two points*."

TRAVELLER.

In looking into the philosophy of beauty, many difficulties spring up in the path of the most diligent and capable inquirer. So, indeed, do difficulties become overwhelming, when we ask to know the *nature* of any one thing. All essence is incomprehensible; and the qualities and laws which belong to essence are not all of them easily learned. In defining qualities of matter or mind, there is danger of supposing, that they are defined when only named by words, and that the use of synonymes furnish explanations. I apply this remark to this subject especially, from the fact, that no attribute of nature more artfully evades the grasp of logic than this. None other is more mysterious; and I am inclined to think, that the charm and grace of this quality is owing not a little to its undefinable mystery. There

is a sort of plainness about what we fully know, that causes observation to pass it by ; but in that which mingles the known and the unknown, the attention fastens itself with power ; and where all that can be clearly perceived, and all that merely gives us glimmerings of ideas, are in their nature delightful, their mingling takes us captive by a power we love to feel, but cannot well define. Indeed, definitions are exceedingly poor in the presence of this enchanting mystery, which, though theories attempting its explanation outnumber the graces and muses combined, still seems to claim residence in fairy-land, rather than in the logic dominions of close analysis.

But the child is conscious of the fact. He knows what beauty is, playing among the daisies. So do we, when we yield ourselves to nature fully and freely. A certain *distance* is demanded. But when we intrude our materialism upon it, when we approach it through the rough handling and questioning of our saucy logic, it seems gently to retreat, like the ghost in Hamlet, as if conscious of a certain violence in being thus arraigned. It is far better to go out into nature without a theory. Be free as the unbound universe about thee. Hume, Alison, Walker, and Burke, may give us theories and doctrines well worth being studied ; but the beautiful in art and nature still stretches out beyond them. Its ever-widening circles no master measures. I would not speak lightly of philosophy on this subject ; for to all things there is doubtless a proper philosophy. I only speak of the folly involved in the supposition,

that any human theory has or will make known all the mysteries of so vast a reality.

But there is an inward and an outward fact involved in all appreciation of the beautiful, that does much to exhibit its sources.

The inward fact is *first*. Let me illustrate. You offer the untaught child a fresh and blooming flower. We will suppose this to be done for the first time; or offer it a picture displaying beauty of colors. At once it exclaims, "Beautiful!" But whence came this spontaneous verdict? Scores of animals, skilful in their spheres, would have given no sign of delight amidst the miracles of the landscape and the wonders of Raphael. This verdict cannot be accounted for but by an innate capacity of beauty, — a latent sense of the beautiful, preceding the perception and delight awakened by the external object. The outward object corresponded to the inward sense, and thereby had the power of making it active. The soul, being descended from the Supreme Beauty, partakes of the faculties whence all beauty sprang, and is therefore adapted to discern its radiance wherever it appears. This is the great primitive fact, without which no excellence of visible objects had ever impressed us. It is soul that sees, hears, speaks, feels. Outward objects can only call into action what the mind originally has. Philosophy has indeed said, "The soul creates the beauty it beholds," — a statement which allows nothing for the outward fact, whilst to others the outward fact is every thing. But, in the compromise of these extremes, in the union of mind and surrounding nature,

you have the true mean. No sane mind, not even in highest rhapsody, believes that Niagara and the Alps wear a beauty by itself created, — that visible scenes are not developing causes; and none can well deny, that a nature containing the seminal principles from which the beautiful springs is alone capable of admiring its manifold revelations. The contradictory blindness which ascribes all mental manifestation to an arbitrary education is worthy of little patience. It cannot see what the various issues it contemplates imply as their source. Whoever notes the spontaneous emotions of delight that spring up in view of certain objects, or regards the same in children who are left to the free action of their own preference, will see that, back of all education, there lies this interior sense, without which there would be nothing to educate in reference to this matter. Moreover, there are laws which determine human education on this subject in the mind itself; so that the uniformity of ideas, so far as they exist, is owing to them. The sun and stars are in all climes beautiful, not because education first affirmed it, but because the soul, in its precedence of all theory, so affirmed, and so affirms.

To this inward source of beauty all nature and art at once refer us. For nature, as the creation of God, can only display what *before* existed in the Creative Mind. All the beauty that ever will be found in the universe was first in the idea of its glorious Architect, and afterwards embodied into this boundless array of worlds, and the varieties of lesser things they contain. Therefore we

ought not to rest in the mere perception of beauty in sensuous objects. As the radiance of God, it should suggest the perfection and presence of the heavenly Artist. And to us there appears to be a deeper joy in this contemplation of nature, as being divine Idea taking form, than in those which never behold it as the tranquil mirror of a Parental Mind. Art, in every age, is representative of human aspiration and idea. What can you find in the glories of the Pantheon, in the grandeur of ancient ruins, in the captivating marvels of Raphael and Michael Angelo, that did not first exist as perfect and as real in the idea of the several constructive geniuses, as they do when enshrined in the visible art? Certainly, it lies not in the gift of any being to perform an act which shall be more perfect than the conception it fulfils. No being, human or divine, can go beyond this limit to his power; and it is characteristic of the best human effort to fall below the mind's ideal. Yet do not many half-believe that the outward fact is the only reality?

But let us view this theme subjectively. Nature strikes us under the two aspects of beauty and deformity. Its scenes, addressing the senses, communicate to the mind its first rude thought of beauty. And what is most remarkable is the power the mind has to seize this primitive idea, and to heighten it above the original scenes that first suggested it. You can imagine a sublimer mountain, a more beautiful cloud, than you have ever seen. There is a power within you to rise above nature

itself, to idealize a beauty surpassing the rude scene. Hence art may, in its sphere, excel external nature; that is to say, it may give many intimations of a perfection beyond it. I say not, that art, seeking to supply the place of nature, could equal it; as a forest of Ionic columns, in stately and ornamental grandeur, might surpass the trunks and bodies of trees in proportion and ornament; yet, from its failure to answer the ends for which the forest exists, the absence of life, and its correspondence with the rest of nature, would render it out of place. A cloud to which we might transfer all the colors of the rainbow, at first would strike us as more beautiful than all other clouds; yet its want of correspondence with other parts of the natural system would mar and not enhance the beauty of the skies. It is only when art keeps within its proper sphere that it can join with other evidences in support of the doctrine advanced, that the mind can improve on the scenes that originally make the first revelations of beauty.

Each one sees nature through his particular mental state. This fact varies the beautiful after the endless variety of minds and mental conditions. Who can represent the moods of a single mind for one month or a year? They vary like the skies. No two have precisely the same association of ideas, no two the same mental states, and no two ever witness exactly the same beauty. From each mind, different hues are shed. From each scene, a different language is spoken. Each, looking out through his particular feelings, education, and habits of life, is like an observer in the dome of a Turkish castle,

looking out through a score of differently painted glasses upon city, field, and forest. If he looks through vermilion, all the world he can see is vermilion. If he looks through green and blue, then all is green and all is blue. So each man looks out through his moods and states.

The mind has endless varieties: so has nature without. Hence arise, in different countries, various standards of beauty. The modern Persian hates red hair, whilst the Turk enthusiastically admires it. In China, young ladies pluck their eyebrows to make them thin and long. The ladies of Japan gild their teeth, whilst those of India paint them red. In some countries, mothers break the noses of their children, and in others press their heads between boards; thus torturing nature into their idea of the beautiful. The straight nose of the Greek had as many admirers as the Roman aqueline curve, though in ancient Persia this latter feature often indicated its possessor as worthy of the crown. Thus vary the criteria for determining the beautiful in all countries, though there is far greater uniformity in the interpretation of it from the visible world; since flowers, oceans, mountains, stars, speak a similar language to all nations, varying mostly through different degrees of intellect. The various standards express the degree of advancement to which a people has arrived.

The association of ideas — which, like a band of angels, accompanies us wherever we go — takes hold of the two sources I have named. How various and subtle are these mental associations! No man, perhaps, can thoroughly analyze all their

causes. A scene, through similitude, and perhaps through contrast, with thoughts and impressions the mind has from former experience, may awaken images and ideas for which no analysis can account. Two streams meet. The current of past experience and impression goes to determine the association of ideas that each person has, whilst an influence from the object or objects beheld meets this, and aids the creation of the mental association through which the scene is to yield its highest delight. The tree, the rock, and the rose, will not allow you the same combination. Each thing must speak to you its own language; and, as there is an endless variety to things and to individual minds, the range of association seems to be unbounded.

But the outward fact goes much further. Its power in forming the association has been merely stated as a fact. But the relations of the various external beauties to each other, or the infinite variety and contrast through which the beautiful appears, do much not only to promote a similar variety in the spiritual beauty which the mind, in its variety of faculties, and under its diversity of circumstances, may constantly unfold, but they go far to create *DEFINITE conceptions*. The spirit of nature contrives that each object shall wear a hue of beauty peculiar to itself. One star differs from another in glory; so of each mute and living thing. And this infinitude of contrast not only enriches but sharpens the appreciative power of every observer.

To the same end, and perhaps still more strongly, does the contrast of beauty and deformity univer-

sally tend. There are, indeed, two points of view from which all objects in nature may be contemplated. First, we examine an object as a unit, as a thing by itself; and, second, as a part of the universal whole, which we can imagine, but cannot know. Perhaps a third relation is as important as these two, which is the contemplation of objects with reference to that particular whole of nature coming within the kingdom of the senses. We instinctively affirm beauty in positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of certain things we see, and deformity of certain other things, though, in the contemplation of these in their relation to the grand whole, it may be plausibly supposed that they are necessary parts of one Infinite Beauty. Deformity, as we term it, in the great drama of nature, is much like Ther-sites in the play, "Troilus and Cressida." He is an ill-formed, scurrilous Greek, when viewed by himself; but, viewed in his relation to the whole play, he is an indispensable part of its interest and beauty. Whilst, therefore, as a whole, the universe enshrines the Infinite Beauty, there is a practical sense in which beauty and deformity are so blended in the details of nature as to invigorate our appreciative sense, by the sharpening power of contrast. But, through whatever channel speculation may flow, there is ever a meeting of the two facts, soul and nature, — the fact without, and the fact within; which, like the correspondence of thirst and water, eye and light, co-exist in harmony for ever.

CHAPTER III.

CONDITIONS AND ELEMENTS.

It not being the province of philosophy proper to make known the essence of any one thing, and having already spoken of beauty as finding no permanent home in any theory we have, or in any we may expect, I cannot consistently attempt to tell what beauty is. *Words* cannot explain it; and logic, in its pursuit, is much like the captivated child bending its way to the rainbow. But all things have conditions and laws; and to point out some of these, on the present subject, is perhaps the most that can be done. Beauty itself is too divine to be held by philosophical creeds; and perhaps the great error of its expounders has been contraction of views, a making one species of beauty the theory for all. It has not been sufficiently remembered that beauty is like Proteus, taking all forms, with nature unchanged. Plato, in his two dialogues, very wisely attempted no analysis. Cicero gives us a good opinion of his wisdom in being equally indefinite.

But, among the *circumstances* of beauty, perhaps proportion and symmetry of parts have more than any other obtained the reputation of being a *law*, or *the law*. It is very certain that the beautiful often assumes this form. Each drop of rain is a globe, a well-proportioned unit. The earth, sun, and stars, are fashioned to this law. - Plants and animals quite

generally express it. In the human form, it holds decisive empire over all that is graceful. But this law is no boundary; for the swan, whose neck is out of all proportion to its body, is the most beautiful of birds. The tail of the peacock is longer than its neck and body combined. Behold many *small* blossoms on *large* trees, and *large* flowers on slender stalks! View the wild and broken scenery of rocks and mountains, romantically beautiful to all observers, and you will see that proportion is but one of the garments in which beauty is sometimes attired.

Regularity, order, transmit to us many of its rays. In the shells of the sea, in the many animal structures, and in the constellated flowers that garnish these upper fields of space, the beautiful takes *order* as its queenly dress. From the central palace to the most distant circumference of the Creator's work, is the reign of order, — order in its widest sense, including the rage of elements that seem to set it at bold defiance. A single leaf — it is a miracle of refined structure, a marvel of delicate regularity. Much of the delight we receive in the study of any portion of nature is the perfect *order* there revealed; for the soul ever seeks to realize this idea in the arrangement of affairs, in the systematizing of its thoughts, and in the fulfilment of its loftiest hopes. But it will not permit order to become a bondage, and delights in its seeming ruptures when a great force is displayed. The whirlwind, wheeling off with leaves and flowers; the cataract, with its dashing currents and foaming spray; and the wild coursing storm, yield a

beauty touchingly welcome to the heart. Ruins, scattered along in melancholy grandeur, are often more deeply eloquent than the sculptured column and the fretted aisle of the most magnificent temple.

Delicacy is one of beauty's forms. In the numberless flowers of spring, in the foliage of the deep and shading forest, and in the loveliness of the gentler sex, it would seem that the spirit of beauty had chosen this as its favorite expression. Its speech is gently powerful to the mightiest minds. Beauty, in its mild and tender forms, yields probably the sweetest delight; and so much of its genius seems to find expression in these, that Burke well nigh founded his theory upon them. A delicate frame is his fifth condition, and comparative smallness is his first quality of beauty. There is a silent hovering of thought I cannot well describe, at the sight of frail and delicate forms of loveliness, that seems to place us in sympathy with all the innocent helplessness and trusting simplicity we meet in human life. There is that in the association they suggest that even moves a pensive, generous feeling toward the pure and less powerful of our kind. We love these delicate hues, whether in the golden tints of the cloud, when the sun goes down, or in the colors that beautify the many leaves and flowers. Whatever the forms, we love these delicate hues of nature as the movers of the sweet and gentler concords of our inward harmony. But so far are these forms of beauty from being sufficient data for a system, that all the vast and sweeping forces of nature, with which they contrast, are even more beautiful.

There is indeed a blending of SIMPLICITY and MAJESTY in the operation of natural forces and in natural scenes that produces beauty. We are conscious of this when we witness the rising of the sun, still more perhaps when a gorgeous sunset displays the increased magnitude and splendor of his form, baptizing hills and clouds in the golden radiance of his own celestial fire. The starry heaven looking down through the countless eyes of unclouded night, the flow of widening rivers to their respective seas, the ceaseless rollings of the seasons, the action of the great law of decay and of life over the noblest parts of terrestrial nature, and the easy, sublime motions of the solar worlds through space, present to our imagination the mystic union of these two qualities. Likewise do they blend in the greatness of all superior minds.

Fitness, so far from belonging to a sordid utility, is one of the great circumstances of beauty. Utility, as perfectly answered by the adaptations of nature and art, comes within the circle of beauty. Things answer to ends. Columns in a stately temple, different limbs and organs of the human system, harvests waving in the wind, and even the fountains, the woodland bowers, and the light that fills the air and skies, suggest this answering of means to ends. Nature's kingdom is very much a kingdom of uses; and, could we see as in a glance all the ends and wants to which it ministers, I am not sure that utility would not fail to include its whole domain. Use can easily be widened to infinity: so can beauty. But, in the relative speech that distinguishes the two,

it may be said that, throughout nature, beauty and utility are twin sisters, walking always hand in hand.

But she charms us often through the *dualism* and the sameness of *uniformity*. "Our limbs and organs serve us in pairs."* The two hands, feet, eyes, ears, however much the same, are more beautiful than if each of the two varied in color, size, and form. The animal of one eye or leg, could it be found, would shock us, not only because the education of the senses is against it, but because the idea of utility and correspondence of parts would be violated. There is a dual uniformity in animal structures, ministering alike to what is beautiful and useful. The nerves and muscles are extended in pairs. The brain, with its two hemispheres; the earth, in two continents; the heavens, or the space above, rounded to the eye, meeting an opposite space (which, though by us unseen, is its perfect counterpart); the poles; the "up and down;" the for and against of every subject, exhibit this uniformity as the minister of beauty and use. This, however, is but one of the Proteus-forms which beauty assumes.

Add to these, *unity* and *variety*. Nature is a unit. So is each race it contains: so is each individual of each race. But the grand unity of being spreads out into infinite variety. It is one of the great and bright evidences of One Supreme Causer, that, through the infinite range of variety, such laws and relations subsist as unite the whole into system;

* Knight.

thereby teaching the unity of the Creative Mind. Man, fashioned in the likeness of the world in which he is placed, in the wonderful variety of his gifts, and in the perfect unity of his nature, appears to sum up every material and spiritual law known and unknown, so that the universe but represents him; whence it is that monotony offends, whilst the "variety in unity and the unity in variety" delight him. Variety *alone* would prove as a wilderness of so many paths, that the traveller is lost; it would so distract as to become a universal confusion, whilst it could not possibly contribute to the growth of mind, since this implies that varieties contribute to *one* end; that is to say, they are pervaded by unity, which is the only possibility of such contribution. In the midst of boundless variety, unity is the self-recovering principle. Through it we regain our way, find support and power in its connection, and become able to bring all impressions, all means, into one end, the improving and perfecting of the soul, or into various particular purposes.

What charming varieties are woven into the structure of flowers and other vegetable forms! What variety in the mysteries of color and of sound! What numbers of bending lines and contrasts appear in the structures of the feathery throng, and of the many races of walking animals! And, in the human species, the charm of variety has ministers, not only in the many bending, waving lines of beauty reigning in their forms, but in the diversity of mental expression, and even in shades of the skin. Hogarth thought that, in beauty, variety is the principal char-

acteristic. This may be so. But were there only one violet on earth, and only one star in the skies, that violet and that star were most beautiful, though the variety of an extensive contrast were wholly withdrawn.

Beauty is also fond of departing from the direct line into *curves* and *circles*. The straight line, long continued, delights not the senses, whilst the graceful deviations win our admiration.* Nature seems to compromise straight lines, angles, and circles, in her noblest productions. She sends up the tree and the plant in a direct line, whilst she rounds the body and the branches, tapering both, that her stops and pauses be not abrupt. In the animal organization, the body and limbs exhibit the various combination of the angle, the circle, and the bending line. "The eye is a circle." The head tends to a sphere. The arms, legs, and fingers, are, when you please, nearly straight lines; also they are right angles and curves. The worlds are circles: they also move in circles. The waving, serpentine line, as exhibited in shells and flowers, and in the ornamental furniture of our dwellings, Hogarth calls *the line* of beauty, which, in the infancy of plants and animals, appears to prevail, but gradually gives way to straight lines and angles, as power is developed. But the all-beautiful hath need of angles as much as of spirals and curves.

* Of course, this view is to be but partially applied; for parallels are beautiful as curves, when answering to important ends. The long straight line, as exhibited in a well-formed railway, in the road extending many miles on even ground, and in many other instances, is far more pleasing than curves.

The straight grasses, "the knotted and angular stem of the balsam," tell Hogarth and the curve not to boast. Indeed, what geometry can measure this subject, or catch so shy and beautiful a ghost? "Day is day, and night is night;" but what more, deponent saith not.

When one stands amidst the sweet and delicate beauties of spring, or beholds the small and graceful form of her whose manner and movement are more free and beautiful than those of larger persons, he is reminded of a depth of wisdom in Burke, who insists on comparative *smallness* as the first quality in beauty. But when among rocks, over which the furious torrent dashes; when the beetling cliffs and the long stretch of mountain grandeur rivet the attention, and waken a deep and profound delight; when the storm wails loud, and the lightning plays so bravely among his vast, dark shading clouds, rocking the hills, and giving a tongue to every mountain, — then is he sure that nature is wiser than Burke, when she tells him that sublimity is a higher order of beauty than ever gleamed from diminutive forms; that it, more than any other, wakens the action of the whole soul. The "pretty" is perhaps its lowest form, and sublimity its highest.

Nothing advances beyond the sublime. In the hour of inspiration coming from the contemplation of many sublime scenes over which the veil of loveliness is sometimes flung, the heart deeply responds to this sentiment. There is a feeling of the vast and the infinite, that at times stirs in the human breast; and the vast forms of nature we call sublime

seem to step as it were from the finite on to the infinite; — not the infinite precisely, but still it is a step so far that it wakens the sense and suggests the idea of infinity. By this the mind is upborne. It freely expands under its influence, and grows conscious of its real, latent might. In this there is a profound pleasure, a perception and sense of beauty that elevates the whole mind. It is here that the beautiful takes the greatest energy, — an energy mild, deep, subduing. Genius has seen higher beauties among mountain and storms, than among the smiles of the merely pretty in nature and art. I would therefore embrace the sublime in my idea of the beautiful. The Alps and the rose are equally needed. Manfred best publishes our creed in his rapturous utterance — “Beautiful!”

“How beautiful is *all* this *visible world*!
How glorious in its action and itself!”

Beauty, then, in our philosophy, belongs to no one form or law. We cannot wholly refer it to organization. God is not measured by creeds, nor beauty by theories. We go into nature free. We forget all systems, when charmed or moved. But in every scene and personal form, the *Je ne sais quoi*, the *I don't know what* of the matter, is always the richest part of the beautiful; and appreciative power will always be so far relative, that the owl shall be most beautiful to the owl, the sparrow to the sparrow, the human to the human. Proteus, in all his forms, is Proteus still.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION OF BEAUTY.

Beauty makes matter more spiritual. Under its rays, the material comes into nearer sympathy and relation with mind. This I conceive to be a grand part of the mission of beauty in the natural world. It seems to render matter more spirit-like. The soul, under the influences of beauteous orbs and forms of matter, would not only be depressed in its higher and purer aspirations, but would find the incongeniality between itself and the world of things extremely oppressive. As a happy mediation, therefore, between matter and spirit, the mantle of beauty is flung over the visible world. Nature must wear spiritual hues, it must be adapted to mind, or it never can fulfil the office of a developing ministry to its powers.

But *natural* beauty, in all its laws, forms, and conditions, is representative of mind. The soul is mirrored in all its nobler attributes. I hold a fraction of esteem for the obscure author who supposed the universe to be a vast man; for man everywhere beholds himself represented in its forms. Nature shadows the spirit. Sublimity of thought, purpose, and passion is glassed in the grandeur of mountains, oceans, and storms. Firmness sees its image in the inflexibility of law. Gentleness beholds itself in the flow of rivers. Affection gives language to

myriad flowers, and finds a symbol in the power that binds the parts of the universe together. Sorrow and sadness seem to speak in the plaintive-voiced winds. Peace beholds her likeness in the quiet of earth and the tranquillity of skies. Wisdom sees herself in the all-pervading light. Trueness speaks through every law and agency of God around us. The whole soul is represented. Nature material is from the Perfect Mind: it therefore represents it. And the more noble and perfect the mind human becomes, the more does it behold its own attributes reflected in the visible world, since the condition of its faculties more resembles the Fountain in which the external creation had its origin. Man loves himself; and it is a contribution to his happiness to behold so glorious a universe as the expression of spiritual powers and tendencies in himself, which are of more worth than it.

Still more is natural beauty the stepping-stone to spiritual beauty. We ascend from the lower to the superior order. The numberless analogies connecting matter and mind permit this, the seen always pointing the way to the unseen. For every law, condition, and circumstance of beauty natural, there is a kindred law, condition, and circumstance in beauty spiritual. When we enter the domain of beautiful thought, passion, deed, sentiment, character, we find the whole variety, — delicacy, proportion, unity, sublimity, &c. — that strike us in the range of the senses. All spiritual beauty and deformity being represented in the domain of visibility, we are prepared to perceive the beauty of character

as revealed in Washington, Howard, and Fenelon. True, we use these qualifying impressions of early nature unconsciously, as we do our previous knowledge of distance and size in the common habits of vision. Indeed, I doubt whether mankind, or any portion of them, had ever been capable of enjoying the beauty of character, but for the previous impressions of beauty natural.

Kindred to this is the fact, that the various forms of natural beauty kindle and inspire the orator, the poet, and the prophet. It is the soul that speaks; and in every sublime and kindling utterance there is a deep indebtedness to the impressions and symbols of natural beauty. The prophet must have his symbols. The poet also, who is very much a priest of nature and life, bows at the altars of beauty, and adores the perfect. Here he is inspired. He takes illustrations, various as the varying shades of thought. The various beauty of the soul, the deep and touching eloquence of passion, flow into every inspired discourse. As means to an end, we here behold the mission of beauty. We read it in Pericles, David, and Shakspeare. It may also be safely said, that, were beauty and its inspirations wholly to cease, the speech of the poet, the orator, and the prophet, would probably become as dry as the drifting sand of the desert.

Beauty in nature is favorable also to the progress of science. It is intellectual. For the Creator, in scattering its gems throughout the creation, attracts and invites mankind to study his works. A luxury, a pleasure, mingles with and lightens the toil of

research. We feel a greater interest in the universe, because we love the beauty and order it everywhere unfolds. I have elsewhere spoken of its softening, melting power in attuning the heart of worship. Its sweet influences are designed to be one with goodness; for often has it woke in savage breasts the gentler spirit of love, giving to the darkly vicious an hour of recovery to their nobler selves.

But beauty is a bond of union between the sexes. For this its bloom appears in the form and countenance of youth. The genius of nature contrives to hang out attractive signs, which serve to draw congenial souls together; so that true marriage, which is nature's arithmetic, adds together the two balancing fractions of humanity, — man and woman; leaving the more blissful unit, of which they were parts. This order of beauty, under correct moral sentiment, inspires what is best and noblest in men. The age of chivalry, indeed, was but the triumph of woman's charms over the coarseness of the times.

This subject should not be dismissed, without reminding the reader, that one of the holiest aims in the mission of beauty is to awaken disinterested feeling. This is a glorious office. We are raised above our selfish views and moods, we grow ashamed of our narrowness, when we take large views of God's works, — when we walk among the noblest scenes. There is a free, true, generous influence that the great and lovely scenes of the earth pour upon us, that revives the ingenuous in our breasts. We are at home among mountains, rivers, and hills, however

restrained in the company of our kind. We there feel truth, kindness, and freedom. There is also a kindredness, and perhaps a sameness, between the idea of perfection and of beauty, so that the influence of the beautiful tends to give the idea and aspiration for the perfect. Art also owes its inspiration and marvels to its presence. What, then, limits its mission? It flows over nations and ages.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAW OF ASSOCIATION.

"An unseen guardian ruled the band." — NORTHERN WANDERER.

Things are enjoyed through *thoughts*. These are so variously, so subtly, so quickly combined, that the law of their formation becomes one of the deepest facts in psychology. In most minds, these subtle operations are but dimly traced; and, even to minds of superior understanding, there is a hovering of mystery about the matter that challenges the clearest and profoundest power of analysis. Coleridge has exploded Hartley and Hobbes, leaving us Aristotle as our grand theorizer on association. We will therefore duly revere the masterly ancient.

It is perfectly evident to every person retaining the least idea of his mental operations, that the scenes he observes, the events and persons he witnesses, cause an association of ideas with which these stand

connected in the mind, and through which they are either pleasingly or painfully interesting. As nothing in nature stands alone, so nothing in mind is single and unassociated. Thoughts and impressions seem to dwell in tribes. These sudden unbidden creations spring up, and, with hovering wings, pass over each scene, word, countenance, and thought, we contemplate. We know how various these associations are under the same scenes at different times; and, since the enjoyment of the beautiful depends so much upon these, I would inquire briefly into the determining facts involved in the case, with a view to the general laws these facts imply.

1. The *object* contemplated is itself a determining *cause*. Each thing is suggestive, and each influences the admirer in a manner peculiar to itself. The violet necessarily causes a different combination of thoughts from the rock and the tree. Places, as well as persons, appear to have their peculiar genius. There is an originality stamped on every thing. Niagara leads your mind a certain way; Wyoming, a different way; the Rhone and the sea, another; and so on through the numberless changes and varieties of scene and circumstance. The shades of difference are infinite, even were the stronger divergences blotted out. No two places, persons, or utterances, ever caused precisely the same order of impressions. A bright, beautiful morning, — a low-ery day, — a general, thought-inspiring calm, — a storm, — spring and autumn, instruct all of the lesson I would here impress.

2. The particular GENIUS, EXPERIENCE, and MOODS

of *individuals* are also determining causes. No two minds are alike. Each has an action peculiarly its own. As a particular genius presides over all the reflections of the intellect, it gives character to its mental associations. Hence no two minds ever enjoy a scene under exactly the same hues of imagination and fancy.

There is a particular *experience* of past impression belonging to all. All past facts, feelings, thoughts, and associations of thoughts, have left their image so indelibly in the consciousness, that the question may be entertained whether any of them ever become extinct, although most may be dormant and inactive. It is only a *part* of past experience, of which we retain an after-consciousness. But everybody knows that each present association of ideas is linked with the past, some of whose impressions are hourly revived and brought into new combinations. To-day I stand on the shore of a lovely body of waters, and, casting my eye over its placid and never-freezing surface, think of Percival. Why do I think of him? Because the impression caused by his poem on these very waters still exists in memory, so that the moment I seek the soothing influence of this beautiful scene, the music of his words, unbidden except by what is before me, comes sweetly to my ear. This instantly recalls another impression, and the form of a famed American bard appears before me; for his appearance is vividly remembered, when repeating the two first lines of Percival. I still continue my view; and, through similitude and contrast between present scene and past impression, springs

up the image of several bodies of water, seen before ; and, whilst thinking of it as the symbol of peace and of truth, I am reminded of the moral aims of nature, and, through this last view, the names of some truthful teachers, marked by a high power to discern the spiritual attributes of the creation, rise before me. I also think of pure and peaceful characters, whom memory loves to cherish ; for their lives seem to blend with the quietness and loveliness of the scene.

We will suppose that another stands on the opposite shore, whose mother, by misfortune, had lost her life in these waters. He may enjoy a higher association than the one I have sketched ; but this mournful fact will be woven into the web, and, whenever he sails upon such a lake, this shade will be apt to fall upon his thoughts. A third, standing at another point, draws from different sources ; and, so far as the revival and new formation of former impression enter into the mental association, it is evident that *diversity of individual experience* has a strong determining power over the diverse creation of such association. Each having a combining genius different from the rest, and materials of past impression different from all, the diversity of mental association becomes inevitably illimitable.

Some bright morning we awake among the green hills of our childhood ; and the same old brooks, meadows, orchards, and gate, we have so often seen, appear as new. The sun rises upon new scenes. Through the same lawn and near the same water-brinks we have rambled many a time, a new beauty dawns, when we have gained a happier mood.

"Nature," said the German, "wears the colors of the spirit," — colors always varying, and always reflected back to the beholder. The agitated see beauty nowhere. The mind utterly walled in by sordid aims, and surrendered to the grossness of animal passions, gets feebler rays of the infinite beauty. But we all have our exalted moments in which all things appear as new, in which every work of God wears the loveliness of the spirit itself. But the poet did not utter the *whole* truth, although he uttered a great truth ; for the same nature that wears the spirit's colors, through the variation of its own aspects, modifies the spirit itself, and, to a certain extent, creates the shades of its contemplations. So numerous, however, are these mental changes, that it may be questioned, and perhaps denied, that the mind ever twice beholds the same scene under exactly the same hues. What is the grand purpose of your mind to-day ? What is the real centre of your affections now ? What predominates as king among your thoughts ? If you can answer to this, you present a fact that colors all things to you. The lover sees nature through his love ; the miser beholds it through his coin, the joyous through his joy, the sorrowing through his grief. Whatever be the inward predominating fact, it will unconsciously influence the association. Who, therefore, in view of all the premises thus far assumed, enjoys the beautiful most truly, and through the noblest association ? He it is who, having excellence of natural capacity, possesses the richest material of past impression, and in whom lofty aims, generous sentiments, purity of feeling,

and refinement of intellectual cultivation, exist. The true and the natural best enjoy beauty, because truth and naturalness are its permanent qualities.

3. But, in association, *SIMILITUDE* or likeness deserves first to be named. A fact or a thought is brought to your notice. Instantly it connects itself with other facts in the past. It calls up some like fact or thought, existent in an association which otherwise had not been revived. We experience the same in regard to places, when the new impressions bring over them the mingling shadows of other and former impressions, coming from similar scenes.

There is a singular phenomenon, somewhat difficult of description, which probably belongs to this division. Perhaps one in twenty of those who speak on the subject admit, that in certain places a sudden consciousness, like a flash of intuition, has arisen of having been there before, or of having had some vision of the very scenes, persons, and utterances, before them. In some instances, a connection equally sudden has sprung up between the consciousness of having held the scene as a prophetic picture before seeing it, and the consciousness of something soon to occur, in order to fulfil this picture entire. Some may seek a solution in the idea that it is a gleam of dormant prescience suddenly bursting forth, a flash of destiny evolved from a prophetic soul; or, perhaps, a whisper from spirit-land, apprising the pilgrim that he is walking his destined path. Few, I imagine, would repeat the Platonic vision and doctrine of cycles. But, standing on humbler grounds, I would suggest it as a probability that the singular phenom-

enon is owing to one of two causes,—a similitude between the actual scene and a scene at some previous time vividly imagined (for the imagination sketches scenes the eye has never beheld), or a likeness between the present actual scene and a former scene *really* beheld, whose image has not faded from the mind ; but, having lost its connection with particular facts in the association, *time* and *place* cannot be identified. In either case, *likeness* is the law by which the mysterious fact occurs. In some instances, memory has so triumphed over the dimness of the forgotten facts in the former impression as to recall *place* and *time*, thereby solving the mystery.

There are certain parts of our associations, more vivid than the rest, which recall the others ; but the particular impression which, through likeness or contrast, recalls a whole *past* association, usually disappears from it, when the two are dismissed.

4. CONTRAST is a striking condition of association. The refined in idea often suggests the coarse and the rude. Spiritualism brings up materialism ; power reminds you of weakness ; permanency, of change ; life, of death ; light, of darkness ; and the true reminds you of the false.

But contrast is not so universal in its range probably as likeness ; and, where its exhibitions are brightest in an association, likeness is usually co-present in the formative process. In a reverie that A. enjoyed, a spiritual view of human immortality suggested the common physical basis on which many have placed it. At this instant, a *likeness* between the coarser view and the rough facts of nature arose

as a part of the present association. "Perhaps," said he, "these views best correspond to the world around us. Behold these frozen grounds, these rocks, these stumps and stubble! See all this battling for subsistence with the elements! Nature stands up in gross facts; and who knows that these refined sentiments best become man or his lot?" Whereupon a former association came up from its long repose in the grave of memory, in which an old friend of bold visage stood forth, challenging a dreamy sage "to explain *him* away" if he could, — I say he came up, place, manner, and time, along with him. But *how* came he into his presence? It is evident that contrast united the first two ideas; that likeness between one of them, and a corresponding coarseness of external matter, suggested the thought that nature, in her stubborn facts, refuses to be etherealized; and that likeness between this thought and the bold challenge of his former friend brought him over a large distance, both of time and space, into the association. And I am inclined to think, that this example comes quite near to a just representation of the usual balance of likeness over contrast in the great majority of mental associations.

5. When things are contemplated as *effects*, they naturally suggest *cause*; and, since this relation of cause and effect extends into every life and history, as well as into nature, it becomes a necessary and indeed a general law of association. Rome must suggest its Romulus, the rivers their springs, St. Peter's its Angelo, the universe its God. This principle is too plain, I judge, to need any explanations.

6. Connection in *time* is plainly involved in this matter, as is also connection in *space*. Cotemporaneous events recall each other; or, more properly, the mind is enabled to recall them through their cotemporaneousness. Equally useful is the connection in reference to *space*; for the impression made upon your mind by the cataract naturally awakens those made by the wild and rugged grandeur of the proximate rocks, the green shrubbery, and the wild flowers blooming near. In these conditions, so imperfectly expressed, the principal facts of association are represented. The facts stated under the first two divisions, namely, the objects contemplated, the particular genius, experience, and moods of the individual, although they go to determine what the *character* of the associations will be, do nothing to exhibit the law by which the associations occur. This must be traced in the subsequent statement. *Time, place, connection of cause and effect, likeness and contrast*, seem to cover the entire ground. It is not certain that there is any *one* general law under which these facts of association may be said to come. Impressions that co-exist in the mind are more readily recalled; and the first, and indeed the main, thing necessary to recall a past association, seems to be the recollection of the more vivid part. If there is a general law that flows through and masters all the facts of association, it would appear to be this, — a cotemporaneity of impressions; but this, we think, may be doubted as being all-sufficient.

But this is not the place for extended treatise on the associative law. I would, however, seek a prac-

tical benefit. There is a sense in which the general character of the mental associations may be improved through a proper interference of the will: a pure feeling, good and generous aims, and intellect enriched and liberalized, must always conspire to nobler associations, to those through which the true, the beautiful, the just, and the sacred, shall evermore be real and divine. That mere perception "is passive to an external power" will not be denied; but there are minglings of the voluntary, even in the spontaneous movements; and, as the will has the command of the attention, as also the guardianship of the mind's progress and purity, it may do much in determining to what extent and in what manner the beauty of the universe shall be enjoyed.

CHAPTER VI.

MEDIUMS.

Returning to the dominion of the senses, it should be denied, that the beauty of the visible world has ever been half seen; for nature is not half known. A new race or age, standing on higher grounds of knowledge and moral excellence, would see a far more beautiful world than has ever yet dawned on men, in the same old but youthful nature that now so lovingly surrounds each and all of us. Nature will always keep pace with the soul, and will reflect back its real hues.

Were men commissioned to re-make the world, what a medley would it be ! Some, it may be imagined, would tear the rose and the violet from nature's brow, as the ungodly artificials that grew up since the fall. Others, of more serious mood, would multiply her shades, and deepen her solitudes. Others would bring out a comic laugh from every nook and corner. The fool of mammon would multiply corn-fields and cotton plantations, whilst many a young sentimentalist would reduce all to a landscape of *very beautiful* things ! But the world's beauty would undoubtedly be marred, not enhanced, were even its deserts to be annihilated, and its owls to be slain. Oh ! give us nature just as she is, with the old rock and moss on it ; for nothing is so good and so beautiful.

Vegetative life delights us in flowers. Who can forget Burns and his mountain daisy ? The lily, meekly lifting its head over turbid waters, and smiling around upon a dismal waste, makes all description silent. Color, form, and fragrance, come out to bless the senses. They are a resurrection and a life to all gentle and delightful motion. Colors are beauty's pencillings. Motion is her minister. Worlds move in graceful orbits, never breaking the law of measure. Clouds are poetic drapery, taking all forms, and speaking all speech. Their shadow once protected the doomed city from the Roman. These mystic forms that temper the light of heaven, that give shower, rainbow, and lightning-gleams to men, are more expressive of mystery than other modes of matter. Hence, superstition has listened

to thunder as being more directly the voice of Divinity than are the voices of the bird and the sea. The beauty spread out over land, sea, and air, would speak with all, would be loved by all; but the imagination is so much greater than the most eloquent pens, it can do so much more for each and all, that the best attempts at exhibition look meagre and useless. Let us sooner say, Open your eyes to what God *does* before you. Read on his page what is more perfectly written than Harolds or Hamlets. Beauty is also intellectual. Art and life are but its various appearing. There are thoughts more beautiful than stars, and affections more lovely than flowers; wherefore, the soul is a higher fountain of beauty than what the senses behold.

The world's mind is individualized as variously as the world's matter, and the beauty which appertains thereto has similar variety and conditions. Intellectual beauty dawns upon us through the reason and the imagination. Thought is always beautiful, when true to the thing and to the thinker. Naturalness is indeed the great law, since nature spurns affectation, and refuses to be maternal to that which is not her own. Branches of living plants and trees, cut off in their flowering, may appear gay when planted in the garden; but, having no root in the soil, they soon droop and die, as do the thoughts of hasty minds, cut off from trees of knowledge they have never nourished.

Thought may have beauty in three forms,—in conception, utterance, and deed. The silent rising of a new and great truth is as the dawn of a new sun.

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It is also the appearance of a social guest, well worthy to grace the divine banquet of the heart. In the philosophical form, thought wears a serene majesty, is generous and tolerant, and, through its deep and tranquil energy, penetrates the interior of things, traces the ever-beautiful connection of cause and effect, and by its expansiveness bursts the narrow bonds of bigotry asunder. Indeed, Socrates, Aristotle, Newton, and Bacon, belong to the great intellectual scenery of the earth, which, like the great natural scenes, are few, but which wear a glory more exalted than Niagara or the Vale of Chamouni, from whose verdant bosom you look up to the crystal glaziers, and behold the snows of a thousand years.

Arguments, bearing up the important proposition, are more beautiful than Grecian columns. Thought, winged by imagination and plumed by fancy, has, like "the bird of paradise," beauty in its flight. We love such lively visitants. When we have long walked the spacious halls of reason's granite temple, and become weary of the immense theorization that for a time impressed us with its grandeur, it is good to rest and regale ourselves in the fairies' castle, the home and dwelling-place of the imagination.

Thought has beauty in its apparel of *words*. All beautifying genius gives proof of itself in making for it a fitting garment. "He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," — "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," are immortal utterances, not more on account of their truth than of their perfect expression. First make eloquent

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the heart ; then will come beauty and eloquence of words.

Action transfers beauty of thought to beauty of deed, as the pictures of Raphael, the structure of St. Peter's, and every generously heroic act, fully prove. Art is but this transfer, giving to genius "a local habitation and a name." The passions, too, are deeply eloquent, in whose domain all the beauties, from the wild and stormful to the soft and tender, freely move. They prompt the enthusiastic deed ; they breathe in sorrow's song ; they work sublimely in many a chivalrous daring ; also in every high and ardent hope.

The soul in its endless variety, like nature, yields a *universal* beauty. Shakspeare represents the world in drama, and in all its parts, including the fool and maniac, with every weakness and infirmity. Each swells the interest and heightens the beauty of the whole. Every shade of character comes into the play. And, if all these diversities beautify the *representation*, can the *original* be beautiless, — that is, the world just as we find it ? The soul reflects beauty even from its ruins.

Hope, the great prophet of the inner temple, yields superior beauty. We feel a mingled emotion, when the trembling weakness, combining with the deeper power of humanity, looks up in a confiding trust and expectation of a good day coming ; when over present trials the soul sheds down its various light ; when the heart, alive by its own celestial fire, flames up to heaven in love ; and hope so vigorously soars and expands as to suggest the conception

of the finite spreading out her arms to embrace the infinite. This tender sublimity, religion inspires; and it evidently belongs to the most beautiful phenomena of the soul. Worship, when soul-inspired, surpasses Orion and Pleiades. What sacred sublimity streams through the consciousness of filial union with the Infinite! What grandeur surrounds the sentiment of the immortal life! What beauty in the simple sentiment of love!

We have stood amidst the charms of Flora, and asked if beauty's ray was most golden as coming from it, or as coming from intellect merely; when the prophets, apostles, saints, and martyrs of truth, arose to say, that the *moral* ray of beauty is most quenchless and perfect. Goodness never wears out. Its beauty, radiating from the history of Jesus, is lasting as the sun and moon, and more than they can win and delight the divinity of the human heart. Believing, as we do, that every law of beauty in the material world is representative of analogous but higher laws in the beauty of mind, I have asked, in what character of history are all the laws of beauty probably expressed? Who is he that represents them entire? There is but one in whom every known law of beauty appears to have been expressed. He is Jesus of Christianity, the sinless spirit, the bright and morning star of the new age of truth, goodness, and peace.

The soul works its likeness upon the organism. The eye, countenance, form, and movement, are mediums through which it shines out upon us. A nobler race of minds would be entempled by a

nobler race of bodies. These two corresponding powers, soul and form, will, in the great plan of things, advance or recede together.

Living between the 30th and 60th degree of northern latitude, where beauty personal claims Persia, Greece, England, Holland, and the countries bordering upon Caucasus, it is not improper that a remark be made on this branch of our theme, before leaving it wholly.

We have the equilibrium of humanity in man and woman; a division and distinction this, founded primarily in a diversity of spirit, and correspondingly expressed in difference of organism. This would be our philosophical basis, were this the place and time for venturing out on the sea of speculation concerning the source and origin of sex. But this is not demanded. A real, happy difference of spirit is the grand difference; which, having a basis in the immortal nature, must be of everlasting continuance. If man's form is expressive of more power, the average reason is that more power belongs to masculine mind; and, if woman has more grace, it is because her spirit is more beautiful than his.

The waving line, so much celebrated by Hogarth and others, abounds far more in woman than in man. Her movements are more spontaneous, her intuitions more perfect, and her manners more naturally graceful, than his. But beauty personal, in both sexes, is valuable as a source of mutual interest, and as an expression of the heart and mind. Climate, doubtless, modifies every species of beauty; but, were we to suggest the true mode of improving the beauty of

the race, we should, after naming some physical conditions, suggest such cultivation and growth of mind as will bring upon the countenance and manner the image of truth and magnanimity; for whatever passions and qualities have dominion in mind, through some wonderful process, impress their likeness on the material feature. Beautify the soul: this is the first law. And, through the material form, this primal fact will shine as solar radiance through transparent clouds. Poor is the idolatry of prettiness. What is the Trojan Helen to Imogene and Desdemona?

Man abhors to behold his image in woman. She also dislikes to see the reflection of herself from him, and, with her instinctive wisdom, readily detects the presence and absence of manly qualities. The great master of the human heart recorded no miracle, we think, in the means through which the divine Desdemona was possessed by the ugly-featured Moor; for his *mind* was strongly marked by heroic, manly force. Thus she speaks the true philosophy of the matter:—

“That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart’s subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello’s visage in his mind;
And to his honors, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.”

So far is Desdemona the voice of her sex. She is only subdued by generous, manly qualities.

If the violet or its many sisters appeared *conscious* of beauty, the pleasure of beholding would be at

once repelled ; but unconsciousness meekly reposes there. Nothing asks you, " Am I not beautiful ? " Here is a lesson. May none, on whom nature has lavished so rare a gift, omit to learn it !

The Greek mind had power as well as elegance, which proves that the passionate admiration of the beautiful may combine with great energy and force ; for, to them, beauty was only second to virtue. In the elements of man's character, power and grace should unite in similar proportion as they are blended in the action and form of nature around us. The earth is a concentration of silent, awful forces. But it is also carpeted with verdure and flowers, and bathed in the light of beautiful orbs. As Deity is perfect and everlasting, it follows that beauty will always mark the works of his power ; and, as the soul is to lose none of its faculties by future change, we may infer that its interest in this subject will continue for ever. Also, from the universal diffusion of this quality through all worlds, we may anticipate a universal appreciative power in all ; and, from the new interest the radiance of beauty gives us in the universe, from its capacity to refine the soul, to develop its love, and from the elevated happiness it imparts to mankind, we may be justified in the conclusion, that the beautiful is no ordinary agency, throughout the boundless empire of mind and space, in the proper education of every moral intelligence.

God is the Infinite Beauty ; but nature is the prism through which the rays pass into the division of endless variety.

RISING OF THOUGHT.

IN the soul's growth, a desire springs up to enjoy a higher world than that of life's and nature's oft-repeated facts. This aspiration is the proof of a general want, live where we may, go where we will. Nor does our inventive age discover the means of satisfaction. It is one bright mark of the soul's grandeur, that it rises above the surrounding circumstance, that its visions are above the palace, and that the present never finds it as having all. If we would enjoy a higher world, the mind must create it, and from the materials which already exist. Can we not do this, each one for himself? Does not life furnish ample material? Is not the soul sufficiently creative?

To answer these questions rightly, two truths need be stated: — First, all things, having sprung from thought, are necessarily revelations and suggestions of it in various forms. Nature addresses the soul. Second, the mind is able to rise from thing to thought, from fact to law, plan to purpose, and from the symbolism to the symbolized. This power to ascend is Heaven's gift of gold, the wings of the spirit, without which all upward tendency would cease. All genius has it, and it is probable that all

have that common genius necessary to find a world of thought above the world of things. The coarse worm yields us a beautiful fly; the thorny bush, a lovely flower. Why should not the coarse world yield a higher sphere, since the transforming power is in the soul that sees?

Argument is scarcely needed to convince the reader of the general existence of this ability. Who does not imagine a greater mountain than Mont Blanc? Who, at times, does not sketch to himself unconsciously a more beautiful condition than the eye has witnessed? Often do we gather to hear the great man; and, when he is heard, we find that the man of the imagination is far greater than the man of the platform. We can imagine greater Niagaras and greater Alps than we ever shall see. Yet the imagination is not the reality; nor could it thus step beyond the real into a greater ideal, except it had been aided and strengthened by it. Some minds of the best gifts have been dissatisfied in the midst of the earth's celebrated grandeurs. Whence this feeling, except from the fact that the soul is greater than nature and art, and was formed to rise above them? Life could never be painfully dull and plodding, but for an abiding perception of what is more perfect than the experience of to-day.

To aid the mind in bringing a new world out of the old one, and yet in harmony with it, attention should be given to the fact, that all things of life and nature are pervaded by the general law of similitude, which makes each and every thing suggestive of what is higher and greater than itself. Beneath this,

all life and being flow. From the many and intimate connections between the Creator's Mind and the material world it has fashioned and governed, from the same intimate connections between the mind human and its exhibitions in conduct and in art, there is a constant and mutual reflection of light between the worlds of matter and of mind, between the soul that causes and the effects produced. Analogy is our bridge over the intervening abyss of darkness; walking which, we pass from material to spiritual, from thing to thought, from nature to God. It is our mediation between the seen and the unseen. It is our passage from the known to the unknown, from the temporal to the eternal. Thus surrounded by the universal and assisting influence of this law of similitude between matter and mind, and being endowed with the power of forming ideas above their suggestive causes, I would introduce for general contemplation a subject which might as well be named the RISING OF THOUGHT, — a topic of practical importance certainly, since it calls us to a new spiritual beauty and pleasure that spread over the otherwise dull facts of life the halo of a divine interest, and which lay all things under a new and willing tribute to the spiritual good of their rightful emperor, the soul.

But we would have no war between the actual and the ideal, no more, indeed, than there is between the stars and the earth over which they watch. We would relinquish nothing of nature, no, not a pebble on the shore, not a sand of the desert. Each fact is ours. For the present, we would not exchange

seats with angels ; we would not give them our fruitful earth, our fountains, our daylight, and storms, for their peaceful abodes. We would not exchange our joys for theirs. We want our present life ; and to us our sun and moon are better than the future illumination, which needs not their presence. We will cling to our real sources of joy. Let us, therefore, gain a world of idea, that shall render more interesting the world of facts and of things.

Going into nature, the highest truth it yields us is, that every thing has a hand pointing to that which is above itself. The acorn points to the oak ; the oak emblems the firmness and dignity of man. The infant points to man, and man points to God, whose image he is. Springs point to rivers, rivers to seas ; and these symbolize the Infinite, the vast deep of Soul. God is the grand Original ; and man, having immortal powers, is, in this kingdom of nature, an original also, whilst all else is only representative. Man is representative in his relation to Him. But the whole universe appears to be representative in its relation to both. All things unite to form a boundless system of symbols, of representation, of which each may be its own interpreter. It is true, that, could we at first commence with God in our reasoning, knowing him without the aids of representation, we should see in him all we may know in nature ; and, for the same cause, could we comprehend the soul without the aid of its phenomena, we could discover in it all that art and life display. For, in the order of being, God is first and causative ; and, in the order of human development, the soul is first and

causative. But, as *we* know God and the soul through their phenomena, we must begin with these; we must ascend from visible to invisible, from nature to its Creator, from the life that is to the soul that makes it.

Youth is fond of symbols. Early in the world's age did our race use this principle in the construction of its language, finding in things the expression of thoughts. We still image the invisible. We make the fountain and the mild flowing river to speak of the spontaneous gush of innocent and truthful feeling, of the calm flow of pure affections. The sun gives us the idea of nature's benevolent sovereignty. He governs in silence, making no display of authority, when holding the distant Hefschel and Neptune in his grasp. A genuine sovereignty is never announced by trumpets. The revolving worlds, in their radiant pathways, pause not to apprise the sister planets that they obey. Because obedience is perfect, nothing needs be said. These planets seem to look down on this garrulous world, to admonish its professions of virtue; to apprise all, that, would they rotate in the self-elected way of goodness, they may safely leave to action and silence every particle of merit they possess. All self-boasting excellences are reprov'd by the silent and simple excellences of the natural world. He who, reverently welcoming the new day, beholds the sun as the type of Infinite Love, gets more than daylight from his face. His thought kindles piety, and illumines being. He derives a spiritual joy from a material orb. This "monarch of the climes" gave out a higher influ-

ence when he awoke the worship of ancient heathendom, than when he ripens a plantation of rice or cotton; for the human heart, under whatever darkness it may lie, is worth infinitely more than earths and oceans. The sunrise is a prophet, saying to the world, "Awake to duty. Live, this day of God, as men." It is suggestive of the full-orbed truth rising on the night of a people sunk in ignorance, but waking to reason and science. It is the image of great souls. It is the symbol of love, of friendship; not of the blind impulse, but of love pervaded by light. Sunset, too, tells us that the brightest days, as likewise the darkest, must end. Is there not more poetry in the gorgeous west, — is there not more of the beautiful, tinged with cheerful sadness, — is there not more of the spirit of reflection in the last red glow, as he joyfully takes the hill and cloud into his fiery baptism, than there is in the rising of this orb? Here many thoughts sparkle and burn. The death of the saint and the sage, more glorious than their birth, is here represented. The ultimatum of every good race is better than its beginning. It is the radiance of friendship enriched by experience, the immortality leaving brightness on the track of night, the glow of the soul's faith and hope when visited and encompassed by sorrows, the image of the fact that night is but shadow, that nothing is extinguished, that what goes will come, that all sorts of nights are extinguished by day. Did not Zoroaster exhibit genius in making fire the emblem of God? for He enlivens the universe by wisdom and love, as the symbol enlivens by light and heat.

The growth of language, as intimated, implies this ascent of the race from facts and laws of matter to the higher and analogous verities of mind ; for, as knowledge begins with material things for their objects, language, as the expression of that knowledge, must at first have denoted nothing more than the objects of sense, with the relations, qualities, action, passion, ends, and uses, which belong to them. The external world framed the grammar or first rudiments of all speech. Things or nouns in nature gave rise to nouns in speech ; nor could there ever have been an active, passive, or neuter verb in human discourse, except there had been in the world of nature and of man an active agency, except there had been within the scope of observation that which acted, and that which received the action ; as also, that which, neither active nor passive, is simply a state of being. No prepositions could have shown the relations of thing to thing, except as those relations were ordained by Him who has adjusted the matter of space, and by man who arranges the things with which he has to do. There had been no *by*, *with*, or *through*, had not the relations expressed by these words existed in space ; and, since these relations and facts belonging to the natural world are fundamentally the same in different ages and countries, it follows that language must everywhere reveal similar laws. Hence, the *many* dialects and the *one* language of the earth. But, from the mental difference of the nations and tribes to which the dialects belong, it cannot be supposed, that nature or any class of facts should strike them under exactly the same

aspects, and thereby produce the same emotions ; for the genius of races differs as widely as that of individuals ; whilst the expression of their thoughts, to be true to their genius, requires a dialect for itself. The æsthetic soul of the Greek could never have been so well expressed in the language of the Hebrew or the Roman.

Now, there is a fact in this matter of language as common and as new in the experience of each man and woman of the nineteenth century, as it was of the most primitive age and race of men. I mean the rising from the physical fact to the mental reality, of which that fact is the sign. The word that named a sensible thing, relation, or act, becomes the sign for that which cannot be seen, or tested by the senses. Thus do all the words that define the knowledge of the outward world become the representation of higher and analogous facts in the mental domain. What, I ask, is our first learning ? Are the first lessons of childhood about God as a spiritual being, or about man as a mental being ? Certainly not. The first knowledge consists of original impressions of external and sensible things. It is in this period of originality, that the abstract ideas of size, distance, motion, rest ; weight, color, height, and depth ; light and darkness, heat and cold, hard and soft, beauty and deformity ; — indeed, all the great fundamental impressions the material world may give them, dawn upon the mind, and become the stepping-stone not only to future natural sciences, but to a higher order of mental facts, which are united to them by analogies too subtle to admit of

plain definition. No school-boy, perplexed with his problem, could ever have pronounced it *dark*, or asked for *light* understandingly, except he had first learned the physical images, and saw them as signs of ignorance and knowledge. Why should *height* be ascribed to great wisdom and virtue? Certainly there is no physical altitude to mind or character. Why should the person indifferent in a particular cause be spoken of as *cold*? Why should our abstract idea of *depth*, of *wideness*, and of *narrowness*, be given to certain minds? To answer a single question of this nature is but to announce the great law by which language has become expressive of the world within and of the world without. This duality in the departments and uses of human speech indicates the higher purposes of the material world, and announces the principle of analogy as being that by which all material knowledge and impression become the shadow of all that pertains to the soul.

This similitude is boundless, and but few of its points are expressible. It must be seen, if at all, as we see the shimmering of the air, or as we catch the expression of silence from certain states of the air, lowly murmuring in the autumn trees or on the quiet of the distant sea. And yet the principle by which mankind weave these words of physical origin into the expression of thought and feeling, operates so easily, that it is to be doubted whether any are conscious of *reasoning* on their fitness. Certainly more gifted minds, and I should also think that every order of capacity, are in the habit of using not only the words which by long usage have become exclusively

the words of thought, but those also whose first meanings are evidently from the material world, unconsciously, as the signs and images of what the heart would express. So readily, indeed, does the mind yield to this law of similitude between the material and the spiritual, that it is unconscious of its own processes.

But what does this condition of language imply? Why is the material so representative of the mental? Why do the words of things become the words of thoughts, which are not things, and which have no one material property? First, I have said, because the material world, proceeding from the Divine Mind, must represent it; in doing which, it must also represent the mind human, which is its son and image. But I would add, that material nature, being *designed* as the school of man, is formed to express in its analogies the whole mind; so that the language which is built upon it at once yields to a higher purpose, at once comes up to the mind's service. But nature without is not the only external source of man's utterance; for man has a small world which *he* makes. His arts must be named; his modes of action must be expressive. And as the immediate world which man makes is necessarily in the image of man's mind, whatever language may exist for its expression must also contain the symbols of his spiritual life. Hence, from every art we ascend to the artist. Hence, the many words which at first were founded on mere external manner, and on things of his creation, that have since become the standing types of his ideas. This theme might be followed to any

extent ; but I would here pause to say, that the very origin of human language implies the transition from matter to mind, on the law of analogy ; the rising from things that are seen to those that are unseen, — the spiritual, and to which the materiality of life and of the universe conspires.

But this principle may be widely applied in the progress of man. He opens his eyes in childhood on isolated facts. He sees as mere physical objects the tree, hill, and fountain ; not perceiving the order which unites the parts into a whole. He discovers no universe. The sun is but a bright orb, the earth is but land, the sea is but water. But, in this mere perception of isolated facts, the growing mind cannot long remain. Each thing suggests its connection with others ; and gradually there dawns upon the understanding the idea of a general order, a system. Facts reveal laws above themselves, until it is discovered that the unity of a Divine wisdom rules the varied phenomena around us. At first, in the glare of the senses, no Divine presence is recognized in nature ; but, from the body of the visible, the mind ascends to this view, to the recognition of One greater than earth and skies, and who shines benignantly forth through all this visible world. Thus, too, are we blind to the *end* of the material world, so far as it tends to educate the intellect and the moral feelings. God not only makes language for men through the influence of the laws and relations of the world with which he has surrounded them, but he invigorates the whole mind through the same agency. Nature is full of science, of truth ; and

truth is the element of mental power. The imagination wakes to life under the beauty that is spread around us. Reason gathers might from the omnipresent and perpetual connection of cause and effect. Worship and conscience are addressed by the voices of Divinity that are heard in this temple of the Infinite. The end of nature, though spiritual and within ourselves, is but slowly observed, as thought ascends to the Infinite Cause.

There is an immensity without. This wakes the sense of infinitude within. The soul knows immensity, because it contains the very germ of the Mind that fills it. Order reigns without. And does not this order, which surrounds all, impress order on all? No soul can utter itself without symbols. Mountains must stand for a sublime firmness; storms and darkness must emblem the passionate rage, the vicious aim, and the deep woe. Flowers, smiling in the forest-shades and from the mountain's side, willingly become the words of our affections. The quietude of the landscape, the calm surface of deep waters, the soft, cloudless skies, are words that express the spirit-rest. Swedenborg said that the animal kingdom is representative of human affections. I ask, what kingdom is not representative of man? from what does he not draw, in unfolding the various action of his mind? All are his tributaries. But we know the symbols first; then we ascend to the thoughts for which they stand. Thus the hearer of parables penetrated the imagery, until he found what is greater, — the truths intended.

There is no end to nature's symbolism. "The

lion is alone." The strong man has not lost his paradise, though what is called society utterly forsake him. The eagle wings his mighty way somewhat solitarily, asking not the companionship of large numbers. He knows his competency. Why should a great mind seek shelter under societies? What storm should he fear who may rise above all storms? Rely on yourself awhile longer: when the tempest descends, it shall aid your flight. The lamb and dove are associative, are to us innocence and gentleness. But who would not rather be eagle than dove?

Water, it is said, is the symbol of truth. Its fountains, one might say, are more strictly original minds, bursting forth clearly and freely. Truth is as the waters, not only from its beauty, its purity, and refreshing qualities, but from its depth, vastness and eternity.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now !"

How many theories of costly labor have sailed on the fathomless deep of truth! How many have perished among its breakers! Your creeds and philosophies, built like mighty ships, wear but a time among these merciless waves. Let them perish: the sea is full, and better builders will come. The soul, like its Author, "glasses itself in tempests." There is not a darkness of heaven, a violence of elements, a lightning-stroke of terror, which does not fit some mood or state of man. His revolutions are often as these. The sun is eclipsed: so, indeed, the

light within thee is darkness at times, and the greatest truths are hidden.

Our philosophies and theologies do not take nature sufficiently as a model. One gathers and gives you only the flowers of the universe. It is enough that one is *pleased*, that life is *pleasant*! "How beautiful is this! How nice and how pretty is that!" And here ends the seeking. But are our teachers only to collect sunbeams, and to braid bouquets for ladies and gentlemen to smell of, to admire? Better far look back to the well-poised agencies of the universe for a lesson. What mean these vast and solemn mountains; these huge and massive rocks; these thunder-voiced cataracts; these tumultuous seas; these sweeping storms; these sombre hues; these thunder-peals? Is all nature a sunbeam, a bouquet? Who can bend one iota the inflexibility of natural law? All these graceful agencies have a fixed sovereignty, which they never let go. The universe will do you little good, except you are recipient of its *various* influences. The thunder of Edwards is worth a million of many dove-like divines. If a man will have nature for his symbol of character, there will be power in him; there will be rocks as well as dahlias.

This day is new and whole. The life of this green leaf is original, having never existed before. There is no patching in any natural work. All is new and entire. But our best works are fractions, not complete and rounded unities. The firmness of nature is read in every natural law. But over this firmness reposes a bending ease, a grace of beauty, which is

the true type of all genuine will in character. The constellated worlds above us are a society of stars. The social law is imaged in the heavens. Good men are stars. They form society, though each member is rightly distanced. A single truth attracts other truths, till there is a constellation of truths. Is not autumn, with its faded leaves and golden fruit, in every man's experience? Who knows not the higher fact which "gentle spring," with the "ethereal mildness," indicates? Poisons are sweet in the moral world, as truly as in the natural. The light the eye receives so unconsciously, and which dances in the diamond's heart, is as the Divine agency, entering the spirit, and radiating every transparent character. Every spiritual fact in the universe is dimly shadowed by what the senses know.

But let us proceed to speak of man in his life and history. How dead his life is, when its facts are only viewed as details! How wonderful when contemplated as the product of the emanating cause! Nature points to him as to a greater, and he to God, who is All. Each action in life points to character, thereby lifting a finger to that which is higher than itself. So, indeed, do the words, plans, struggles of men point to a higher wisdom than the actors knew. Always have these conflicts tended to nobler ends than men designed. Small things reveal a character,—even a laugh, a word, a look. The apple, through Newton's genius, pointed up to distant worlds, and suggested the principle which guided them in their course. Nothing is so local as not to contain a universal. The thistle and the shell own

the presence of universal law, as truly as do the solar systems.

At first we began with the world's facts, very much as with those of material nature. We saw them as isolated. To us there was no Providence, as in nature there was no universe. Man died: a kingdom fell. These appeared as without purpose and meaning. Events were orderless. But we gradually emerged from these single and isolated views to discover that circumstances are a chain; that they fall into a system of cause and effect, as harmoniously as the various parts of the earth conspire to form a globe. We saw justice wrought out in many events. Wisdom gleamed out of what had seemed as dark before. Good sprung up from evil before our eyes. We saw fraud and justice working out opposite results. We saw that evil was reaped where evil was sown, and so of good. From the page of history we learned that one stage of human life prepared for another; that God presides over this world's changes; and that the end of all this various course of Providence, by which humanity is enlightened, encouraged, baffled, and checked, is like that of the all-surrounding universe within ourselves. It is the spiritual self-development at which all things aim. But this view comes not at first. We climbed to it, step by step, beginning in the systemless facts of our observation, and rising gradually to the vast idea of God over all. This suggestion of what is greater than itself, in the present instance, though not apparently founded on analogy, illustrates the

tendency of the facts of observation to unfold the great principles which govern them.

Our first self-consciousness discloses us to ourselves as merely animal beings. We conceived of our kind as living bodies, before we thought of them as living souls. Physiognomy reveals what is greater,—the mind, the character. What was the first idea of power that dawned upon us? Was it the power that philosophers, poets, and prophets, wield? No: it was mere muscular force, mere material energy. This we first knew as our own possession, as the attribute of strength in others. But from this coarser fact, we rose to the perception of the power of mind,—of wisdom, courage, virtue. Why material energy should necessarily go before the perception of mental, it is needless to inquire; but nothing is more certain than the fact; and few things are more probable than that the influence of the various material energies displayed in nature around us serve to call out the inward energies of the soul. Life, in each and all of its forms, is mystery. Our first notion of it is as animal and vegetable; but the beautiful and animating mystery is not alone. It becomes the symbolic shadow of spiritual life; whilst all its fostering influences are types of higher agencies by which the life of the spirit grows. Slowly do we learn that the sacred urns contain only the clay tenements of departed friends, and nothing of their real selves. At first we view mankind as animals; we view them as we did the outward world, without perceiving the wonderful order there organically displayed, without viewing the fleshly structures as the

servants and temples of immortal natures. But such is the order of life's lessons, that the race, finding a spiritual development higher than the muscular, becomes conscious of the soul's supremacy.

I have often used the word *spirit* in the course of these remarks, as meaning the mind, the immortal, unseen part. But the history of this word embodies the view I have been trying to unfold, that the whole structure of things, the entire genius of the condition of man, tends to lead him upward, from less to greater, from fact to principle, from thing to thought. The original meaning of this term is, the air we breathe. *Pneuma* primarily meant only this. How naturally this became the symbol of mind, being an invisible element, an inspiration of life, a free and unconfined agent ! But we have finally rested on the greater ; so that the spirit is always our diviner part. Paradise was once but a fine garden of Persia ; now it is the joy of the sainted. Rectitude at first was only physical straightness ; now it is moral honesty. Beauty at first was but a sensuous charm ; now it is mind perfected : it is a heart-radiance from conduct and speech. Always has man been rising slowly above the despotism of matter.

Religious revelations to our race unfold the same view. The moment we attempt to analyze our views, we are carried back to their physical bases, and are obliged to learn, that the primary development of the soul, under the impressions of material nature, has prepared in us our whole receptive capacity for what God communicates. What, I ask, was our primary idea of heaven ? Was it not the *calum*, the

ouranos of our physical vision, — the clear, calm, blue skies above us? Whence came our abstract view of purity and purification? They doubtless referred to external cleanliness and ablution. The same may be said of all our highest views. Indeed, revelations are impossible, except on the ground here assumed. How am I to conceive of infinity as belonging to God, unless the Illimitable impresses me from nature? How am I to know Divine Love, except I have affection in my own heart, by which to know it? And was not this primary love called forth by many external relations, influences, and objects? As well might you exhort the rocks to fly, as humanity to ascend to the comprehension of these high realities, without the preparatory aid of natural things. Nature must lend her symbols and her early teachings, or God himself cannot speak to the race. That which is unknown can only reach us through that which is known; nor can any power break over the permanence and eternity of this law.

Go for a moment into the past. There you meet different forms and dispensations of religion, convincing you that the earlier the worship, the more of visible imagery does it wear. The senses are addressed. The material glares upon you. Altars, victims, and priests, mercy-seats and cherubims, divers washings and external atonements in abundance, greet you. The gold of the temple is sacred. Deity is portrayed under the strongest imagery, and worshipped under the view chiefly of his Almightyness. But as you watch the stream of sacred knowledge, as it flows down to later times, you discover

that a spiritual element gets the great ascendancy. The Bible, which began in history, ended in the finer element of prophecy. The sacrifice became finally a broken heart and a contrite spirit, not a bleeding victim. Behold the contrast ! The Thunderer and Judge of ancient time is clothed with the name and attributes of the Father,— is Love, is Goodness ! Compare the Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount with the temporal rewards and punishments of the Jewish hope and fear. Once the kingdom of heaven was as Cæsar's dominion in temporality and earthliness ; now it is righteousness and peace enthroned in all. Israel was once a union of distinctive tribes ; now he is all who love God on the face of the whole earth. Jerusalem once was but the metropolis of Judea ; now she is the church of the First-born, whose citizens are all the good and the faithful. The great Adam was once but a " living soul ;" now he is the " quickening spirit," * the great moral regenerator, the love-kindling energy of the whole earth. Moses enacted and legislated ; Jesus spake words of spirit and life to ages. Sacrifices no more bleed in the hands of the priest ; but all are priests, and all are invited to make themselves a holy offering to God, to Deity. Neighbor and brother once signified those who were of the same tribe and family, those who were by affinity near in place, and in consanguineous ties ; now the race are neighbors and brothers. Salvation was once an outward, whilst now it is an inward deliverance.

* 1 Cor. xv. 45.

Truly were the old ways but types and shadows,— mere similitudes of the greater and the better in advance !

Indeed, all things are as in this Jewish ritual. The human heart is always predicting a better day. Far away in some good to-morrow waits the perfect lot. It always says, "There is a better ; I wait a brighter morning." The best hours ever enjoyed prophesied still better. Perhaps each man living is conscious of a latent trust that he shall be much more of a man by and by than he is now. Our small truths are always leading to greater truths. Our incipient vices and virtues are ever leading to those greater. Goodness, though imperfect now, bravely predicts its heaven. Great men never think that human nature has invested all its might in them, but earnestly believe in wiser and abler ones to come. From the heart of the life that now is springs up the desire and assurance of a greater. This natural world points to a spiritual world. Nature bows in homage to man, reproducing her skill in his mind ; whilst man, in his nature, dependence, and hope, points to Him who is above all and in all. Whenever we follow the known to its utmost extent, it leads us to the verge of the unknown, where vast shadowing mysteries darken all before us. What are our best ideas ? Are they so good that they will never give place to better ? Has there been no progress ? Did King David understand diplomacy better than Lord Brougham ? Was the ship that carried the apostle to Melita a better ship than the "Oregon" or the "Pennsylvania ?"

There are beautiful mythologies that yield higher views than their framers intended. Those gods and goddesses of Greece, the deified men and women of that country, suggest the actual glorification that awaits virtue. History is letter and spirit. There is great use for facts and dates ; but who knows Rome, Greece, and England, without penetrating into the genius, spirit, and character of each ?

It is high time that the old quarrel between materialism and spiritualism was ended. There is truth in each philosophy : there is a mat rialism and a spiritualism that harmonize as soul and body in one man, as God and nature in one universe. God is a spirit ; but he is present in all matter, and there is no antagonism between the two. The assertion that soul is but matter, or the result of its organization, has never taken a lasting hold on any great number, because it is opposed by what is deeper than argument in their own consciousness. No teacher standing on such a basis has left any very deep traces in the science of intellect, ethics, and religion. On the other hand, those spiritualists who would, in their ethereal revels, forget that men have bodies, are as unsatisfactory as the most plodding of the materialists. The saint erred who said, " How I despise the earth, when I think of heaven ! " For both earth and heaven are of One, and harmonize as parts of a complete benevolence.

The materialism of man and nature is both moral and intellectual. We have seen how it contributes to create language, to furnish mind with vehicles of thought, to symbolize the various moods, actions, and

wants. To us it seems that every fibre of matter is exerted in serving mind. The whole system is so woven that it silently labors to this end. Everywhere is the material world a spiritual ministry. So infinite, so complex, are the laws, forms, facts, and agencies in space, that they are representatively equal to all the soul contains, and therefore fitted to render it a great service. I would deny materialism only when assumed as the basis and master of psychology: as servant to the spiritual, there is a high place for it to occupy. As minds should govern bodies, as God governs matter, and as the sky of stars and ether over-arch the earth, so should a spiritual philosophy hold dominion over the necessary materialism of human nature, and of the life we live. If we deny that the mind is the first fact, we slay ourselves; for it is mind that makes the denial, and that rules the materialism of being. Mind rules the universe, and it governs man.

It brings more wealth to us to find nature alive with thought, and full of teaching. It is good to rise heavenward, when God gives us wings. Great mystery doubtless presses on the final end. But to me this great world of facts seems as an infinite number of guide-boards, telling the meditative pilgrim that the cities of his seeking are still miles ahead. Do these myriad fingers beckon us on to nothing? Nay; not one deceives.

THE INFINITE HARMONY.

"God is one." — ST. PAUL.

"Nature is an infinitely divided God." — SCHILLER.

IN the idea of Divine Harmony, I would include all things; for all things in some way unfold it. There are moments in which all time, life, and nature seem as one anthem, whose unwritten music the heart would sing. We rise at times into the universal concord, and feel the unity of all our powers, of God, and of all his ways. A sense of this harmony pervades every deep and serene joy. All revelations of happiness within us, all the divine aspiration and prospect of man, are its utterance. Every painful sensation, growing out of the relative unfitness of things, attests its inward supremacy; but for which no discords could ever offend us. Even in sorrow's plaintive voice, this sense is beautifully eloquent. I look upon this sense, so divine in its origin and so universal in its influence, as one of nature's grandest prophecies of future good, as one of its clearest indications that life is tending to an ultimatum, to which the present harmony of soul and nature is but the becoming prelude. I would therefore seek to

develop this idea, and place it before you through its various manifestations.

There must be a science to this theme: there are unchanging, eternal principles on which it rests. To these let us give some thought, since they aid us as premises for future conclusions.

The first idea in this science is necessarily the innate harmony of mind, but for which nothing within the range of the harmonious could ever be known. Education is but development, and development implies the previous being of that which is developed. Both body and mind have their particular order of powers, each undeveloped at first; and, as the refined organism is an harmonious arrangement of the physical powers, so is the constitution of mind a harmony of undeveloped faculties. Why does the song delight the untaught spirit of the child? Because the harmony of sounds sinks down into its harmony of powers. The soul is a harmony of powers, though, in consequence of its imperfect and partial development, that harmony is not manifested in perfect beauty; though it is proper to admit, that by nature we widely differ in our capacity to perceive and feel the accordant as revealed in all things around us. There are some noble natures who seem, more than others, to be born of that Spirit which works all things into accordant relations, which so created worlds as to make the universe a hymn and a praise. The harmony of the Divine Mind is native and eternal. Man and the universe are its manifestations. The harmony of the soul human is native, but eternal only in reference to the

future. The position assumed in relation to the soul is invulnerable, so long as education is not creation, which it never can become.

The science of the universal harmony I have found in the soul. Here are all its elements. Nothing new can be added from abroad. But, to bring out this, we must look to the developing means, among which, we may say, this whole visible world, from first to last, subserves this end. What do all perceive when the senses open to this outward world? Universally they are impressed by an all-surrounding harmony. All nature is harmony, being pervaded by the One Perfect Mind, in which discords are impossible. What are cause and effect, which bind together all things into system, but harmony? Are they not uniform, various, and constant? In nature there is an omnipresence of order and of law. But what is order, and what is law, but the expression of the universal harmony of things? What else is beauty, as it comes in the dawn of day, in the glow of sunset, in the human form, in the flower-bearing earth, and the star-glowing skies? All things are its ministers; all the laws and agencies of nature, working in concord, enliven the native sense within us. The myriad-voices of variously-gifted birds and insects, in whose anthem there are no discords, and, above all, the music-eloquence of human voices, bring out, expand, refine, and invigorate the natural consciousness of harmony. Truth and love are accordant sentiments. These are wrought into all things: they live, they shine, in the particle as in the world. Two ideas, therefore, give us the philosophy of the

harmonious in man: first, the natural harmony of the soul; and, second, the harmony of the outward universe, which sheds its perpetual influence on mind. In other words, the harmony of the Divine Mind is embodied in nature, and gives its influence; and the soul, being formed after the divine likeness, has in its powers a measure of that harmony whence nature sprung, and is thereby adapted to receive its aid.

By harmony, of course, I mean not the limited ability to give out the music of sounds; I use it in the widest possible sense, taking, if you please, the richest strains of vocal music which wake the heaven of concord in the human breast, as the symbol of the soul's unfolding ability to hear and enjoy the infinite song of God, Nature, Providence, and Humanity, as the ceaseless ages turn off its sacred music for us. My idea is the universal concord which all things, in different ways, are yielding.

I would now more definitely and particularly revert to nature, whose laws never clash, but operate in unbroken union for ever. Spoken of as a whole, it is a harmony of particles, which are appropriately kept in friendly union by the universal power of attraction. But this power is not alone. If it were, it would draw all substances into one common mass, and thus destroy the identity of all things. Against this result there is grand provision in that law by which attraction itself between different bodies becomes repulsion. Thus the sun draws the earth some three millions of miles nearer to himself at one time than it is at other times; yet there is a

point when the same power which has attracted, also repels, thus preserving the harmony of worlds. The timid have feared the return of comets, lest some clashing against our earth spoil us of its fair face and treasures. All such fears are founded in an ignorance of this one conservative power in nature, — that discreet repulsion, at certain points of union, which shall for ever preserve the safety of all planets, however often they approximate through the social energy of attractive force. The planets and the comets are like the true nobles of the earth in this, that, while the social power draws near, it repels when nearness is too near: thus a becoming dignity is preserved. One force would carry the world straightforward in the heavens, whilst another arrests that onwardness; so that, by the antagonism of the two, the orbit is produced. Thus the principles of harmony are everywhere sown. The rose, the thistle, and the thorn will be themselves. Each takes from nature what it wants, and returns it again in due time. True, the sea roars, the whirlwinds play in terrible sport, the lightnings flash in angry violence, blowing great trumpets in the skies: these are but certain thrilling notes, perhaps a lively chorus in the vast concord. Nature is a harp, not of a thousand, but of ten times ten thousand strings, not one of which can be struck, without yielding harmony. The discords are in our ears, not in nature. The great soul feels the harmony of all things, — of mountains, deserts, cataracts, whirlwinds, and maelstroms, as well as of the plain, the meadow, the violet, and calm-flowing fountain.

But let us come to our individual lives; let us penetrate our own experience. We often speak of the folly of past days, and we speak well: we wisely mourn the misspent hours, and weep over the sins which have betrayed us. This is right: the sane should weep over all follies and sins. Yet I call it harmony when I see the past yielding its legitimate fruit; it is harmony that an acorn should grow an oak, that a crab-apple seed should produce a crab-apple tree. It would be fundamental discord to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. In the past, the seeds of sentiment and conduct were sown; and each of us, this hour, is the harvest, the true, legitimate harvest, of that past. Every thought and action has had its tendency; and all these particulars unite to form our present selves, as harmonically as the infinitude of particles unite to form a world. There is nothing so random as not to come in. Can we not see in the influences of infancy, childhood, youth, and the mature man, the same accordant relation as we find in spring, summer, autumn, and winter? That which unites the several stages of life is as inviolably law as that which connects the ever-revolving seasons. Retribution is perfect, speaking truth and right through all the windings of human destiny, proving again and again that wrongs and follies are duly avenged. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This, through all worlds, is the true retributive law; and this is harmony, even when its agencies are most terrific.

Passing from our personal experience, which holds

all the elements in a limited sphere which enter into the world's history, let us glance at the harmony of the ages. The world has long existed, and each epoch has had its proper place. No age of the world has, in its influence and meaning, been isolated from the rest, any more than spring is isolated from summer, or the island from the system of nature to which it belongs. The ages are a brotherhood of influence, as the worlds are a brotherhood of nature. Contemplating history as the development of man, this induction is inevitable, since man is progressive, and in some way always subject to law, from which he cannot abrogate himself if he would. Viewing the past as a manifestation of the Divine wisdom and goodness, so far as it reveals the active presence of God, the same conclusion follows; since God always works to order, since there is connection in all his ways, and since he aims to carry forward his work towards perfection. What is more apparent than that the three great epochs of human civilization are harmoniously united; that is to say, that the East, which nursed the arts, is united to Greece and Rome as closely as childhood to youth, and these as intimately united to the modern civilization as youth to manhood? What are our best religious ideas? What our happiest architecture and our best jurisprudence? Could we have grasped the perfection we now command in these departments, if Rome, Greece, and India had not gone before us? Could they have gained what they did, without the stepping-stone of previous times on which to stand. It is evident that they could not.

It is true, my friends, we discover great errors, and, what is worse, great wrongs, in the past. War, slavery, superstition, lust, and blood stain its page; yet I hold it harmony, when I see its rightful retributions wrought out; the corrupt monarch fallen; the iniquitous nation scourged; that which was the truer for the day gaining its conquest; cause and effect playing their part in the drama of ages, as fairly and as truly as in the formation of soils or the vegetations of nature. The destinies of nations have been wrought by a logical hand; for, though men freely throw in their conduct as premises, that which is higher than their designings draws out the conclusions, and never falsely. Even the waves of the sea pass on in order; nor are the waves of time, however dark and mountainous, without it. They lash the shores and dash upon the rock with the same wild beauty, and send forth their voices into present time, waking still the harmony of souls. Despise not the past, for it is omnipresent; it is all around us in its fruits and influences; only be not bound by it; shake off its errors; and, by the illumination of its truths, go on to future good; for the true aim of the past is not to check but to impel our progress. Providence is One, as God is One. It is carried on through unvarying laws; and, to him who could pierce its cloudy veils, its harmonies would appear as real as those of the voiceless orbs that journey round the untiring sun.

God is Infinite Harmony. It follows, therefore, that all his creations and productions are accordant. The voices of Nature, Providence, and Christianity

must accord, or their source is not the same. No one truth can contradict another. No man befriends Christianity by introducing discords between nature and Christ. Power of faith, like power everywhere, is promoted by union of parts. We want the united strength of all truth, and then we stand upon the Rock of ages. We should seek to harmonize our views. This is a demand of reason, a want of the soul.

Jesus stood in the centre of this harmony. He felt the unity of God and of all his works. He was the grand harmonizer of men. He laid all things under tribute to his thought. His words were full of the spirit that breathes the fraternity of the race. Nature reveals its Author, without constructing a theory of his attributes. Jesus reveals him in the same free and majestic manner. He urges upon you no speculative creed. You walk among his thoughts as among mountains and fields, never conscious of intellectual bondage. He spake from inward freedom and truth; and hence his words shall live the immortality which belongs to the beauty and inspirations of divinest Truth and Love. Jesus revealed the universal love of God, — his goodness to all men. How happily does nature sanction this truth by the adaptation of her skies, earth, light, and various gifts to the wants of all the race! Nothing but a universal love could have anticipated universal wants. Jesus gave new revelation to the worth and dignity of man; he impressed the world anew with the grandeur of his spiritual being, its vast hopes and prospects. How divine the sanctions of nature

to these teachings! For she owns man, that is, the development of all his powers, as her chief end, to which all her law, order, and truth do constantly minister. Nature teaches man that her wealth ends not with his vision; that it is measureless as the infinite space; and the spontaneous rising of the hope immortal in the human breast, in all tribes and under all skies, is one for ever with the voice of Jesus. Perhaps the great characteristic of this Teacher is naturalness. He wanted nothing but the reality. He despised the web-work of profession so nicely wrought by the Pharisee; he could not endure the untrue appearances of men around him. The sinner, however dark his crimes, found in him the near friend, so long as he stood out in his real character, so long as he did not cover over his sinfulness with hypocrisy. I repeat it, reality was what he asked, and what he gave. I need not here pause to exhibit the likeness between Jesus and nature; for what else but reality does nature give you? Does not every flower breathe its own real fragrance? does not every tree bear its own leaves and blossoms? does not every bird sing the song that is true to itself? does not every star, Venus and Pleiades, shine in its own true sphere? All here is reality. Simplicity and majesty unite in the rising sun, and in the glow of the evening skies. Do they not also unite in the mind and character of Jesus? The soul of man is itself the highest nature. In it is the summary of all spiritual laws. It is from God more nearly than the sun and moon are from God, since the soul is an offspring, and therefore of kin-

dred powers with the Paternal Fountain. Its facts and laws, therefore, are the highest facts and laws of nature, with which all the voices of God do and must accord. The more sinless the soul is, the more clear and perfect is its consciousness of God, of justice, and of immortal life : but, as it is, the darkness of sin cannot efface it wholly ; sophistry and the passions cannot utterly suppress it ; and the voice of God, at times, is made to resound in all souls. The sympathy of Jesus embraces all, as God in nature surrounds all in love. I therefore ask you to behold and enjoy the entire range of harmony which unites the highest divine revelations with the natural world, the inward constitution of man, and the general course of the Divine Providence ; for they are of One, and are One. Man is the end of Nature, Providence, and Christianity ; and is it not harmony, when a grand variety of means truly operate and conspire to one sublime and perfect end ?

Thus far I have dwelt on the necessary harmony of life and things, on that which does and will exist independent of human designings. But I invite attention to the grand harmony to which we may all aspire, and which, in real practical importance, casts all things else into the shade. I mean the voluntary harmony of character ; for it is plain that we have the power of self-formation, if we will but use it. To stand in true harmony with God, to be one with all Right and Truth, is the great attainment, — it is the end of life. I have alluded to an harmonious universe, which surrounds us all. In this there is a perfect balance. And why may we not aspire to an

harmonious character, to a true proportion and just balance of all the attributes which ennoble humanity? Surely the germ of all these attributes is sown upon its soil. Indeed, to be in physical character in harmony with the great whole is no small aim; for this requires the equal manifestation of the powers of the physical man, the knowledge of the laws of health, the right amount of exercise and rest, the wholesome air for respiration, the need of light and proper warmth, and in food and drink that which accords with the constitution of man; — I say this is much; for health is the true perfection of the physical man, the true harmony of its powers. He who develops only a part of his organization, he who brings on disease by sinning against these laws, is not in harmony with God, so far as these laws are concerned: he arrays himself against him, whether he knows it or not.

But the idea I would hold forth is the harmony of the soul, the complete development of all its powers. There is no higher idea of human perfection than this, no higher view of spiritual beauty. Jesus owes his supreme loveliness to this fact. The true proportion of parts is as much a law of spiritual as of natural beauty. The intellectual powers should harmonize. The whole vigor should not grow up into imagination, as when nothing is read but poetry and novels, — as when nothing is cared for but the ideal. Nor should the rational power take up the whole intellectual nutrition: the exploring of causes, the discovery of great truths in simple facts, is the grand power by which knowledge and

philosophy increase. But in the intellectual harmony there is imagination and reason united ; there is perception and reflection combined, as on the earth there is the fruitful field and the landscape of beauties ; as the trees are not all roots and trunks, but waving branches, delicate leaves, and beautiful blossoms also. The means of this harmony surround all, — and would though all books were burned ; for everywhere nature addresses the imagination in a thousand forms of beauty ; likewise all facts and phenomena challenge us to learn the cause. But man is more than intellect. He has moral feelings and sentiments. And in the truly proportioned character these predominate. Moral right is the mild sovereign of the soul, to which all passions bow. Love, in such a one, is expanded, though its purest energy concentrates in most power on a few, — on children and friends ; yet, through this love, which brings to the heart its true objects, all things appear more true, more divine, than before. Thus through the near we reach the distant. He who loves one person as he should, is able to love mankind ; for the race is but the varied forms of the same humanity we revere in the individual. There is a balance of virtues in the harmonious character, as there is a balance of forces in the sun and his family of revolving worlds.

The character I have before me is not all mildness, nor all will and boldness ; he has will when will is needed, and submission when that is required ; he has energy for what ought to be done, discrimination to his sympathy, reason to his philanthropy, justice

to all men ; the deep reverence and supreme love of God, in union with the just reverence and love of man. He makes it the aim of life to illuminate his own mind, and to purify his heart, which he would make the garden, not of one, but of all the virtues.

Opposed to this is the one ideaism which sects and individuals so strongly represent. The man of one idea has not intellectual harmony, any more, indeed, than the man of one virtue has moral concord. He in whom the whole strength of mind shoots up into one idea or into one virtue, be that abolitionism, peaceism, or temperanceism, he is distorted ; he is all arm, all leg, or all mouth ; he is not the man of harmony, in whom the true balance of all the virtues meet and blend as harmoniously as the colors of the rainbow.

He who lays this harmony in himself can enjoy all other harmonies : life, death, the past, the present, God, and nature, all yield him melody. More than this, he finds harmony with others ; since he loves all, and is just to all. Selfishness, the great father of discords, is not his father. Say not that this is unattainable ; for where is there a virtue on earth which each may not cultivate in some degree ? This is no transcendental dream. Confucius, five centuries before our era, gave it under his view of the Constant Medium, to which, he said, the wise and the good might attain.

Society is doubtless in a conflicting state, although the harmony of justice is wrought out in all its great and mighty changes. That it will never more perfectly unite, we cannot think ; for the nature is social,

and the aims of mankind are mostly for good. Diversity of talent and of fortune, like the mountains and plains of the earth, do not break the general good; but the formative power of circumstance is not so applied as to make each as intelligent, virtuous, and happy as he might become. Society simply displays the aggregate condition of mind to which man has come; and certainly the phenomena of the general mind cannot go beyond the mind it displays. But that the great idea of human brotherhood, written by sunbeams in nature, and uttered by heaven's eloquence in Christ, will be more and more actualized by man, I cannot doubt: the doubt is infidelity to God and man. One great harmony of the universe is the unity of the human race; a fact this which does not need either the affirmation or the denial, that the race sprung from two original parents: it is enough that the Paternal Cause is One, let that cause operate as variously as it will. God is the Paternal Fountain of all, else all could not worship, else all could not exhibit love and reverence for him. Universal history unfolds to us but one humanity, whose variety is no greater than the perfection of the unity requires. In the future, therefore, an Eden smiles; the ages predict it; the mighty heart of the race beats in unison to this thought. Hence, all nations look onward for deliverers and deliverances. Once bring the general mind up to that of Jesus, once make its character radiant with his truth and his beautiful love, and then the harmonies will flow down into government, into social relations, into all human effort.

But I would follow the principle which operates to the production of concord and unity into its widest range ; I would examine its influence on the future and the immortal life ; for its range widens into infinity. As no new element can ever be added to humanity, the endless future can only develop and display the faculties now possessed, all of which are formed for perpetual progress. It follows that the future life grows out of ourselves, and that there is nothing in all its glory which has not its first principles in what we now are. And, *through* certain facts and principles operating through this life, we may see much of that life ; for there is no immortality long enough for man to outgrow either his nature or its laws.

In our present being we discover that God promotes the harmony of mankind through two general modes, — a sameness of nature and experience. The animal comes not into human fellowship, because he lacks the human powers necessary to know a human being in his rational sphere. But from the sameness of nature common to the race, two may meet from the most distant parts of the world, and in time may know each other's sentiments. This is not all. There must be an essential likeness of experience, or the sentiment of fraternity could not spring up. Were it possible for two human beings to meet, in whose experience there is nothing common, it is plain that between them there could be no exchange of thought or feeling. If one should say " order " or " light " in his discourse, the other, not having these in his experience, could not respond, could not know

his meaning. Man understands man, because the same facts fundamentally are in the experience of each and all. Look, for instance, to the material world. Do not all experience the same laws of nature in all parts of the earth? Is not attraction the same in India as in Boston? Light, air, water, earth, and heat are the same. The seven primary colors and sounds are the same to all eyes and ears. All know day and night, size, distance, motion; all know the one sun and moon, and, above all, see the flowery fields of stars. Up and down, far and near, straight and crooked, life and death, are similar facts to all mankind; whence it is that a kindred experience makes possible the mutual acquaintance, and this, the kindred feeling and harmony of souls. But whence comes this common experience in the outward world? and what means it? Evidently it comes from that constitution of material nature which, while it unfolds variety, brings all the race under a unity of material laws. And the evident meaning is to lay the foundation for harmony in the lives of all, and to carry all forward in the perfection of their powers.

But glance a moment into the moral nature and laws of the universe. Are there not common facts which unite all? Thought, as a power, is the same in Borneo as in Oxford, though differing in form, direction, and degree. Love, too, as a power, is one, though in condition it varies in the degrees of elevation. To all there is a past, a present, and a future; a memory, action, and hope. Virtue and vice, sorrow and joy, are known to all. Worship,

the hope of life after death, and the belief in retribution, are common facts. Indeed, the laws of our spiritual nature are the same ; and hence it is that the race have something common in their experience, something to unite them in feeling and interest. Men have many dialects ; but one language flows from all. All are brothers by trial, by combat with difficulty, as well as through kindred powers.

These two principles of harmony, the common nature and the kindred facts of experience, are now sufficiently clear. They need but to be glanced at to convince us of their power. I now affirm that these fundamentals of human concord flow through all worlds ; that nothing less than the universe completes their range. Of this truth we are convinced by many considerations. The harmony of the universe, as a *whole*, necessitates the conclusion, that our planet, our nature, and our necessary experience of established laws, be not *isolated* from the rest ; still more, that these form no contradiction, no clash with the nature, law, and order of other worlds ; for concord of the whole always depends on the harmony of the *parts*. Isolation and contradiction are impossible to the harmonic whole, are ideas for ever alien to nature's perfect arrangements.

That there are numberless worlds, our eyes see ; that our vision takes in but a mite, is certain ; and that those untold millions of worlds are inhabited by intelligent beings, is the only thought worthy of faith in an Infinite Creator. We cannot know that intelligent beings are in those worlds : but this we know, that nothing but intelligence could manage

and take care of those massive and beautiful orbs ; that nothing but intelligence could turn them to any account ; and, wherever intelligence acts, there must be an intelligent actor. Surely the boundless fields of immensity are not a cold, neglected waste. If the chief end of material nature is to develop spiritual life, as we discover to be the case in our own world, we must infer the general existence of moral intelligences throughout the entire empire of space. That God should love his own image more than he loves huge masses of matter, is evident from the excellence of his nature ; that he should seek to multiply what he most loves throughout the universe, is the safest induction.

Having lifted our minds to the immensity of the universe, we will now return to the two ideas of harmony already laid down, — the sameness of nature and of experience. And first, the sameness of nature. The chief beings of every world must be of our own nature, although the condition of that nature may be higher or lower. I say they must be in nature the same, from the fact that every mind in the universe capable of reason and of moral law is of the same family. Truth cannot be explored, or moral law obeyed, on Saturn, any more than here, without the rational and the moral nature. The chief beings of every planet must have material bodies, in order to be adapted to their world ; and, unless they have minds of a kindred order with the powers of the Creator, they could never interpret his works, nor render him homage. The outward universe, being the embodiment of Divine thought and

love, is a true display of the Eternal Powers ; and whoever looks at nature so as to know its thought and love, proves thereby that his mind is of the same order as the Divine. God is the infinite condition of our own powers. Otherwise we could no more interpret the Divine Mind than the wild animal could discern the attributes of the human. The material and the moral laws of the universe are unchangeably the same. The chief beings, therefore, of all worlds must have the same nature, in order to be the subjects of the same moral and material laws.

That there is to a great extent — how far I will not undertake to say — a likeness of experience between the chief beings of all worlds, is evident from the sameness of the moral and the material laws. *Attraction* is experienced in all other worlds, as it is here ; for *it is in all what it is here*. This power is universal ; and here is one fact in the material world which must exist equally in the experience of all the moral intelligences occupying the boundless realms of nature, spread out for their use, cultivation, and care. Light and heat must be substantially the same. The universal light must carry to all worlds the seven primary colors ; for they all exist in it. Matter and mind, of which the universe is composed, must everywhere exhibit similar properties ; and the chief beings of all worlds, being themselves matter and mind, must, in their experience, develop the wants and properties of these, which are fundamentally the same, throughout immensity. The bodies which human minds

have assumed correspond to the minds they embody. The one is the image of the other. From the adaptation of thing to thing everywhere manifest in the Creator's work, we may safely infer that the mind, in all other worlds, assumes a form to and expressive of itself; and, from the sameness of powers in all rational and moral natures, we may infer the resemblance of visible embodiments; that is to say, that the forms of the chief beings in all the other worlds bear some similitude to our own. Indeed, the man of that most beautiful planet Saturn, embellished by the environs of two majestic rings, and illumined by the lamps of seven moons, must be like us, erect in stature, or he could not see the sublimity of the skies above him; he could not well study astronomy; for the prone animals are not constituted to look upwards, but downwards and horizontal. So, indeed, of all worlds.

The fact, that the universe has but one only living and true God, throws into the moral experience of the chief beings of all worlds one common element. The God of your being is the God of all beings. His attributes are the same in all places. Hence all true revelations throughout the universe must reveal the same order of wisdom, power, and love. Hence all beings must experience the same qualities of the Divine Nature. I ask, is not this the greatest point? Does it not lay the foundation of the universal concord? For, in the great hereafter, it will be impossible to meet a mind, I care not where trained, though infinitely distant from the sphere of our own former planet, who will not be

one with us in this, that we each have the same God, — that Heaven has revealed to us both the same Supreme. The unity of God implies that his various manifesting mediums have unity also, so that, through the infinite space, the roads which lead to the Supreme are similar. In other words, God must be known by what he does, by his own works and language. Now, the unity of the actor and of the speaker is necessarily impressed on the action and the speech. There is this unity to all the acts and words that ever came from any one, that sum them all up, not even omitting the contradictions, and that sum is the full revelation of him. All the parts unite to tell us who and what he is. But the field of man's doing is limited. The field of the Divine action is unlimited: it is equal to himself. And there is unity flowing throughout the entire doings of God, so that the whole circle of his works and utterance tells who and what he is. As his manifestations include all things, and as there is unity flowing through all these, is it not safe to say that there are likeness and unity in the experience of all the beings of the different worlds, capable of coming to the Divine Mind through its manifestations? For their experience must accord with the universe in which they are placed, and the means through which the Deity is revealed.

I would here pause for a moment to apply the truth already gained. We have gone over the evidence which yields us the two convictions, that the powers and the experience of all moral intelligences are kindred, are similar. Reciprocal influences and

sympathies cannot exist without these. They are the necessary, though not the entire, fountains of the universal concord of minds. Behold the beautiful lesson! The school of the universe is so arranged, the universal order is so fixed, that, from all ends of the vast creation, rational and moral beings may hereafter meet with the power of mutual love and sympathy. All things point to the spiritual, and the general harmony of minds. Glorious universe! Prophetic Nature!

One more element in the grand concord of souls let me here point out. I mean the elective affinity, by which all minds and hearts recognize those of their own order. The astonishing facility and accuracy which mark the operation of this principle in human society, among every order of talent, taste, genius, disposition, and character, are truly remarkable. By this elective affinity we are drawn to some, and repelled from others. By it we would choose our society and friends. But there are obstacles to its perfect operation here. The transient affinities of local and selfish interests do it violence. But it is a perfect law. In the free future, these obstructions will be removed; and, under its perfect and universal action, society will form itself. Every degree of moral and intellectual excellence, every shade of ignorance and vice, will so control its action, that society will fall into the most harmonious relations possible. The law which forms the crystal is not more infallible than this elective affinity, which, cleared of obstructions, shall form society into concordant relations and parts.

Thus dawns upon us the Infinite Harmony. It flows through the ages, and ranges through all time and space. It pervades the infinite divisions of nature, and ascends as a silent hymn from all the changes and facts of life. Justice works in order. It has an infinite range. Wisdom works out nothing but harmony. It holds empire over a boundless sweep of Providence. God is One. Hence the universe is the infinitely divided harmony. God is Love. This is the great fact; for love is the harmonizer of discords, the great fountain of union and peace. The infinite harmony of God, nature, and time, is laid in the human consciousness; otherwise the soul could not know it when revealed, otherwise the soul is not descended from God. Rejoice that such a nature is yours. Rejoice that such a universe surrounds you. Rejoice in Him whose unseen hand so moves upon the harp of time as to bring music from all its trembling strings. Trust deeply in him. He is the harmonic worker. Gain the spirit of all things, the spirit of God. Be within yourselves the harmonious fountain. Make the universe your song, and the endless time your solemn anthem. Be one, and your concords are eternal.

S O R R O W.

WONDERFUL is the problem of man's life. Who shall declare its meaning? Who shall lift the veil of darkness from its truths? It is not difficult, I admit, to see that the general aim of being is goodness; indeed, it appears most difficult not to see it; but so to interpret the conflicting phenomena of human happiness and misery as to harmonize them with Divine benevolence is a task confessedly great. The human race, in their own imperfect ways, are seekers of happiness; and from every summit of observation, from the deep of the human heart, under every shade of sorrow and dissatisfaction, the solemn questions have been given, Why is life so incomplete? Why are dissatisfaction, sorrow, and suffering so great a part of human destiny? How do the numerous opposites blend into unity? I claim not the ability to rend the dark veil of this mysterious temple. Perhaps it hangs there to temper the otherwise too effulgent light, which, by its brightness, had injured our vision. But, to shed some light on the sources and aims of human misery, I select this topic, which, though not particularly demanded by especial occasion, forms so great a part of human experience, that no time is inappro-

priate when the spirit of reflection is able and willing to meet its demands.

The soul has poured the eloquence of its sorrows into all history. The poetry of every nation sings the fact. The mighty past, viewed simply from external appearance, is one great drama of life and death, grandeur and ruins. Laughter and tears have alternated as sunshine and showers in the great experience of ages. Now that we are in the promises of the nineteenth century, we find humanity the same; its skies, with each and all of us, changing in daily experience; now lovely in its light, and anon sombre in the menace of its cloud. Yet, under these mutations, the earth of being revolves, and the great discipline of spirits goes on unceasingly. The soul, I take it, seldom feels its completeness, rarely knows the *entire* absence of dissatisfaction; while, through its constitutional elements of happiness, the sadness of sorrow and the bitterness of misery do often come. I would draw no unreal picture. I would allow the very eye and countenance of society to utter in silence the various chastenings, perversions, and injuries of the spirit, whose signs they are.

Nor is the fact of sorrow, here named, in human life without sympathy and likeness in the natural world, whose intermingling lights and shades, whose fading flowers and sighing winds, whose autumn silence and darkened skies, answer back the feelings of the mind. There are times when nature seems full of conscious feeling, when her spirit seems to say that causes of mournful aspect live behind her many veils and curtains. The soul reads the lan-

guage it feels. If some circumstance, as the death of the dearest friend, strikes the plaintive chord within you, the universe at once resounds the serious melodies of the heart. All things become your friend, and the brooks and forests turn mourners also. The soul has no words which nature does not speak. It is well that God, in his works, has this various language; for all may be solaced in this various communion, into which no hypocrisy ever enters.

In looking into the face of this problem, we should avoid the pusillanimous folly of bringing into the causation an evil being, to whose agency the phenomena of woe must be ascribed. This is to divide the universe between God and Belial, to deny all unity of plan and purpose in the government of the world, to supplant faith in God as being All in All, and is high treason against the whole system of cause and consequence. The wildest surmises have grown out of this apparent conflict of good and ill; some even denying to God the authorship of the world, and others giving him an unconquerable antagonist in the administration of its affairs. But faith, in union with reason, is conscious of boundless harmony in the circle of nature and providence, and joyfully affirms the unity of God, and the oneness of his government.

In seeking the fountains of human sorrow, one is conscious of looking into an abyss of truth, or of glancing into such vast complications as to be in a measure confused. Still we are positive that all the phenomena of misery resolve themselves into cause

and effect as truly as do the endless facts of outward nature ; and of this truth we will not lose sight, though the greatest mysteries crowd upon us. That the whole problem of suffering is solved by the one idea, — the violation of natural law, — we cannot believe, since the necessary law of things constantly inflicts it. Each step of yours on the verdant earth crushes living millions. Air, sea, and forest animals inflict and endure suffering, not against the natural law, but by and through it. Pain, in certain forms, is the universal fact in the whole animated system. Thus do we see that suffering prevails where instinct unerringly guides its millions to fulfil the laws of their being.

Man differs from all these. He has reason, language, hope, religion, sorrow, and happiness in their deep fountains and high forms. And whatever the sources of human misery are, it is certain that they are bounded by the nature of man, by its inward action and external circumstance, in every age of his being.

Naturally, therefore, we begin by seeking the sources of human evil in man himself. And the first discovery is, that each element of humanity is susceptible of happiness, and, what follows from this, that he has an equal capacity of misery. Through each of the high gifts, misery may flow. Reason has its own labors and sorrows. Fancy makes illusion, and suffers in conflict with the real. Hope knows its own wrecks, conscience its own suffering, the will its own struggles, and love its own sorrows. The greatness of these elements appears in all human grief ;

and nothing more eloquently publishes the grandeur of man than the character and extent of his sorrows. The sorrow of doubt attests the superiority of the intellect, but for which the struggle of faith were impossible. Only a great nature can know remorse. It is possible only on the ground that the power of moral right in human nature is mighty and faithful. The ruins of human hope, the tears of misplaced and wounded affection, all unite to bear witness that our spiritual being has the divine order of powers; a testimony this baptized in tears, and therefore more earnest and real, nay, more beautiful also, than the truest speculations of the divine concerning the dignity of man. But, while the richness of the human elements proves that, but for the superiority of the human nature, the great sorrows could not be, I do not infer thence, that human misery comes from either of these, or all combined, except there is some fundamental conflict in their nature, an innate war of elements, so to speak, in the human consciousness, which I do not find. We know that a conflict of power with power is displayed in the lives of all; but it is difficult to verify the position, that the primitive constitution is the parent of this conflict. Still it seems quite natural for passion to oppose reason, for fancy to resist judgment, for appetite, though perhaps only through abuse, to cry against the reason and the right. Whether the conflict of these grand elements be primitive or not, it proves the transcendent greatness of the nature, and that the source of human sorrow wells up through an immortal soil.

But I would say that the perversion of the elements of humanity is the most mournful and constant fountain of human misery. Violence has been done, and pain is borne. Ignorance and vice pervert us in a thousand ways; and so deeply does sin strike into the inner life, that its infirmities at least are reproduced in after generations; so that all transgression of divine law, whether in the perishable or the imperishable man, is marked with the wise, calm, and long displeasure of the True and the Right. Sin is a word of fearful meaning, and all climes are shaded by its gloom. It is the poison of the spirit-life, the eclipse of the soul, the fountain and river of tears over all the earth. Why is not the eye more celestial in its expression? Why does not the countenance radiate more truth, purity, and love? or why do the features publish the reign of doubt, of selfish aims, of lust, and sin? Oh! it is because our nature is so true, it will in some manner draw the likeness of the great inward fact, which, be it pure or evil, is more than all other facts, it being that to which all else conspires. I speak here of the voluntary evil which we experience, knowing the right, and doing the wrong. Excess in any of the powers is sin; and some kind of suffering, according to the nature of the excess, in solemn and severe kindness, warns us of the fact. And, among the voluntary wrongs which moisten "countless thousands' " eyes, is that of unkindness. The cold look, the harsh or icy word, the oppressive act, grieve the tender sensibilities, waken the power of despair, and plant the thorns of discouragement and sorrow,

in a thousand hearts. Most believingly do we affirm it, that all that is necessary to take from the world half of its misery is the loving spirit of Jesus. In this spirit, what delight would we have in bearing each other's sorrows, in cheering each other's sadness! Graceful and kind would be our words; for true love speaks no other. The smiles of the human face were then real sunlight, never failing to create joy. The influence of such love in acts, whether of alms to the poor, or electric words of life to the desponding, is the Spirit of God breathing upon our hearts.

I claim that all evil within the circle of the will may be avoided; every passion may be tempered and held by reason; ambition, often the fire of hell on earth, may be cooled and purified by the moral sentiment; and that selfishness, which wakes up in its path a thousand foes, may be burned to ashes by the true Christian faith and love. How much of ignorance might we remove! and how many abuses of the body might we correct!

But, beyond the pale of volition, springs of suffering arise. The rude play of elements often sport with human life; the savage sea destroys; the sirocco kills; the wild beast feasts upon prey; famine lifts his pale face, and walks in death's drear way over territories where plenty was wont to reign; the earthquake, with but a few trembling warnings, swallows multitudes; while, from the chemical changes of the elements around us, disease and death spring up. We inherit the infirmities of ancestors: willing evil in them, in time became necessary injury to descend-

ants. Ignorance, to some extent, is a necessary evil; since capacity is limited, and we all begin this life knowing nothing. Yet it is the queen and mother of superstitious horrors: the people wail and cry because the sun is eclipsed. It is an ocean of tears. Social evils are necessary, until there is wisdom and will enough to remove them. Death, too, God's good angel, in the true constitution and meaning of things, will come and take away the dearest, leaving no assurances but its own mystic shadow behind. The bereaved mother exclaims, "What, O Heaven! tell me what has become of my child!" But Heaven answers only by its silence. Here is necessary evil, so much of it that it scorns our logic, should we account for it by violation of law. It is a part of the system of things. And in real life there will always be something to dissatisfy us, to excite sorrow. The tale which has never grown old, of reason broken, of honors withered, of life's fair blossoms cropped, of friends severed, of virtue lost, will continue to be the news, a part of the darkly-winged messages of intelligence, to future generations of men. And, if we might be allowed to walk freely on sacred ground, we would point to the sorrows which have come from the abuses of the one good and sacred element of humanity, the instinct of religion. But let us not linger here. The elements of the tree and the shrub are not perverted; they unite in one thing, the very thing intended; but it is the glory of our humanity that it has the wonderful, and, I may add, the fearful gift of moral freedom, and may therefore be perverted, and is perverted.

But, to meet all these things, there is true heroism in man to suffer and to endure ; nay, more, there is genius in him to draw from his evils the greatest good. Since there is a plurality of purposes which each single thing subserves, since every fact fulfils an end, I would ask for the uses and influences of human sorrow and suffering ; for surely, in a universe of such economy and design as this, the vast phenomena of sorrow are neither wasted nor purposeless. I think it clear, that Perfect Benevolence has made sorrow possible ; not only possible, but, to a good extent, necessary and useful. I freely express the conviction, that there is no more suffering in the universe than there ought to be, considering the causes it springs from. The causes, until removed, ought to be followed as they are. The pain is no more than adequate to the burn. The remorse is no greater than its cause in the conscience. The outbursts of the volcano are not more than the subterranean fire. The tornado is none too sweeping for the impelling cause in the atmosphere. The social evils of families, communities, and governments, are not greater than the follies which preceded and caused them.

We too suddenly grow impatient of trial, and apply to life the motto too rashly, that happiness is the chief end of being, which, in its deepest sense, is true, since the perfection of all our various powers is happiness. But for immediate happiness, and complete, no one is made. It is better to say, that the true development of our nature is the end ; and, from the depth, richness, and variety of its powers,

infer the need of a various and complicated system of means to bring them out. Among these, trial, sorrow, suffering, are a necessary part. The willow hangs down its beautiful branches in nature, the very symbol of the meekness and beauty of grief. The voices of many birds, the speech of many lovely scenes on earth, seem tuned and pencilled to this idea. The soul has the rich sensibilities, which, from the variety of outward circumstance, render some alternations of joy and sorrow inevitable. Life is a discipline, and there is not a chord in our wonderful nature which some event does not strike at some time. The riches of this discipline are strewn over all the earth; we reap them intellectually and morally, even when least aware of doing so. When heaven pours out its tears in rain, the good is not visible till the shower is past, when every lawn, meadow, and forest tells it: millions of flowers silently thank the liquid visitants by their new-gained vigor and freshness.

Great trials and sufferings make history interesting. Even heroism arouses us, because it is the display of great mental force in its triumph over such difficulties as amaze the common mind. Could all sorrow and trial be at once blotted out from our own experience, would not our individual history be more charmless and dull in the retrospection? Even the places where the alternations of joy and grief have been greatest are a sort of hallowed ground; and all history were a dull and even plain but for its tragical events. I admire the tragedy of human life. In nature we would not melt down the wild mountains,

whose leaping torrents and solemn grandeur give us "beauty lying in the lap of terror," merely to form in its place a landscape of flowers. We would not tear from the skies the dark embroidery of storm, nor silence the loud trumpets by which nature portends her elemental strifes; nor in human life would we ask the constant sunshine and uninterrupted play of joyous feeling. Development asks the various alternations. The calm flow of the river is not its highest beauty. This appears when, gliding over steep descents, when, rushing over obstructions, its current is broken; when the cataract joins its diapason roar to the wildness of the scene. So one revolution in human life, which exhibits the soul in more intense thought and passion, calls out traits and utterances which are inspired, and are never forgotten.

Viewing the sorrows of life in the relation of cause and effect, it is plain that a good is done by its ministries, which, to those who improve them, could never have been done in any other form.

Glancing over the intellectual riches descending from this source, the wisdom which springs from the monitory events of life is worthy of thought. Each pain is a teacher. Every disease is a silent remonstrance either against ourselves, or our ancestors, or both. There, too, on the other side of the way, is a man so ignorant that he scarcely knows the pleasure of a thought: the passions of his nature have grown unchecked and unelevated by his moral sentiments. His intellectual eye has never opened to the light and beauty of the world. He lies, fights, and steals. He is the incarnation of personal and social misery. But

does not a mighty reproof come from him ? So far as he has reason, he is a reproof to himself. And so far as society is responsible in allowing human beings to grow up in ignorance from infancy, he is a shame and a reproach to the State. This condemned one is the condemnation of many. Ireland is miserable, and the ears of nations listen to her cries. But whoever looks at the misery of Ireland sees in it the indignant reproof of social and political errors. The natural law is that men own the soil they cultivate, that they be allowed both the discovery and the satisfaction of their political wants. The unchristian idea of supporting a priesthood and a church by law receives, in the sufferings of that people, so rich in every resource of nature and mind, the most earnest and plaintive remonstrance. Neither has society done its duty in the proper education of human beings. They have not weighed the fact that man is moulded by surrounding influences, and accordingly have not sought to surround every child with the formative power of the most ennobling circumstance. Let this law be understood, and the race at once begins to ascend.

Here and there a sensitive man complains that nobody loves him, that he meets nothing but the love of advantage. For one to be thus conscious is doubtless miserable ; for there is not a king on his throne who is indifferent to the common feeling : no, there is not a prince so grand as not to feel a gentle touch of dissatisfaction in the scornful glance of a beggar, if he knows that that scorn is earnest and sincere. But this complaint of being unloved is

the severe self-admonition ; for to love others is the surety of being loved. He whom nobody loves is for ever he who loves nobody. But to reprove error in its multifarious existence is but one of the ends to which human misery operates.

Those serious facts which surround every one through each stage of being, which we call evil, contribute to yield that general spiritual element, sobriety. Seriousness forms the far greater balance over the mirthful and the gay. The stars always seem as serious, while the young rills flow laughingly on. The ocean, in its mighty heavings, makes you serious ; so do mountains, and all the higher displays of natural beauty. It is serious thought that nature is always evolving. In human life also the same law prevails. Underneath our happiest mirth, there is a calm fountain of sober thought. There is an uncertainty about all we undertake. The excess of hope is followed up by disappointments, often as thunder follows lightning. Life is a serious fact, so is death. The various sorrows spread over all things a halo of calm and profound seriousness ; and we say that this is the element in which the riches of the intellect are chiefly produced. There is a spiritual solitude in all deep souls, where reflection turns into diamond and gold what the senses have received. I deny the reality of any riches of mind where the soul has not seriously thought, where it has not felt the vastness, the solemnity, and the beauty of truth ; for it is on the mountains of this sober silence that the highest thoughts are born. Deep fountains bear a shade. Love makes the youth more sober, whilst the surface

and counterfeit of the passion play off in glee or in blank pretension. Genius, the creative power, which does by strokes and glances more than the strongest talent can do, is proverbial for its sombre hues. Such were Burns and Shakspeare. Lay open the history of genius to the sun, and it exhibits a baptism of spiritual trial not common to the mass, in which the faculties are purified and energized. Sacred genius especially, which intuitively sees the religious verities, and sheds their light upon the world, knows the sorrowful ; and it has been the lot of all such to address our hearts in the subduing tones of virtue and truth, speaking from the records of sorrow and grief, as the life of Jesus and others abundantly teach.

The proud son of Mammon, who has felt himself better than others, and delighted in overbearing airs and acts, feels at last the subduing touch of affliction ; for he too has a heart, and there are objects of his love. Sorrow gives him new thoughts and feelings. His voice to others changes and softens, and his airs also change. The harsh accents are modified by the spirit of sympathy ; and the stars are not more visible than the fact, that the intellect of this child of prosperity was never so beautiful before.

We owe to the phenomena of sorrow much of this general element of seriousness, in which the highest forms of thought are born ; for we cannot conceive that man would think or feel seriously in a universe in which there were no serious facts. Our age may somewhat lack the true seriousness, and likewise the true mirth, which, where the one is, will be the other also in a corresponding perfection.

But the riches of sorrow shine most in the moral feelings. The rock is smitten by God's messenger, and a pure fountain of sympathy gushes forth. He whose words were blasphemous before, grow reverent now. Man then thinks of his sacred and eternal relations more than of his transient connections and interests. Jesus comes to us in the divine virtues, all of which speak through trial and sorrow. Love and faith never unfold their full, divine beauty, until tried, tested, and opposed. The sublime trust of Jesus was as the sun appearing out of clouds. Christianity baptized in trial, and crowned with the trustful death of its founder, is infinitely more powerful and beautiful than if its ideas had appeared in the historic envelope of prosperous and brilliant circumstance. We will follow this view no farther, but would proceed to notice the fact, that human sorrow, rightly improved, serves to spiritualize human happiness.

Strictly it is the soul that takes cognizance of all sorrow and suffering. The body feels not a wound when the mind is highly excited. It is not body, but mind, that chiefly suffers and enjoys. All sympathy ceases in the corporeal of man, when mind is withdrawn. But the sensual seek to enjoy all through the animal powers. Pleasure and gratification they seek rather than happiness, which more properly signifies the conscious satisfaction consequent on the true manifestation of all the powers, the chief of which are spiritual.

Flowing along smoothly, there are sealed fountains of spirit not called forth; but sorrow throws the soul back upon itself, wakes up all the powers of

self-support and self-entertainment. This is spiritual power ; it is thought in new forms ; it is feeling in new directions. The soul ascends from the sensual entertainments to those higher, to its own cheerful and dignified feasts and banquets. The animal is more in check ; the spiritual is let out of its stupid confine. The saint, therefore, owes the grace and elegance of his spirit much to the influences of sorrow in some form. A venerable father, of no limited observation, once said to me, "It has never been my fortune to meet with very interesting persons in this world, in whose spiritual history suffering had not been a very essential part." Natural history affirms that the wounded oyster mends his shell with pearl taken from out himself ; and it is from the spirit's own pearl that the good embellish their character.

But we are not sure that we know a tithe of the benevolence for which the system of things operates, and of which suffering is so great a part. But, as God is love, the ends must be benevolent ; though an infinite range of intellect were necessary to know and comprehend them perfectly. As all things of this life point to the future, somewhat as infancy points to manhood, we trust that the clearer wisdom of the higher spheres shall better explain the sad phenomena of human suffering. It may be that the sympathies now developed are to be called into a highly benevolent requisition in the ministries of our future being. How far suffering enters into the discipline of other worlds no one may say ; but to possess the similarity of experience necessary to the complete union and fraternity of minds hereafter,

which should be wide enough to unite the intelligent empire of God, it must be co-extensive with the rational and moral nature which forms the image of God throughout the infinite space. Our faith points us to this inference of the indefinite expansion of the utility of this part of our experience in the future world, since that life is the indefinite expansion of all the good here gained.

But this varied phenomenon of the world is beautiful. There is eloquent feeling in the joyous laugh. It breathes also in the sigh, and brightens in the tear. Day is glorious through the sun, and night through the moon and stars. In its shades, not only new worlds are seen, but those farther distanced than the day-orb, whose splendor will not let them be known. I say they are farther off, and are discovered in more quietness, than the busy day admits. So sorrow unrolls new heavens in the character. Far-off truths radiate their light upon us, and all this in the greater silence of a sobered meditation. It is not easy to say which is richer, the golden leaf of October or the green foliage of June: each beautifies its season, though the one is life, and the other is death. I love to see the lonely grandeur of forests, and fields of grain; but perhaps the greater interest comes when the branches wave in the winds, and the great fields seem as a waving sea through the stirring breeze. Thus the persons of this world have not most interest when all is still, but when humanity is stirred by trial, when all its powers wave to the winds of opposing influence. The rainbow arches the heaven against the sun. We admire its colors, and call it the per-

fect part of an uncompleted circle. But the beautiful bow owes its being to the dark cloud, its falling rain, and the sunshine radiating each drop. Good symbol this of the idea intended. There is a beauty which comes of sorrow, a promise, which, like the part of a circle, reminds one of the whole. We have often asked the wise to account for the smile which quite often is left on the face of the dead; and the idea which strikes the imagination in the color of probability is that its cause is mental; that the mind has left upon the countenance its own impression while receiving the light of the immortal world. It appears as the smile of a departing spirit on its temple of clay, which it leaves for a more perfect mansion.

I have spoken of human misery in its sources and results; and I would add a few remarks on the manner in which its facts should be met. On this depends much, since it involves the principle on which its good or evil mainly depends. I would say, do not allow it to overwhelm you. Be superior to it as far as possible. Meet the inevitable, in all the energy and calmness the soul can command. There is a blending of meekness and power in which you should breast the storm.

I would also say, study well the law of happiness which a given sorrow involves; and, if that law is within your reach, place yourself upon it, as the lost at sea would plant their feet upon an island or on the brown floor of a rock above the waves. Seek not insensibility to the evils of life. The cold-indifference is but affectation; the breast of marble and the face

of iron are perversions of what is good and richest within us. Learn, above all things, learn the Creator's law within you. Obey that law as Heaven's condition of happiness.

I would say, meet evil Jesus-like. Meet it in faith, — faith in the divine end to which sorrows work. God does not pause to say what he intends, but works on in silence and for ever. But thou art a soul. Thou art God's immortal incarnated ; and to thee all providence turns. All worlds in the innocent space are looking unto thee. All law, order, and beauty in nature concern thee. Thou art the End. All scenes, all events, become thy ministers of good. The facts of sorrow are thy facts. Subordinate them at once to thy good, lest they subordinate thee. Out in the wild parterre of nature blooms a wild flower in the deep shadow of night, whose leaves close at the dawning of the sun. Such are many virtues, whose seeds are in the bosom sown. To the stars of sorrow's nightly hour their beauty blooms. The life of faith is holy ; and it may, like the swan of Apollo, be breathed out in song most rich in the last and dying strain.

THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

THE hope of man enters the Infinite. Endless time and the Supreme Good are alone its measure. In various forms the idea of immortality is unfolded in the millions of the race; and, striking deep root into nature's soil, it overshadows the nations, somewhat as the forest-oak shades the plants at its feet. There is no truth more natural than this. Though gross superstitions may have weighed it down, and subserviency to the animal man may have obscured its light for a time, yet the great fact is never effaced. From out of sorrow, error, sin, it always speaks as the prophet of the soul. Sophistry may darken this oracle, as clouds and vapors obscure the loveliness of the vale; but, like those, it disappears, leaving the original truth to shine in its natural dignity and primitive grandeur.

This question of immortality is a problem to man. No race below him gives evidence of even an instinctive thought upon it. The fact, that the human race entertain this question with all its logical difficulties, the fact that they have felt its solution important, proves that the subject rightly belongs to the human sphere. Unless human nature is united to this truth, I perceive no reason why the question

should ever have been entertained. The instinctive tribes are troubled with no science above their natures, with no questions out of their spheres. This fact alone, that we feel the problem forced upon us, that we wrestle with its difficulties, and stand in awe before its shadowing mystery, intimates that to the immortal we are born. Otherwise why should the problem perplex us? Can astronomy, as a science, disturb the swan? No more, indeed, could the idea of immortality incite in us hopes or fears, except our natures were equal to the fact itself.

This sentiment, instead of being a curious speculation, seems to lie near the fountain of morals and religion. A moral principle is, from its nature, everlasting; nor can it fitly apply to mere animals that perish. Religion implies worship and hope towards a Divinity who is eternal. But, if human nature is a transient combination of animal life, with no future before it, what moral alliance can it possibly have with the Everlasting, either as Divinity or as law? There are, as all admit, everlasting laws and truths. Nature itself unfolds these. And must not man, the only being able to interpret and understand everlasting truths and laws, have that within himself which is as imperishable as the laws he comprehends? Once blot out immortality from the nature of man, and I see not from what morals or religion can proceed. The whole horizon of existence is covered with thick and impenetrable darkness. God is not, and humanity falls under the same laws that reign over the life and destiny of mere animal existence.

But it is unnecessary to state the importance of a subject around which the solemn solitudes of mankind so thickly gather. We find this great hope in the world; whilst it is philosophically clear, that the form in which it is held reflects the mental, and to some extent the moral, state of a people. If it assume gross forms of sensuous imagery, it proves a people to be under the predominance of the sensuous, of imagination and passion. The Indian can do no better than to cherish a joyful view of his wild, unbounded forest, with abundant game; whilst the greater part of our popular description, though it intimates that we are still swayed by the glare of the senses, exhibits, we think, a decided improvement over former times.

Before argument is attempted on this subject, the question should be settled, What is the basis of the Immortal Life? From what source does immortality proceed? The right determination of this question corrects an error by far too common, — I mean the practice of treating the doctrine of immortality as a future, and not as a present fact; as something isolated from what man now is, rather than as growing out of his present capacity. It is too much regarded as an addition yet to be made to the human powers. To this view I object, not only because it denies the real and the natural foundation of the greatest truth, but because it obscures a principal source of evidence whence this truth is established.

I claim that the subjective view of this topic is most unanswerable. We affirm immortality of the nature of man. But why do we affirm or deny?

The reasons for doing either must be justified by what may be known of the being of whom the affirmation or the denial is made. I would apply to this subject a general principle of the creation, which must win our confidence the more it is examined. It is this. The Creator founds in the nature of every being and object he creates the full capacity of answering the ends for which those beings and objects are made. The various ends answered by the air, earth, water, sun, are corresponded to by the inherent qualities these objects possess. The same is true of every animal function and of every being. What can you name that does not come under this law? Is there a single agency of the creation outside of it? I know not where to find it. The Creator himself is within its infinite range; for all that he has done, is doing, or may do, all that he purposes and fulfils, is corresponded to by the attributes and properties which make him God. In him is the capacity for all his ends. And in all that he creates, from the simplest element up to the sublimest agency, he bestows the properties essential to the ends he seeks to fulfil. Accordingly, the artist, wise by observation, and from an experience of the conditions of things, always lays in his various structures and creations the forms and properties necessary to the purposes to be accomplished. Standing, therefore, on the firm and impregnable basis of this, the Creator's illimitable law, I affirm, that, if immortality is *the* end, or even *an* end, of man's being, the capacities necessary to its full realization are founded in him, are inherent in his nature. The oak lies in the acorn. It cannot

be that a purpose so grand is isolated from the nature of the being to whom it refers. The end and the means are both in him. The fountain whence the stream of immortality flows is in man, else the present subject is out of the legitimate range of the human hopes and powers.

Revelation brings life and immortality to light. But whenever its various affirmations amount to the proposition, "*Man is immortal*," it is implied at bottom that man is the continent of the capacities of which the assurance is made; as clearly, indeed, as if one should say, "*The rock is hard*," "*The fountain is pure*." As it is the province of revelation to discover and not to create truth, it must find *in* humanity all the truth it affirms concerning it; so that the assurances of written revelation, as well as the facts of consciousness, and the teaching of the universal law but just announced, conspire to prove that humanity is the source and basis of this great truth, that it rests on nothing creatively miraculous yet to be done. But, as God knows infinitely more of our nature than we ourselves, his assuring voice must triumph over our doubts and fears, although it be but the infallible expression of a truth he has sown in humanity, in having formed it after the image of his own mind.

If man is wholly mortal, or in his human faculties immortal, he is so by a power higher than himself; he is so by the Creator's will. And, though I would not speak of capacity in man or in the least created thing as being for a moment independent of him, yet it is plain that the will of God is written out, to no

common extent, in the things he has made. Is not the will of God, that day should be dispensed to mankind, written out in the nature and offices of the sun? And, however complicated the phenomena and mystery of man; is not the Divine will concerning his connection with a future state written out in those elements of being his nature combines? As we may affirm nothing of vegetable life which a knowledge of that life will not justify; as we would, in the course of a just reasoning, allege nothing of any object which a knowledge of it would not confirm; so all questions touching human nature must be brought to the test of this nature, must be confirmed or overthrown by what may be learned concerning it. To depart from this rule would, on every other subject, be deemed unsafe.

Still we meet those who firmly believe in the immortal life from the assurances of revelation; who say, that the natural evidences, independent of this, would have led them to the contrary conclusion. This admission is evidently too great; for it not only confesses a great antagonism between these two methods of the divine teaching, but it prevents the revealed truth from finding any confirmations in the outward universe and in the human mind. For the nature of man, which is said to teach a contrary view before revelation authoritatively decides, remaining the same afterwards, cannot confirm an opposite view, except on the ground that it was previously misinterpreted and misunderstood, which implies the presence of a truth to misinterpret and misunderstand, which was in reality the evidence of

the truth that revelation brought. But if nature, rightly interpreted, justifies the contrary conclusion, what can ever win her over to the support of the divine message? What can ever harmonize the antagonism of the two? In the remarks here offered, I choose to express what to me are the great and striking evidences of human immortality as contained in the life and being of man.

1. And the first evidence I would name is the simple fact of worship. To me this is one of the clearest and strongest evidences. Worship, though modified in its forms by education, has its spring in the human heart. That this is its source, is evident from its permanence and universality. It everywhere satisfies a spiritual want. If the history of the world is at all instructive, it proves that man by nature is a worshipper, as clearly as it proves him a reasoner. It is true he has worshipped falsely. He has reasoned also as falsely as he has worshipped. But he has still a rational nature, else the erroneous philosophies had never existed. He has likewise a religious nature, else the false worships had never been. No priest could ever have led his race to the altars of religion, had not the human heart, independent of his teachings, prompted a sacred devotion and homage. The various religious phenomena of the world might as naturally have burst forth from the animal races as from man, provided the premises here stated are untrue. As no fact in human nature is more permanent in its history than worship, so there is none from which a great conclusion may be more safely drawn.

Now, what does worship imply ? Always it implies an object, a Divinity. Worship looks upward ; and in its superlative degree, to which its tendency must naturally come, it recognizes a Supreme. If no revelation had revealed the being of God to any portion of the race, this sacred instinct of the soul had turned mankind into worshippers, into seekers after a Divinity, a God ; and, to the eye of reason, the correspondence existing between all the known wants of body and mind, and the existence of their satisfying objects, had rendered it a just inference, that the fact of worship in man's life is corresponded to by a real Divinity, a Being worthy of the supreme homage, although the clear knowledge of that Being might not have existed in their minds. But I will not pause to substantiate by evidences this greatest idea of natural and revealed religion ; it being settled in the conscious faith of mankind, I assume it as a fact. Now, the idea of a Supreme God is that he is infinite and immortal. Before such a Being the soul bows in worship. To him it aspires. In his greatness and goodness it rests.

Now let us seek to account for this fact. Whence came this capacity to worship the great Source of the universe and of man ? Whence this ability to know and love the Immortal, the Infinite ? Plainly it is implied that worship cannot exist in man towards God, except on the ground that he has kindred powers to the Divinity he adores. No truth is more irresistible than this. Why is the animal incapable of paying homage to God ? Why may he not adore the philosopher of our race ? Evidently be-

cause he is destitute of the powers that are necessary to bring him into the range of divine and human intellect. The worshipper, to be really such, must have a kindredness of nature and of moral attribute. Who could adore the wisdom, love, and righteousness of God, without similar sentiments in his own breast, though existing in imperfect forms? It were utterly impossible. God appears to be the infinite condition of our own spiritual powers, and may therefore be worshipped by all. When I behold the millions of our race seeking the Eternal and the Infinite as the satisfaction of an inward want, as the end of their highest hopes and love, I cannot but see in such a worship the infallible proof that human nature is allied to the Divinity it approaches; that the kindred nature, which this free and spiritual worship implies, places the immortality of the worshipper and of the being worshipped on the same firm and immovable basis. We are thankful for the light shed on this mysterious problem by this simple fact, proving the native alliance of the soul to God.

2. The sense of the Infinite in human nature is a faithful witness to this truth. It may be difficult to state the manner in which this feeling unfolds in the human race; but there are many evidences convincing us of its presence. It does not belong to the culture of the modern ages exclusively; for it found expression in the prayers and worship of the earlier ages. It is said that the Oriental mind began with the Infinite in its reasonings; that it was their chief and central thought. This homage to an Infinite Power, so strongly characteristic of the primitive

ages, this perception of an illimitable Wisdom as working in space, this idea of an infinite Care or Goodness, which the higher forms of piety assume, convince us that the soul has in itself the germs of a spiritual infinitude, of a limitless expansion and growth. Man is probably first impressed with a material, an external immensity. He cannot fix limits to space. He is obliged to imagine worlds beyond those he sees. He cannot measure time. He perceives that he knows but a little of the unbounded truth and science the universe contains. Thus do the externals of the creation impress man, and the sense of the Infinite unfolds under their influence. Nature is from the Infinite. How, therefore, can it fail to suggest the idea of Infinity? But man alone is able to receive it. He alone perceives a universe. He has that within him to which the external infinitude addresses itself, a mind partaking of the faculties of Him whence the immensity of nature sprung; and which, being kindred to the Original Infinite, awakes to and expands under the infinitude of the creation. There is also an infinite of mind, of spirit, to which man rises in his higher contemplations; and if the Infinite of God, of which the creation is but the partial display, is immortal and deathless, then must the kindred nature in man which looks up to the Infinite, which calmly looks out upon its sublimity, be immortal also. The more we examine the human soul, the more striking and numerous do the evidences become, that it was made in the image of God; and, as we think, every evidence that proves the being of God, and the con-

stitutional alliance of man's nature with his, is unanswerable testimony in favor of human immortality. For the educational circumstances which surround our nature create nothing of the soul, but simply develop its inherent powers.

3. I proceed to state another evidence of human immortality which I find in the existence of the hope which affirms it. There is a vast hope in the world. In numberless forms of sensible imagery, it has found expression. No large portions of the human race are without it; and it has been generally believed, that under every sky its light has dawned on the human heart. Where the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures have never been read or known, its power and greatness are revealed. It beats in the heart of the race, and glows in the consolations of the world. It is always an element of every religion. It is vast, and its roots are in the soul itself.

Now as a phenomenon of the soul is this hope to be contemplated. How came there to grow on the tree of humanity such fruit as this? Some union must exist between the two. "We gather not grapes from thorns." Man is the only being on this planet from whose nature such hope is evolved; and from the natural union which must for ever exist between a cause and its effect, we are obliged to recognize in the greatness of the hope an antecedent and corresponding greatness in the soul which bears it. The tree is not less than its fruit, nor is the fountain less than its streams.

A great hope irresistibly implies a great capacity. The bee, so to speak, may hope to build its cell, and

it has the power to do so ; but it has no ability to hope, any more than it has to realize the erection of a palace, or the solution of a mathematical problem. Here is a general law. It belongs to all the races endowed with life and voluntary motion. The Creator has caused a connection to exist between the power of expectancy and the power of accomplishment in all the living, active races below man ; and we have reason to think that the same law includes him. God has given to no race a hope beyond its proper sphere. And the same just and benevolent law applied to him teaches us, that the grandeur and vastness of human hope are corresponded to by a similar grandeur and vastness of human nature. If the immortal life had been too great for man to realize, he had been too small to have ever hoped it. Human hope never was, and never can be, greater than the human soul.

I know it may be said, that the particular hopes of men in the present life often prove impractical ; that they hope for more than they can reach. This is true. Still I hold that the premises heretofore laid down are unembarrassed by this admission. For the methods coming between the particular expectation and its fulfilment may be badly chosen, whilst the wisdom of necessary experience may be unpossessed ; whereas the mere fact of a future existence is not dependent on human methods. But even here men do not hope impossibilities. It will be found that they do not hope against their knowledge ; and that, though ordained to learn the extent of their powers by effort, there is a generally true corre-

spondence between what individuals hope to accomplish, and what human power wisely applied may achieve. It is impossible that an intelligent man should expect to carry the Alps, or to do any thing beyond the reach of human skill. But it is the race that hopes in immortality; and if there is creative wisdom in the manner in which Deity balances the nature and hopeful tendency of the portions of the creation we know, if there is a sound connection between a moral cause and its result, then is the existence of so vast a hope in human history an evidence of the capacity of human nature to realize it. Indeed, we may suppose that all universal convictions are grounded in truth, though their particular forms and manner may partake of the weaknesses which appertain to the various educational states of the human mind.

4. This doctrine is also confirmed by the supreme value of mind. If we raise the question, Which is worth most, material substance and possession, or the immaterial mind? our answer, whether negative or affirmative, decides in favor of the supremacy of mental worth, from the fact that it is mind alone that comprehends and decides, that compares and judges, that accumulates and governs the material possessions. That which decides and governs is certainly first. If we contemplate nature as the work of Infinite Mind, what does it declare more plainly than the idea of this supremacy of mental worth as prior to, and causative of, all other worth? If we view the various arts of man, his governments, sciences, and right methods of life, as proceeding from his

mental powers, the same thought is permanently confirmed. What means this veneration to the past ? It is but homage to ancient mind. What signifies this deep reverence of great men, of good men ? What is taught by the glory of sages and of martyrs ? Why is the memorial of virtue everlasting ? What is implied in the worth of character, in the value of freedom and education ? All such questions are based on the principle assumed ; for the great man is but the excellence and vigor of mental nature freely manifested. The good man, the sage, are but living statements that mind rightly acting is the only wealth. Character is only a name for a mental state. Education and freedom must for ever derive their dignity and importance from the worth of the nature to be educated and to be freed. Where, I ask, can you place yourself, either in imagination or person, in all this universe, and not read this sublime lesson, the supreme value of mind ? Where, amongst this world's worships, struggles, ruins, ambitions, enterprises, can you find a place for your foot to rest, that does not preach to you this thought ? There is not an inch of inhabited space that does not teach it.

This view, however, as an argument for the soul's immortality, grows stronger when considered in connection with what we most assuredly know, — the economy of the material world. All the laws and agencies here are conservative. Nothing is lost. Substance never dies. Elements never perish. The administrative economy of the universe has never allowed one particle of its material wealth to be

lost. The play of life and death is but the changing modes through which the Infinite Wisdom contrives to make the capital of nature most variously useful. Since, therefore, the conservative policy of the universe, so far as we may know its laws and agencies, is well established, since economy always implies that the highest value is not wasted, and since all things conspire to teach that the supreme worth of man consists in the mind he exercises, I ask if it is not strangely absurd to suppose that the conservative policy of the Highest should for ever retain every particle of his material being, whilst it pours out into eternal wastefulness and nonentity all that belongs to his intelligent and moral nature? Will that policy allow all virtue, wisdom, character, to be lost by the death-agency, when, in every other instance, that agency dissolves without destroying the elements? Will it waste its gold, and retain its dust? Elements material, once dissolved, may re-appear in other forms. But, if mind dissolves, how may it re-appear? Inasmuch as matter cannot absorb and incorporate its elements of thought and affection into its own growth through any power it has, it follows that a total extinction or a total continuation of the powers crowns the last event in life's mysterious drama. And, if the former fact occurs, it not only exhibits a waste of the supreme value, but it stands alone, unrepresented by a single symbol or fact of the whole natural world. That the only part of our nature which contains the capacity of intelligence, of hope, of virtue, that which is lord of the flesh and the originator of the plans of

life, should be doomed to annihilation, whilst each particle of the materialism it governs is for ever preserved, — and this in a universe whose every law, beauty, truth, order, agency, addresses the mind as its great and practical end, — is to us the most unphilosophically absurd of all absurdities.

5. We are led by what is more certain than logic to expect that there is an *end*, an ultimatum pertaining to human life, to which the present varieties of educational circumstances are but means. I say that we are thus led by what is deeper and better than logic. For the very logic of existence, of simple acts and conditions, thus leads us. Every voluntary action and series of actions are supposed to imply a definite end. Even the conscious joys and sportive acts of childhood fulfil an end, which is the health and growth of the child, though *he* may purpose no such result. We find by experience that the same is true of our unconscious movements, when we are least aware of having a purpose. Taught by this real and true philosophy, which God weaves into his works and into the very conditions of life, we rise to the inquiry, What is *the* end to which this great array of means ministers? What is the end of life, of man? taking for granted all the time that life and nature have an end, that it cannot be otherwise. In answering these questions, we are assisted, — 1. By the Scripture declaration that God has given man dominion over his works, over all that is on the land and in the sea. 2. By the fact of experience and observation, that man, by his energy and wisdom, *proves* himself to be the chief being, the greater than

all the elements and races surrounding him. 3. We learn in the analysis of human development, that the external universe and the circle of surrounding circumstances have contributed to the formation and growth of mind as their chief end. We can name no end so high as this, to which all things have so powerfully yet so silently conspired. Therefore we rest in the assurance that man is the chief end of all this array of means, of earth and seas, of law and order, of opportunities and teachings, of temptations, sorrows, joys. In him is the end. All the spiritual powers unfold under the infinitely various ministry of the world of nature, society, and events. And when we witness a few great minds, a few good men who could die for mankind in the cause of truth and righteousness, we feel satisfied that the great demand of reason is answered, which requires that the end should justify the means, that it should be as great as they.

But it is only on the ground of the immortal life that this is true. If death operates to the final extinction of all the lights that God and nature have kindled on earth; if it annihilates all thought, love, hope, memory, consciousness, being, what is the permanent result of this vast and sublime machinery of means? No permanent end is accomplished. A plan whose formations and annihilations are equal must end, if end it may, in nothing; whilst its endless operation, if that may be supposed, could only tend to exhibit for ever the singular phenomenon of destroying all that it builds, of making the creative and the annihilative agencies equal in their action,

so far as respects the highest nature and powers, on which they operate. The architect who should for ever build magnificent temples, but who should burn them to ashes always as soon as a series of them had been completed, would somewhat justly symbolize the plan of the universe respecting man, provided there is no continuity of mind and being beyond the present life. I would therefore believe in the immortal life, because its denial not only contradicts a desire and need of my nature, but because it ascribes the gross folly I have named to the universe; because it denies to it an ultimatum corresponding to the greatness, variety, and richness of its many means and influences. But how gloriously the scene changes, when immortality is believed! Then all things are as seriously prophetic as the soul itself.

6. If, as I have shown, the soul, as constituted of God, is the germ and basis of its destiny, then must the great fact, whatever it is, be manifested in some clear phenomena and satisfactory signs. There are many ends, doubtless, for which each thing exists. But nature, in all its forms, bears some clear evidences of these. The light bears witness to its end. So do the air, water, earth, cold, heat, attraction, — indeed all the elements and natural agencies indicate many of the cardinal ends for which they exist and operate. The blossoms of the tree predict future fruit. The eye is the prophecy of light, and the ear of sound, before objects are seen, or sounds are heard. The wings of the bird predict its flight, long before it may leave the parent-nest to try the air. True to such analogies does the greater nature put forth its signs

of greater destiny. No great purpose seems to be unindicated, when the agencies that are to fulfil it are understood. As leaves and blossoms on the trees of June, humanity, under every sky, puts forth these strong and beautiful prophecies. The mere thought of immortality as human is one of these. Man cannot send a thought into any subject that is above the sphere of his nature, no more, indeed, than may the sea fish, the forest animal, the sky bird. No nature can get an idea above its range. The desire of endless life, deeper than all else, is in the heart. We may suppose the animal loves to exist. But man alone has the *thought, desire, and belief* of everlasting being, illumined by a clear knowledge of certain death, and many probable sorrows between himself and it. These phenomena point to a future world as plainly as rivers tend to their seas.

Deep also in the soul's depths is the sentiment of goodness, of justice, as being supreme. In their certain and final triumphs we unconsciously confide. This confidence is the central power of all religious trust, under the wrongs and evils of life. Hence justice predicts another state as necessary to the completion of its own work. Goodness provides satisfying objects for all the natural desires. "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."* When we consider this system of natural wants and adequate satisfactions, and think for a moment of the deep thirst implanted in our natures for continued existence, and of the unper-

* Ps. cxlv. 16.

fect condition of all requiring a future and a progressive life, must not the clouds of scepticism disappear before the verified goodness of the provident Creator? He who has provided for the body's thirst has not neglected the deepest craving of consciousness. Moral fear points the same way. Its blackest hoverings are prophetic. A latent feeling in each and all of us that we are connected with distant periods of future time, time evidently beyond the limits of our appointed years, is to this purpose. You speak of an age centuries in advance. Your hearer knows that the dust will rest on his coffin long before its first thought shall be revealed. Yet he involuntarily feels interested in the time anticipated; nor can he, without violation to all that is natural in his mind and feelings, associate personal nonentity with the distant age. Why is the soul interested in all time? Why, in extending the mental research into distant space among other worlds and systems of worlds, does a real and lively interest spring up in those far-off portions of space? We know the present life is necessarily confined to a small spot. If this life is all, why does this interest in the distant, in all space, so far as we know it, so unbidden spring up? I know of but one answer to these questions, which is the soul's immortality. It belongs to all time and to all space, and therefore, when it contemplates, must be conscious of this illimitable interest. How may a spiritual descendant of Him who pervades this boundless space, and frames its worlds, fail to respond to its grandeur, to feel an interest in all His manifestations? Seeds cannot long be dormant

in rich soils. The reality founded in our nature must in many ways unfold.

7. The idea I seek to establish is greatly strengthened by the law of progress which belongs to the human mind. This is one of the greatest distinctions, if not the first, that may be stated in the separation of human nature from all other races, and orders of life and intelligence. Man alone enlarges his science by permanent acquisition. The most skilful of the animal races knew as much ages ago as to-day. No one truth has been added. If they ever learn from human training, that learning is never communicated to their kind. But man multiplies his sciences indefinitely. No limits can be imagined to the number and varieties of his thoughts. This age has discoveries unknown to the ancients. Religion, ethics, hope, language, are great and distinguishing attributes; in all of which, man vindicates his separation from and superiority to every living race.

He has an idea of perfection in every department of action that is far above his accomplishment, which promotes the progress for which he is designed. But who, I ask, has fully come up to his idea? What artist ever testified that he had perfectly expressed his divinest thought? What saint, however eminent his virtue, could say that he has always lived his highest light? The best of us, all of us, fall below our standards of perfection. In the myriad races of animal life, we see that perfect skill is realized. No lofty ideal shades their performance. The lark sings its entire power of harmony; but, in

man's song, he always knows what is diviner than his utterance. The yearnings of the spirit after an unfound good, the dissatisfaction which sends its shadows on the manly brow, the incomplete character of the best of lives, predict another sphere. Other races mature in the present state: our own does not. Millions are in the possession of the richest treasures of undeveloped capacity, whilst the law of a perpetual progression pervades their being. This towering up of the idea of a perfection above all actualization, as mountains over the plain, viewed in connection with the obscured and slumbering wealth of the undeveloped powers, pleads strongly for a new state, a new world, where human nature may fulfil its ideal, and unfold the wealth of its whole capacity.

It is remarked of the best minds, that they reach no state above which their aspirations do not tend. Each height discloses a new. The fact that we may conceive such a progress, that each new state always predicts one above and beyond it, is evidence of an endless life; whilst this progress, unlike vast individual accumulation of earthly means, tends to enrich, not to impoverish, the many.

Thus far I have sought witnesses in the soul itself. It seems to me, that the more this nature is examined, the more marked will be its distinction from all other natures. More and more will it appear as the end of the creation. More and more will it appear that man's recognitions, in different ages, of the immortal, of the ceaseless mind, in the visible phenomena of the universe, as well as his worship of the great Original, justify the conclusion of human immortality.

The respect commanded even by the human form owes its origin to the idea, that it is the temple and home of a manhood, a mind that is of immeasurable worth. Hence the sacredness of persons over other organizations of matter. The ocean-like capacity of happiness unfilled, the facts of sorrow and remorse, as well as all the diviner aspirations, with united voice speak of the immortal life. To this truth there are witnesses awful and sublime. The late astronomer of France gazed a long time in the night's silence, watching the perturbations of the then most distant planet known. He saw that these were very great; so great, said he, as to evidence a world beyond it. Thus convinced, he continued to concentrate his vision, until his eye was filled with the ray of a new world beyond. Thus do these tremblings of humanity in the adverse winds, these swayings to and fro in error and sorrow and sin, intimate, in the calm distance of time, another world.

In the simple fact of worship, in the sense of the infinite, in the existence of so vast a hope in human history, in the supreme value of mind, in the ultimatum which the ministries of nature imply, in the signs which the soul puts forth in the form of thought, belief, and desire, and in the law of illimitable progress which the Creator has written on the human spirit, I have found the evidences of this great trust. To me they are satisfactory. The voice that gives the great support is the voice of religion. It always includes immortality. As men have too long looked abroad and to foreign sources for the kingdom of heaven, so have they for immortality. Man slowly

learns to seek the fountain in himself. Perhaps the chief power that assures the majority of the race in this hope is one that most could not well define, a consciousness not to be perfectly stated in argument, resulting from the nature of the spiritual powers as being everlasting. The might of this sentiment is sufficiently attested in the fact that faith has triumphed over the appearances of death, the infirmities of nature, and the various sophistry which perverted talent and genius have sometimes arrayed against it.

But there is mystery, which God has permitted to overhang this subject, far more interesting than exact demonstration. No Scriptures dissipate this. With great light shining on the fact, we know not the modes. Futurity is always mystery. We know not to-morrow ; still to-morrow comes.

That mind reaches its meridian, and then seems to decline, has favored the spirit of doubt on this subject. But this is the argument of appearance mostly ; for the failing bodily organization is the manifesting and operative medium of mind, and, whatever power the mind itself might possess, its manifestations must partake of the weakness of the instrumentalities. We know mind only by its phenomena. The mightiest exhibit inefficient action, when adequate instrumentalities are withheld. I claim that this phenomenon does not justify the conclusion that mind is without power ; that, through a stronger and better manifesting medium, it may not display a far greater vigor than ever before.

The dense shadows of death, as they fall on the

last hour, enveloping in mystery the departure of man, serve to darken the brightness of hope to many, and I doubt not to play an illusion on the senses. For, whilst we see the living expire, and look on the lifeless form, the illusion of the senses seems to say that the whole man is there held under conquest of death; whilst it is plain to reason that no man is there, that only the forsaken temple remains. "Why, then," cries the spirit of doubt, "do I not *see* my friend as he departs? Why are not the evidences of his conscious leaving left upon me? Why is he still unseen?" I answer that the senses are material, and therefore can become the medium of vision only to material objects. The eye never saw a mind. Strictly speaking, the friend, the real departed one, was never seen when among us; only his form was known to the senses. Why, then, demand what has always been impossible to the capacity of the material vision? God is unknown to the senses. The greatest agencies of nature are invisible. I say not that this silence and mystery and darkness that gather over physical dissolution has ever caused much permanent doubt; for the faith of immortality has been strong as adamant in the midst of these appearances. The soul has triumphed over them; whilst the scenes of the last hour have often confirmed the belief, that the connection between the natural and the spiritual worlds is far more real and intimate than they had before supposed.

I would offer one remark on an objection often urged, that man is too weak a being to expect so great a good as immortality; that vanity is implied in

the entertainment of so great a prospect. I have already spoken a word on the necessary correspondence between a great nature and a great hope. I would now ask, What power is it in the objector that thus decides? I inquire of him, What is it in you that becomes so conscious of the vastness of time, of the greatness of the universe, of the greatness of the idea of an endless life, as to enable you through comparison to pronounce on the smallness of man, and the disparity between his nature and the greatness you have sketched? Is it a foreign power independent of yourself, or is it your own mind? Your own mind it must be that sketches out the vast idea, that comprehends both the greatness, and the frailty from which the comparison is drawn, and the verdict is rendered. And is the nature that may feel this greatness otherwise than one with it? Impossible! He that may be inspired, or even overwhelmed, by his sense of the grandeur of the universe, of time, eternity, wisdom, and progress, gives proof, that never can be removed, of his natural alliance and brotherhood with these greatnesses. I am inclined to think that the erroneous conclusion, that immortality is too great for man, proceeds from the circumstance, that all who thus judge only see a part of his nature, and regard it as the whole. That which makes him one with the greatness that lies in the standard of comparison is unseen. Perhaps there is a natural illusion to be avoided here. For as no one beholds his entire person in a mirror, neither does any one see his entire mind reflected before him. If that which sees may be distinguished

from what it sees, then only a part of one's self is usually imaged forth in the ordinary effort of introspection; whilst it escapes notice that the comprehensive power and elements of the highest greatness man conceives and knows, is as truly a part of himself as are the frailties with which he contrasts them. He who reposes the oak in the delicate fibres of the acorn has reposed immortality in the infant soul. Immortality too great! God and goodness are infinite. Too great, do you say? Then account, if you can, for man's capacity to conceive of it, and to judge that it is too great.

Perhaps there is no idea more intimately connected with this subject than the idea of a spiritual world. For the practical question will be asked, Where are the departed? What world receives the dying millions? Where are our friends? And, though there is no wisdom Heaven has revealed through which particular localities may be assigned, I am inclined to think that God has not left us without some means of forming an idea of the spiritual world, notwithstanding we are surrounded by a material universe and clothed with a body of material senses. It is certain that the Scriptures announce such a world. In nations of various creeds and religions, this idea has extensively dawned. Perhaps, however, there is no symbol of this truth so perfect as man himself, a being who images God and the two worlds which proceed from him. In man the natural and the spiritual invisibly and harmoniously unite to form one being. The one is seen, the other is unseen. So is there around us a seen and an

unseen world, harmoniously uniting into one universe. As mind finds no obstruction in the material body, neither does the spiritual world meet any obstacle from the natural. As we would not localize the soul to any part of the bodily organism, neither would we localize the spiritual world to any part of the material world. It is everywhere and unconfined. As the material senses cannot witness any of the purely mental facts, neither can they discover the facts of the higher sphere, the beings of the spirit-world. As the spiritual nature in man is greater than its material form, so is the spiritual world greater than the natural world. That world is unfitted to man as the higher stage of his progress, unless it is greater than this, as progress is always an advance from less to greater. As the human form dimly images the human mind, so may we suppose that the natural world is at least a shadowy likeness of the one higher and greater. Indeed, this likeness must exist as the condition of all preparatory influence from the present state, since, in the education of man, it is clearly seen that like alone prepares for like. The student could not enter upon the sciences of the university, if there was no likeness between them and the knowledge acquired in previous studies. The idea which lies at the bottom of all that may be called preparation is a similitude between the preparing means and that at which the preparation aims. The present state, therefore, as a whole, its natural scenes, its truths, indeed all that enters into a true education of man, is preparatory. All things are meant as tributary influences to the immortal end.

But there remains a great and an awful truth to be stated, which comes within the dominion of the will. The mere immortality of an endless being, to which the natural evidences refer, is an ordination of the Creator with which human volitions have nothing to do, no more, indeed, than in ruling the tides, or the electric fire of heaven. But, in the formation of character, we know that man is to lay its foundations for himself; that it is through the sublime energy of his own will and settled purpose that he makes all things conspire to his wisdom, virtue, and happiness. He therefore makes his real glory and shame for the present; nor may we, without violence to the supremacy of virtue in man's happiness, and to the moral connection which unites the successive stages of human existence with each other, deny the presence of this fact in determining the glory of the future life. Endless existence is a great truth; but an immortality of pure affections and holy employments is far greater. And, since the two states are not isolated, but most nearly and intimately connected, since every period of life sheds its moulding influence over that which follows, and since freedom and energy of will are the chief agency of character, I ask, with what reverence, care, and faithfulness should each and all form their character now? For every element in it prophetically looks onward into the infinite distance of time.

This truth of immortality, though woven into the life of the world, exerts too little power in its practice. This is not a speculative truth, but has the weight of worlds. It should awaken a deep

self-respect. It should render the rights of the humblest as sacred as the immutable throne. It should dissolve every oppression on the face of the earth. What! enslave a being who is one with endless time, and in whom the immortal germs are unfolding! Every tyrant on the face of the earth denies the immortality of man, when he forces him into chains. Human nature never was, and never may be, sacred to any form of oppression. This truth is the reproof of every wrong. It is the friend of education, of all sound and healthy development. It is the shame of avarice and sensuality. It is the enthronement, in human affairs, of worship and of moral right. It is the inspiration of every great and deep faith. This problem of immortality has often been bathed in tears and solved in love. How, then, is it speculative? He who lives this truth, so subordinates all things to the growth and perfection of the soul from which he lives as to possess a repose of peace, from which the external adversities cannot cast him down. On this serene mountain-top we would stay, overlooking the dark waves that intervene between its base and the green isle of being, whose light glimmers in the distance beyond.

AN ADDRESS

ON HUMAN FREEDOM AND RIGHTS, AND THE
ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS;*Delivered on Fast Day, March 21, 1848.*

LIFE and nature are never standing still. To-day the wave of great events rolls high, and in many places the extraordinary rivets the attention of the civilized world. The armies of the North have rolled the tide of their victories back upon the heart of Mexico. Months past have trumpeted the triumphs of Saxon energy in our ears; while thousands, in the pride common to man, have rejoiced that their country's banner of burning stripes and ever-multiplying stars is waving from the towers of the city of the Aztecs. This day the most solemn debates absorb the attention of Congress. The rumor of revolt reaches us from Vienna. The enthusiastic French once more wave like harvests in the winds, as the passion of liberty is stirred in their fervent and changing nature. Their venerable monarch has fled before the storm, found refuge in the dominions of the English Queen; whilst the magnificent Tuileries, so long the home of royalty, is now proclaimed a shop of industry. Government starts up in a republican form. Italy, Austria, and England know

the unwelcome hoverings of fear at this example. Indeed, the monarchs of Europe tremble, lest these savage winds, in their wild play, should blow off the crowns of royalty from their heads. Are not these, fellow-citizens, important and serious times ?

But this crisis, serious as it is, stands not alone. The great political movements and changes, both of the Old and the New World, have, for many years, united to reveal more distinctly the idea of man's individual worth, and the inherent dignity of human nature, which truth is now and for ever the basis of all republican institutions. Whatever may be the temporary evils that surround it, I rejoice to witness the general dawn of this idea. It proclaims some actual elevation of the people, that they are conscious of its truth ; and to its thorough comprehension do I look for those successive changes which shall so mould the governments of the earth as to make them the instruments of human elevation and general happiness.

The origin, genius, and success of our own government at once lay open to us the problem of human freedom, of human rights ; and it becomes us to study the elements of a true national greatness, that its future character may be the happy fulfilment of the prophecies which cluster about its youth.

Indeed it is not strange that a class of political views more liberal than those of the Old World should have sprung up in the communities of the United States. All the elements that form such communities have favored that result ; for men, coming from different parts of foreign countries, naturally

brought the most liberal thoughts of the countries whence they came. The fact that all nations are contributing of their inhabitants to the formation of this, speaks well for a liberal philosophy, for wider views in religion, government, all things. The aggregate formed of the several parts must be greater than either of the parts. Oppression abroad, in the first instance, naturally drove the liberal away ; and, since the government is known by its free principles, it becomes the choice of the more liberal in foreign lands. The race, I think, mentally and physically, will improve from the multiplicity of foreign elements mingling together. Moreover, there is a distinct, marked, and powerful genius in the American nation, which, while it opens the arms of generous embrace to all nations, will never part with its individuality. It transforms and Americanizes what it receives from abroad, as each flower and tree transforms whatever it receives, into the particular nature of its own particular life. Thus goes on the progress of our country, combining the two great elements of political superiority,—eclecticism and transformation. By the former, we have the greatest good yielded by the Old World : by the latter, we have it not as a foreign good, but as the nutriment of an original, American life.

In a sense deeper than our national relation should we feel that we belong to God and to mankind. Yet the national feeling is natural ; and the love of the race is properly gratified, when a nation is formed after such ideas as render it an example and a benefit to mankind. And for this nation may be claimed

the honor of having reared its monument on the true foundation of human rights, — a foundation which had never been so truly and thoroughly acknowledged before. Man, as he is by the will and creation of God, is acknowledged in the Declaration of Independence as the nature in which inalienable rights inhere. Our fathers did not attempt to give the philosophy of the fact. They saw and asserted it, leaving the great truth to shine in its own light, and to find a response in the heart of humanity, and in the voice of other ages.

There is a science of human rights which is more sacred and eternal than human legislation, whether coming from the despot or the multitude. And, whatever this science may be, it is not for one man, but for all men. In nature there are not the barriers men have instituted. He who proves one man to be a religious and an immortal nature, proves this also for the race. One cannot be separated from the all to which he belongs. As the science of astronomy is founded in the nature and relations of the stars, so is the science of human rights founded in the nature and relations of man. In answer to the question, Whence flow the rights of man? I think the true answer must be, From the nature of man. For his nature is the source of his relations, duties, and wants. This view evidently covers the whole ground, since all human relation, duty, and want have their origin in what man is.

. But this natural and simple view of human rights has long been overlooked. Rights have been regarded as the grant of kings, and as the creation of

law. But might we not as well ascribe the creation of truth to him who utters it? May we not as wisely ascribe the origin of the constellations to him who, merely beholding their order, unfolds it to others? For, man being the end of all legislation, the reason and fitness of laws must be discovered in him. These precede true legislation. The fact that man exists, proves his right to existence. This fact is the voice of the highest will. There is no power above that by which existence occurs. So, indeed, the existence of any faculty proves the right to its exercise. For why should a faculty exist, except for use, and for proper use? The existence of a want, whether of mind or body, proves that the satisfaction of the want may be sought. For why should there be a want of nature, except to be satisfied, and properly satisfied? My right to use my limbs is founded in the fact that I have limbs, and that their use is necessary to my existence and happiness. The right is mine, for these are mine. My own will they instantly obey; but the will of the mightiest princes cannot stir a joint or a finger, till my own gives them bidding. Another cannot see, hear, or feel for me. God could give to man no plainer proof of his right to enjoy the beauties of nature than he has done in giving him eyes, and a capacity to know and relish the beautiful. No higher right to the freedom of speech can be found than the simple existence of the faculty of speech. Thought seeks utterance; and speech is its medium. The power and the necessity of thought in each individual prove the right to think. The existence of a free

thinking nature is the supreme argument, overthrowing all despotism imposed on its freedom. When your own thoughts kindle, words spontaneously flow. Your volition easily moves your tongue. But where is the tyrant who can wield it for you to the utterance of one poor syllable? If God had designed a prince, a priest, or a noble to have dictated your speech, he would have established an intimate connection between his will and your power of utterance. The tyrant cannot move your real will, though, by the array of his power, you may be overawed and obey. Your capacity to know and find truth establishes your right to seek it. Your instinctive reverence for it, your power of carrying it into practice, and its adaptation to the good of your nature, prove your right to obey it. Heaven could bestow no brighter intimation of its design, that man should explore the varied fields of truth around him, than it has done in the gift of a strong desire, and an ample capacity to know. We have a right to obey the laws of our being. Indeed we have no right to disobey them. The love of society, the love of the beautiful, and the power to act, prove the abstract right of every man to enjoy society, to relish the beautiful, and also to act. Man's nature adapts him to the outward universe. His wants crave its supplies. And his abstract right to the earth is apparent in the fact that it exists for him, that he is able to subject it to his wants. Primitive deeds were written in the constitution. There is a law of humanity which prompts accumulation, and what one honestly acquires is as much his as the law that prompted the acquisition.

The character of each person is built by himself, and is therefore his own. He has a right to it just as he has built it; and, as his love of respect is innate, he who slanders his character robs him of a happiness which is lawfully his. The person is a part of our nature, and the consciousness of each is that his person is *his*; and no one may injure its health and life, without violating his rights, and the fundamental laws of human happiness, founded in the nature of each and every man. The right of worship is nature-based; for a religious element is a part of humanity, and the varied worship of the earth is but its expression. Thus does it clearly appear that all human rights have a common source, the nature of man, as formed by Almighty God. This is its perpetual fountain.

But this doctrine of human rights needs be guarded from abuse. The *manner* in which the natural thirsts, wants, and tendencies should be met, constitutes another and a serious question. One faculty and want should never be gratified to the injury of another; and over all should the moral sentiment of eternal right preside. The whole nature is to be considered, in which the intellectual and moral powers are the just governors and guides.

We have gained, I think, one point, which is that the rights of man are to be learned from his nature, that this is their grand source. When we look to this quarter for evidence, it is overwhelming in favor of freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of action. Even in the souls of the prostrate and the ruined, are witnesses to this.

Now, we claim that the American government, in its constitutional structure, stands upon the idea I have attempted to develop. It is the worth and dignity of man's nature on which the temple of republicanism is reared. There is no other source for inalienable rights. Why has man the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Is it because government has granted them? What is government? Whence does it flow? It is the *creature*, not the creator, of man. Government, whether good or evil, always flows from man, and consequently can have nothing which man has not. How absurd, therefore, the idea that governments create rights, that an action creates new faculties and prerogatives in the actor! The king is but a man; and his wisest, happiest administrations only prove what man may do, not what a divine right may achieve. Why do these rights appertain to man? I claim that there is but one answer to this question; and this is because he is man, because he has immortal powers to be developed and perfected, because the possession of his freedom is necessary to his being the full, complete man. In the nature and life of man, therefore, the principles of government are to be studied. Confucius said, "Study man in man."

Self-government is thus based. I am taught by experience and inward admonition, that I ought to govern myself. Each man has a power over himself that no other can possibly have. No man is nobly governed but by the wisdom and virtue of his own mind. So of a state and a nation. I know it has been called a paradox, this idea of self-government,

because it is affirmed that government itself implies that the governed and the governor are not the same. I deny that this is fairly implied. For, if one man rightly governs himself, it is plain that the governor and the governed are one being. If an individual self-government unites the ruler and the ruled into one being, why may not the state and the nation unite the same elements? I claim the ideas of the Declaration as containing a truer philosophy of man and of government than any which have been uttered since the introduction of Christianity, though our attempt to actualize them, is, of course, deficient.

As reason and conscience create no law of truth and right, but simply report their unchanging principles, so true legislation discovers the rights of man and the principles of a national success, and *acknowledges* these in its laws and enactments. But, so long as we regard human rights as founded in legislation, tradition, or the will of potentates, we are blind to the fact that man is man.

Still the seeds of republican philosophy came from the old world, wind and wave-wafted, to these aboriginal shores. The old is the parent of the new in government, science, religion, and art, as well as in the changes and progressions of life in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The Revolution uttered a ripened thought, and its wars were in the main but the servants of its ideas.

I would now ask attention to another branch of this subject, — the true character of human freedom. This implies more than the question of human rights:

it implies not only the absence of outward tyrants, but a state of mind and life. I am not sure but that freedom, in its highest and best sense, is the rarest of all attainments. The freedom of any being, to be entire, should extend to his whole nature. Not one power can be exempt, and the being free. Now, humanity is constituted of various powers, which we sometimes classify by the names of spiritual and physical. It is at once plain that no man is physically free, unless he is unconfined, unless he is left in the free command of his person. But freedom to a human being has a higher basis than the animal man. This much God has given to every creature. The fish of the sea, the beast of the wood, the bird of the air, all enjoy this physical liberty. The eagle emblems the true genius of freedom in his lofty soarings. The flower and the palm grow unrestrained. In every form of life, beneath the renovations of the sun, this truth evolves that all perfect and beautiful growth takes place in the element of liberty, and there only. A physical nature, to grow complete, must have a physical liberty; and a spiritual nature, to grow in power, demands a spiritual liberty. A free air is to the growth of a forest what freedom is to the development of man. The end is growth, power. The freedom is but the opportunity.

Treating this subject as independent of social enactments, treating it simply as natural and individual freedom, it implies the free use of all the faculties possessed, to the extent demanded by the health and happiness of each. Had man but six faculties, he

could not be perfectly free, having only the command of three, four, or five. And, allowing him the unrestrained use of the entire number, he is not still free except he exercises them properly, so that one is not in excess over the others. Now, as the chief powers of man are in his mind, his freedom must belong to this in the highest sense. I have spoken of freedom as the opportunity of self-development ; but it is as properly applied to the opportunity improved, to that mind which deeply respects itself, which holds its centre of action wholly within, that boldly and respectfully asserts its rights, that scorns to act from foreign wills, that thinks, speaks, and acts freely from inward force, that holds a princely sway over the habits, that breaks the bondage of tradition to think for itself, that wields the great array of nature, society, events, and ideas to the end of life, which is self-power, that is to say, the perfection of man. He who can and does act from pure reason and conscience is the freeman of the earth.

But, on the contrary, is it not a contradiction ? It is only through an inward power of self-command, and through the illumination and purity of all the powers, that a human being is free. Ability of motion is no more necessary to bodily freedom than is reverence for truth, and obedience to moral principle, to spiritual liberty. Indeed, all men are slaves whose conduct does not originate in the spontaneous action of their own minds. It matters not where they are, nor by what splendor or humbleness of circumstance they are surrounded. I believe, also, the idea will find response in a thousand breasts, that

no human being ever enjoyed an hour of real independence under the violation of that moral law which Heaven has ineffaceably engraved on the human heart.

Government proper is a wall of defence around the field of natural rights. It is protective simply. It works out nothing for any man. It never wields the means it furnishes. Each person is to do his own work, leaning on social enactment as his security and defence. How delusively have men ascribed mysterious powers to government, as if it almost caused the sun to arise, and the seasons to change! How little, indeed, do the laws govern any one! Numberless actions and mental emotions of daily life occur, with no more reference to the laws than if they did not exist; and yet they influence character and happiness most deeply.

Political freedom is but the opportunity of a nation to put forth its strength, to develop its mental and moral life. The cardinal question, therefore, is to individuals and nations, To what end does your freedom contribute? What do you bring from it for yourself and others? And, from the true answers to these interrogations, we may determine the glory and shame of all men and all nations.

As great men are representatives of ideas which outlive their personal history, so all nations, deserving existence as such, do represent on the stage of time such ideas as determine their glory and shame for history. Civilization, which, on the whole, has never gone backward, is new-shaped and modified by each

particular people ; so that the true mission of each nation is to represent what no other does represent for the wisdom and progress of the world. Chinese civilization represents the patriarchal idea in government, and reverence for the past ; ideas which have held a stability in their institutions, in every sense astonishing ; whilst the Genius of America takes no stand in the past, but plants his foot on the imperishable worth and dignity of human nature. It assumes that government is made for man, not man for it ; that he is greater than legislation, and may therefore change its order to his wants. The nation, like the individual, to reach its proper greatness, must seek the full development of all its physical and mental resources. It is indeed a favoring fact, that a nation begins its existence in a climate fitted to thought and labor, and on a soil which challenges invention and nerves the mind to its subjugation. A rough country, rich in its mineral, and tolerably ample in its productive resource, with a climate of various though medium temperature, appears to be one of the favoring conditions of a national greatness ; for the physical conditions of a people always leave their impress on character and achievement. The skies and aspects of Greece physical correspond to the aspects of Greece mental ; and, as the glory of each people over whom the sea of destruction has rolled springs chiefly from its mind, the subject of mental cultivation becomes the chief of all questions touching a nation's greatness. Soil and climate yield no immortality. It will be forgotten how much rice or corn a country has produced, where the name of but one

great man, who has hallowed it by his genius or surpassing virtue, shall be entempled and enshrined for ever. As the name of a Socrates and a Napoleon outlives their earthly fortunes, so does a nation's mind survive its organic life ; and, whilst the course of ages shall in ceaseless current flow, the great question that will be uttered in the ear of the American past will be, What men, what character, did your situation and your institutions produce ? This question shall be asked when every other is uncared for.

And it is under the supreme importance of this question that free institutions are to be valued ; for it is only where the doors of honor and enterprise are open to all, that all are excited to the highest action of their powers. It is the glory of republican institutions that they call out the talents of a people, that they excite the common mind to the acquisition of knowledge, and that they train it to habits of self-respect.

' Let us, fellow-citizens, turn our eyes to the American Government. It is now but a youth, with the blood of a man beating in his heart. The dark prophecies of other days have been outlived ; and, in a career of increasing power and prosperity, his eye is on a "misty future bent," while his daring step treads on to new possessions. What shall be the consummation of his strength, and *when* his decline, I would not attempt to predict ; but this much will I do, with all the assurance that the union of cause and effect can possibly inspire, — point out some means and elements of national glory, which if not care-

fully incorporated into our country's life, its history will yet be the picture of ruins ; as if,

“ O'er temples fallen and ruins wild,
In scattered proofs, one saw the light
Of brighter years, that played along
An earth all green, till, from its orb
All quenched, it fled in darkness.”

1. And, beginning with the wants of which mankind are most readily conscious, I would notice physical industry. There is no permanence of institution or happiness without it. Physical industry is more than the instrument of physical wants. In causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose, in turning uncultivated fields into plains of golden grain, in planting villages, cities, and mansions sacred to the feeling of home, the image of civilized man is engraved on the face of nature, whilst the virtues are fed by all the industrial branches of human pursuit. Industry develops manly power. It creates the firm constitution, which, in every country, is the basis of mental vigor and business-efficiency. The human mind and body are formed to act, and without action there is discontent. Employment, therefore, is the chief element of a people's happiness ; and that government which best prompts, ennobles, and encourages it among all classes, is best adapted to the genius of human nature. Labor is as noble as it is necessary. There is joy in the sound of the woodman's axe, still more in his hearty song, that echoes among the joyous hills. There is music in the din of industry, in the sound of the hammer shaping the flashing steel. There is silent joy in the ploughing of fields, the fencing of

meadows, the care of herds, and in seeing the growth of every seed. Labor undoubtedly needs to be cleared from excesses, but never can it be dishonored ; never can idleness prey upon the higher classes, while the lower are doomed to the severest servitude, without exhausting the energy of the one, and the dignity and the happiness of the other.

I rejoice, though some mourn the fact, that Americans are a practical, and not a theoretic people. They have no time to waste in dreams. Their energy seeks expression chiefly in action. It is the American genius, in judging of men, to ask, as did the Corsican general, "What can he *do*?" not what can he say, or what can he conceive? The American is the Phœnician of the world ; business is his life. The first stage of progress in a new world is very much the warfare with physical obstacle, which being completed, the same achieving energy rises into the intellectual sphere, and there, by discovery, invention, and learning, enriches the world with knowledge. Into this latter epoch, we believe, our country is destined to pass.

2. As the glory of a nation must come from a nation's mind, it follows that education, based, as it ever should be, on the worth of man as an intellectual, moral, and immortal intelligence, is indispensable to the attainment of a nation's proper greatness. The mind of a people must be called out ; and that which best brings out its powers, in the most perfect energy and grace, displays best the true idea of education.

The end to be attained is force of thought, clear-

ness and power of utterance, elevation of motive, and enjoyment. I call that education through which man sees the truth of the universe ; through which he enjoys its beauty, and masters its elements ; through which he knows the order that reigns in vegetation, in the animal world, in the constellations of stars, in the elements around him ; through which he communes with the wisdom and virtue of past times : and still more is that education, through which each person knows himself, and by which he gains continuity, variety, elegance, and richness of thought. Howard ascribed the high morals of the Swiss to the wide diffusion of education among their youth. In high-minded Scotland, who is unable to read his Bible and his Burns ? Whence the superiority of France, Germany, and England ? Very much does it come from this, that they have more highly educated mind, more intellect for the accomplishment of their ends, more discovery and invention.

The tendency to distribution, evidently a distinguishing feature of the age, is peculiarly the spirit of our government. Education will be diffused ; but more highly gifted teachers, and in great numbers, are needed to carry the light to every hill-top and into every valley of the nation. A national university should train a class of men, superior by nature, to go forth as the quickeners and teachers of mind ; — men whose influence will naturally kindle the best thought, the highest aspiration, and the noblest feeling, of which the glowing heart of the American youth is capable. This view, indeed, is not only sustained by the wants of the country ; but it was once honored by the recom-

mendation of the great statesman, whose eloquent voice is now silent for ever. I hope for the time, when no man, American born, will be unilluminated and uncultivated by the light of science.

3. I cannot omit the view, that the literature of a nation is one of its highest, and certainly one of its most refined, elements of greatness and honor. By a nation's literature, is meant "the expression of a nation's mind in writing," — the most enduring form in which mind may be expressed. Take from England her Shakspeare, her Bulwer, and her Byron; take from Caledonia her Burns, her Campbell, and her Scott; and take from our own country her Channing, her Irving, her Bancroft, her Prescott, and others, and what wealth shall replace the glory gone? The poetry, history, philosophy, ethics, and drama of a nation are its most beautiful monuments. They are the mirror of a nation's genius. They concentrate and embody the mental and the moral charm. Blot out the writers of Greece and of Rome, and what constellation pours down its light from a Grecian or an Italian sky? None. No nation, indeed, can deserve honor that has no literature of its own, and aims at none.

The people of this nation came from other countries; and for a time, at least, it was natural to live on a foreign literature. Indeed, none else, for a time, could do as well. The aged teach. Work and business were the rough poems which our countrymen were called to make. Few have had time to attempt any other. Nor is it a bad sign that a national literature is slow in its formation. All great natural growths are slow. Ours is begun certainly,

but nothing more than begun. The act in the tragedy of American history following Colonization was Preparation; and not fourscore winters are numbered since the third and great act, the Revolution; and certainly, were it an entire century before it might be said that a national literature is begun, the phenomenon could not by any fairness be construed to signify an inability for its production. The genius of our country is strikingly original in the directions in which it earnestly inclines. We are called by English critics, however, a land of mocking-birds, because we rely on foreign literature so much, and because we imitate it so much. But I cannot conceive that the genius of a people should be original, and still never achieve what is higher than imitation and copyism. Whom did Channing imitate? whom Webster? whom Emerson? whom Dewey? whom Irving and Cooper? whom Willis and Bryant? I must hope for my country a high, brave, and beautiful literature; one that is worthy of its rivers, mountains, prairies, and forests.

4. But high over all is the idea of a national virtue. The moral law flows through a nation's mind and life. In the individual it is the highest law that judges him. It is written on the heart, and the darkest lives bear its traces. No man outlives it, or proves it less powerful than his deeds. The soul feels its authority in the whispers and thunders of conscience. In the darkness of early passions the idea of justice breaks forth, and ripens into clearness and power as age advances, until, in the eye of sober reflection, it is the grand retributive power of the

world. As a law of humanity, I ask, how can a nation be truly great, without paying it homage? In the midnight gloom of magnificent ruins, the lesson is silently read that violence to this eternal law has sealed the fate of nations once high as the stars in fame and glory.

I know the reliance usually put in sage device and political management to preserve a people prosperous and happy; but the cunning of Satan may as easily spread happiness through his rayless realm as policy supply the place of principle. I repeat it, that *justice* is the power that makes a nation strong. Woe to the nation or the state that deliberately forsakes it! See the old French revolution, with its streaming blood and its flaming passions! What was this but the dreadful comment of nature on accumulated injustice? — what but the wild action of a bilious man crazed by his passions? It is by a goodness of morals among the members and rulers of a nation that character and energy are preserved. Institutions of wrong may be built up, and power for a time may mark them; but there is a self-destruction that lives in the heart of injustice, that will work its way out. The outraged law of right is older than nations and empires, nay, older than suns and stars; for it is of the nature of God himself, and, like him, sits in sovereign judgment on the conduct and destiny of nations. I have spoken of the moral law of humanity as being essential to national as to individual greatness and happiness; but I would assign one other element of a people's glory.

5. This is religion. I say religion; not meaning

thereby a creed, but the spirit of worship, the reverence for the sacred, which, in an infinite variety of forms, is seeking utterance from the soul in all climes. The more noble the faith, the nobler the people. But a nation without a religious faith is without the great pillar of stability and character. Religion, being the chief fact of human nature, — as God, to whom it refers, is the first Being of the universe, — is necessarily an element of man's true glory, whether we contemplate him as an individual or as a nation. Religion is the source of human virtues, the power of responsibility, and the enduring pillar of every government. When were the happiest days of Greece and Rome? As every student knows, their days of glory were during the reign of the gods and the goddesses, when the people had real faith and real worship. Then were the triumphs of energy, the achievements of arms and of arts. But when this was gone, when the Epicureanism had eaten out the soul of faith, their hands grew feeble, and their face paled into sickness and death. From the tombs of nations I draw my argument. From human nature I summon this celestial witness. Woe to the nation that has no God, and that knows no worship! The universe is leagued against them, and dark must be the path they tread.

This nation struck deep root into religious ground. The wave-tossed Mayflower was the ship of pilgrims, whose deck was the altar of the living God, and whose destiny was a free land, where the conscience might dictate a fearless worship. The church grew up in the wilderness, and spoke of heaven among the

trees, brooks, and wild-flowers that beautified the primitive nature of good old New England. And never can this nation dismiss the fear of God and the sanctions of religion, without also dismissing the life and energy of those brave and primitive times.

Reviewing the ground over which I have gone, it appears that the source and basis of human rights is the nature of man. His freedom is the unrestrained use and command of all his faculties, to accomplish the end of being, which is the growth, power, and perfection of the same. And, in the analysis of the means of true national glory, I have spoken of industry, literature, education, morals, and worship. And the idea pervading this analysis is, that a nation's glory comes from its mind; from its mind, I say, as expressed in art, literature, jurisprudence, and in all the various action in which a nation's mind may be expressed.

But, in the proposition that the rights of man flow from his nature, it is implied that human nature must be known before its rights can be determined. And here has lain the great difficulty. This has been but little studied, and therefore but little known; and hence the degradation of masses, borne down by the civil arm in the various ages and countries of the earth. There is a silent contempt for man's nature reposing at the bottom of all oppression. As government is both from man and for him, it can only be wise in proportion as it truly understands his nature. Now, no man can look into history, without seeing that the idea of man, as a mere physical being, has often grossly prevailed in the laws. Anciently he

was regarded as a being of the state. In this his individuality was wholly merged. The terrific appeals to personal fear in such great excess imply a disbelief in the higher, nobler, and stronger principles of human nature. Where is the state that ever placed education on the high ground of the native worth and dignity of man? History gives us no example. The ends, I fear, have belonged too much to the mercenary and the ambitious. Indeed, the wars in which millions of lives have been wasted, whilst they exhibit many high traits, also show how little the rulers of the world have valued life, how low they have esteemed humanity. The great man of history is quite generally presented in an arbitrary sway over the many. Never, my friends, until man is contemplated from his manhood, from his likeness to Divinity in his faculties, will governments be truly respectful of his rights. Never till then will they furnish him the adequate means of progress. Never till then will they dread to invade his lawful freedom.

But waiving the considerations of foreign revolutions, over which a sure justice shall preside in the final result, I am happy in the thought that this country has passed through the school in which many foreign countries are yet to learn the lesson of liberty. The New World asked the companionship of new ideas and institutions, and the Revolution came and granted it. The ideas of the Declaration are the ground and pillar of the government, the end and life of that movement. They are abstract thoughts; but they point to the true and everlasting

Source of human rights and freedom. They cover the whole ground. The Reformation, the next most liberal movement, only asserted human liberty with respect to religion. It was but a partial view. It touched but one point. But there is no point unembraced in the Declaration. True, the theory is in advance of the practice. We have realized, as yet, but a generous compromise between the errors of the Old World and the transcendent ideas of the New. But I am not discouraged. These thoughts shall yet be fulfilled ; for democracy is the certain ultimate destiny both of the church and of the world. All human tendency toward self-perfection appears to yield to this promise.

There are uniting facts to bind the several parts of this nation together. We speak a common language. Our various branches of business, in spite of competition, have common ties. The great passion of gain unites us. We are Americans by birth or choice. We have a common liberty of religion, though we have many creeds. We are one in a common republican faith. Before the eye of discontent, spread the immense uncultivated fields of the West ; and the influence of past struggles, successes, and honors unites with the exhortations and counsels of honored ancestors to cement this nation into compactness and unity.

But to realize the grand idea that bases our national structure, each citizen should become a noble being. He should know himself and his country. He should feel his fraternity with the human race. He should prove his ability of self-government by a

noble self-control. Then should we be worthy of our Washington and of our superior political truths. "I am a Roman citizen" was the grand boast of the ancient subject of Cæsar's power. But "I am a man" is the far nobler claim; and this to prove in silence and in speech, in thought and in act, is the sublimest of works, and accords with the genius of republican law.

J U S T I C E.

It is only within the circle of human volition that injustice operates; and even here it may be said, that an involuntary retributive law brings under its judgment-sway all action and character. The real laws of our being are perfectly independent of the will; as much so, indeed, as are those which preside over the external creation. Man in his life may place himself in true and false relations to the former as well as to the latter, thereby receiving a different order of results; but change them he cannot. He did not create the retributive laws, neither can he arrest their legitimate action.

In the grand arrangements of material nature, there seems to be a perfect physical justice. Each seed bears its proper stalk, blossom, and fruit. The thorn is nourished equally with the rose; and, if more might concentrates in the oak, the assault of the elements is also stronger. Over all changes and reproductions an equal law presides, whilst every world is justly balanced in space. All elective combination and decomposition of elements, as well as every harvest, preach that a harmonious justice flows through the material world; whilst it is certain that the human heart has ever yielded the belief, under

the clouds of barbarism, as under a higher enlightenment, that a certain Omnipotence attaches to moral right, and that its ultimate triumphs are certain. "No doubt," said the rude barbarians of Melita, "this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, vengeance suffereth not to live."* Always in the great fears and hopes of mankind, the sentiment of certain justice lies unconsciously at the source.

One evidence of the goodness and greatness of the end for which man is, is discoverable in the order and extent of the retributive laws which he bears in his being. These appear to imply a wonderful care for his nature, or why should it be so skilfully and powerfully guarded? There must be something of immense value where so many sentinels are stationed to keep watch. Within and without, they hold a sleepless vigil.

Justice, in descending from the Infinite, took general laws for the mode of its agency. It became silently omnipresent through such principles of matter and mind as are inlaid in the universe and in man; so that the great play of cause and consequence, through the long ages of time, is, and must be, the sublime drama of justice. Perhaps there is no greater service that philosophy may render to religion than by teaching the proper source of retribution, than by handing over to her the inductions to which her premises lead. Higher views than have usually prevailed widen and deepen the confidence

* Acts xxviii. 4.

of man in the divine rule, and tend to create a nobler virtue by giving it nobler motives.

But, in assigning to justice the agency of retributive laws, it must not be supposed that these are independent of God, or that they are any thing more than *modes of power* ; for law, neither in matter nor mind, is an actor, but a *method* through which the Creator acts for the accomplishment of his ends. The presence of God is an omnipresence, of the action of which the laws of the universe are but the modes. A law cannot act ; but it measures the executive power that is back of it. Every mind must act from itself, and in acting must exhibit its perfection or imperfection in its modes. It is the dictate of natural religion, as well as the direct teaching of revelation, that God is a Perfect Mind, that in him is perfect order ; whence it follows that all the modes of action becoming his nature are marked by order and unity ; so that the uniformity and order of the natural laws, instead of excluding divine agency from nature, are the brightest proofs of its presence. The notion that has thrown much confusion into this subject is the conception that Deity *cannot* or *will not* act with as much regularity as the universe displays, — that what marks the course of nature *must be so*, and that a divine action must be more personal and voluntary. This notion, so totally blind to all philosophical analysis, overlooks the conclusion, that, if nature sprung from God, all its order existed in his mind before it was embodied into visible form, and that the act of embodiment could not have diminished the Fountain of order whence it came.

To treat of law as a Deity is to forget its meaning; and to speak of nature as having more order and law than properly belong to a divine agency is to forget the lesson of childhood, that God made the world. Justice, therefore, is from God, wherever dispensed; law being only a *mode*, and not a *power*. God is the life and power of the universe, and is as immediately present through law as any actor is present through his modes of doing.

The ignorance about to-morrow that overshadows mankind does not a little to modify the freedom of the human actor; for, were the eye to behold the certain picture of consequences flowing from particular conduct, there can be no doubt that conduct would be prompted by ends more selfish, insomuch perhaps as to take from virtue its freedom and interest. Could men know at once all the miseries that are to flow from a great vice, they would shrink from the act with horror; but this would be chiefly a horror at *consequences*, and not at the *principle* of wrong. Know as much as we may, there is a balance of the unknown that leaves the future somewhat as a twilight to the mind; and particularly is there an obscurity, in relation to the distant effects on character of present moral behavior, on the minds of most men, that contrasts strongly with their foresight on matters of secular consequences. But this limit to knowledge certainly leaves the actor more free: it gives opportunity to a higher virtue than if the overwhelming tide of fear were poured into the mind through a certain perception of *all the results*.

In the world, too, there appears to be a balance of

influences. The sensual and moral nature of man seem to balance each other. Neither is to the other necessarily overwhelming. Neither vice nor virtue from this social world sends out an all-controlling power over any individual, which, could it occur, would indeed impair, if not destroy, virtue ; for what is virtue ? It implies always an inward force and freedom of will so exercised as to evince a love of right as the spring of action. But the mere bowing to an overwhelming power of surrounding influence, however good its sources, does not imply or express it ; no more, indeed, than the bowing of trees to the mighty winds. In the fact, therefore, that the influences of good and evil, mind and matter, are so balanced as not to overwhelm each other without the decisive action of the individual, the possibility and opportunity of a real virtue is given.

The same view is held forth in the balance of reward and punishment. If these were multiplied a thousand-fold, and rendered more immediate and sensuous, so that all could witness them as they do outward objects, the selfish principle, gaining a great ascendancy, would so dictate conduct as to jeopardize and destroy a free, spontaneous action from the moral feelings, which is the very life and beauty of goodness. To flee from a sinking ship for safety in a life-boat, and to retreat from the path of an avalanche, argue no virtue ; for every grade of character is impelled to the same earnest movement by the same fear. If all the justice that a life works out were sent suddenly into a moment of time, its appalling power would not leave the love of goodness

as the fountain of action in the human breast. In the silence in which the law of justice is more commonly manifested, in the invisible nature that appertains to much of human retribution, and in the gradual development and maturity of its fruits, there is a happy adaptation of righteousness to the freedom of the will, and to the spontaneity of goodness. There is, therefore, a free sky bending over the ground of human volition ; but, after one has acted, hills of granite are not so firm as the retributive principle that reigns over the life, till every legitimate result is accomplished.

No man or nation of men ever possessed a quality that did not yield its legitimate fruit in their retributive history. Rome falling beneath her effeminacy, and conquering the world through her chivalrous and indomitable courage ; the Tartar holding China in conquest, and himself bowing to a civilization higher than his own ; the Colonies bursting asunder a foreign yoke, and building on a wisdom, not independent of, but superior to, the English rule ; the French Revolutions bursting forth from the pent-up fires of justice opposed and suppressed, are but national echoes of the fact that Prince Justice has reigned on earth, that he has dealt with nations and kingdoms with a masterly hand. When two merely physical forces meet, it is nature's justice that the less should yield to the greater ; nor is it otherwise in the higher and grander conflicts of time, in which the better elements do always finally predominate.

What man ever had an unrecompensed quality ? What virtue is not able to reward itself ? If there

is one, it certainly is not worth retaining. It is a bad dollar that will not gain its equivalent. Howard loved man after an uncommon manner, and have not society loved him as much? Nero hated man, but did not as great a hatred return to himself? He who cares not for others is uncared for by others. Wise men and good, it is said, have been badly treated. This is granted. But was the wise man, therefore, unhappy in his wisdom, or the good man unhappy in his goodness? Galileo was happy in his truth; nor does the proper recompense of virtue lie very much in what society admits or denies. But, admitting that it did, nothing is plainer than that society always gratefully acknowledges its benefactors as soon as it has learned *who* they are.

Coleridge saw, in the case of the ignorant German girl, who repeated entire sentences of Hebrew when in a deranged state of health (sentences which she had formerly heard read by a clergyman with whom she had lived), an evidence of the indelibility of every impression the human mind receives, so that the record which Heaven makes of human deeds may all be written on the tablet of the human heart. Under this view, a ray of light dawns, not only on the possibility, but on the mode, of a retribution through which nothing is so venial as to escape its notice and power. There can be no doubt, that, if a perfect retribution was ever intended for man, the principles whose agency should secure it, were laid in the retributive plan; for the *means* precede the accomplishment of the *end*, and, in all perfect economy, are adapted to and connected with it.

It is very certain that a clear view of this subject can never obtain, whilst there is a total absence of a just psychology. Some just science of mind is necessary to know a retribution that takes place in the mind. And perhaps there is no plainer proof that such a science either does not exist among the teachers of the age, or that they neglect to apply it, than the adventitious views which prevail. The language which more commonly expresses the popular idea implies the absence of a plan of justice in the nature and life of the soul, and that there are ways of escaping it, or at least of postponing all injury to an indefinite period.

The grand central fact around which reasoning should gather, appears to be this, *that all the retributive laws, or the whole retributive plan, exists in the nature of the being who is the subject of the retribution.* The whole system, man incarnates ; for every law of his nature has a power to reward and punish. Not one is otherwise. The *end*, that is to say the realization of justice, is in man ; in him it is to take place ; and would we connect the means with the end, these should be sought in him also. The analogy of other things indicates this. The laws through which God governs the solar system are established in that system. The laws through which he brings a plant to a tree, and the bud to a flower, repose in each. So, indeed, of every object, from the atom to the world. The system of social retributive enactment is founded in society ; and, so far as concerns the physical nature of man, I opine that none would hesitate a moment before assenting to the proposi-

tion, that the retributive laws of the body are established *in it*; that they are the laws of health; that man rises through obedience, and sinks through disobedience, thereto. This is indeed a good point, not only for practical purposes, but as a suggestion and illustration of what is greater and higher. The retributive laws of the body, of course, must exist as long as the nature to which they belong.

But the soul is that which knows the sentiment of justice, that takes cognizance of recompense, that constitutes the immortal man. Here, all moral retribution holds its courts; here are all its laws. As the elements of mind are complete and descended from God, it contains the whole system of spiritual recompense. The facts of experience substantiate this view; for every measure of remorse and degradation occurs through the laws of the soul: indeed, no mental fact can be but through them. Every faculty is retributive. Nothing fails to enter into judgment.

The universe out of man is from the right, and is leagued against all wrong. The thief and robber are detected by the tracks they leave upon it. It is *true*, and only accords with such as are true. All, however, that it administers of good or evil to men is *realized*, not through laws out of man, but through laws in man. The finger burned, and the eye filled with light, are facts whose possibility depended on the organization.

From the premises already gained, the idea of escape from justice resolves itself into the question, Can man *escape* from *himself*? can he sever nature from God, and unite it to guilt?

But another truth of the most solemn and benignant consequence springs out of the premises. It is this. Retribution is as everlasting as the nature of man. For as the physical laws remain as long as the organism in which they have their source, so the spiritual laws must continue as long as the nature in which they inhere. Both are equally everlasting; and, if they exist, they act. Thus, retribution is perpetual and for ever. Through obedience to these laws, humanity ascends; through disobedience, it descends.

The whole general philosophy of this matter is contained in that immortal utterance of St. Paul, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." An endless series of ages could do no more than to exhibit a continual development of this fact. Justice is over all. It compasses the universe, and the endless time is its day. And however uniform and permanent may be the retributive laws, law is not God. It is but the mode of his power; although, in common discourse, we may at times only name the mode, inasmuch as it implies the power for which it exists. Under this view the Deity is contemplated as immediate and universal in all the dispensations of order and justice; whilst every other hypothesis borders on the frozen clime of a practical atheism, and leaves you destitute of any thing like a sacred philosophy.

SUPREMACY OF HEART.

In the material universe, there are few facts of more striking interest than the tendency of particles to a common centre. This fact, through an invisible influence, is constantly verified in the earth on which we stand. Since man and the earth are adapted, may we not ask for an analogous truth in human nature? What is its central power?

Not only the globe, but the particle, has a centre. This tendency to centralization is universal, — gives to each tribe a chief, to each community a leader, to the state a president or king, to the church a bishop or pope. The seeds of this unity and government are everywhere sown. But, in the soul, what is the centre to which all surface-substance is drawn, to which all the other powers turn servants and waiters? This central power is love.

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed the sacred flame.”

But whilst man lived for ages on his planet, without knowing the physical fact; so he stood for ages amidst the moral phenomena of mind, without making his philosophy according to this view.

If we examine the particular faculties of the mind, and the various conduct which men originate, it will appear that they revolve about the central love as the circling waters of an eddy. Memory exhibits its most wonderful agency, when commanded and quickened by it. What books, scenes, events, and ideas are longest retained? Those doubtless on which the heart has poured its sunlight. Who was ever unheard, when speaking to man's or woman's love? He who pains and agitates is remembered also, partly because self-love and the love of order are violently stormed by every assault on the soul's composure. The thought genius has uttered, that becomes a fire in the breast of the youth, is baptized in the love of truth, which sharpens attention toward its highest utterances. Can the miser forget his gold, the ambitious his fame, the philosopher his thought?

The rational power falls into this homage; for it never wrought out a plan which love, either in its good or vicious forms, did not originate. The love of subsistence and of action precedes all industry; of knowledge, all true research; of grandeur, all magnificence of constructive skill. Who ever reasoned justly for a long time, without the love of truth and justice? Who was the philosopher who did not first of all glory in the connection between cause and consequence, who did not revel in spirit in the bliss of wisdom? Place a thousand persons under a diversity of interests (which are but forms of men's affections), and how variously they reason! One can see all necessary truth in a small creed his grand-

parents gave. Another, who lives on the dry limb of a different tradition, discovers much unreasonableness and danger in what his neighbor believes. One has weighty reasons why the road should pass his house, and why a particular candidate should be elected ; whilst others know the public would be greatly damaged. Even the few vast minds whose intellects are as the heavens in calmness of thought are no exception to the loyalty of the powers to love ; since such minds have a love for truth as wide, as deep, and as free, as are the powers which follow the universal law so truly. Ends originate in the love, we say, whilst the executive methods alone take rise in the intellect. Which is greater, ends or methods ? The former rule ; the latter serve.

The imagination, though apparently the freest of the faculties, is not less loyal to this central power, as each one who attempts to analyze the various play of fancy may know. When we try to retrace the steps of reverie, so as to recall the processes of our imaginative moods, it will be found that the imagination revives such associations of the past, and paints such pictures of the future, as indicate the predominant love of the man. This general truth would appear, were the action of all minds laid open to the light, as strikingly in the good and the true as in the vicious.

Thoughts, which are so free as to be generally supposed to move with no inconsiderable independency of the volitions, obey the same law, even when they seem most uncaused. The supreme love of each person may be said to dig the channel through

which thought flows, not only determining the way it shall go, but determining also the clearness and the turbidness of the stream. The miser and the philanthropist alike verify this position. Whoever enters the sacred sanctuary of the breast will see that motives are children of a common mother, the spirit's love, all born of her and bearing her likeness. Character, conduct, voice, and feature exhibit the same ancestral power which, in the performance of its office, governs and inspires the outer faculties. The great crisis that often brings such immensity of power and invention out of the intellect, does so through the inspiring force of love. Suppose you, that, aside from the love of personal freedom, safety, of truth and principle, of acquisition and enterprise, even a tithe of the moral and mental energy of man had been developed? Intellect never works with god-like power, until love becomes its employer and inspirer.

Love being the central-power of man, it may be interesting to open the sacred page for the sake of learning that this is also the central-power of the Divine and the Eternal Mind. "God is love." This is the supreme power. From this He has always acted, and must for ever act. From this, therefore, the universe sprung. Creative wisdom and energy, we may suppose, only plan and execute what love desires to accomplish. This fact, as the central-power of divine and human life, becomes one of the brightest evidences that human nature is created in the likeness of the Divine.

Now, what is strikingly interesting in this subject

is the fact that both these views are set forth in great plainness in the teachings of Christianity. This view concerning God is the chief affirmation of the New Testament. It is said that his love for mankind caused him to send his Son into the world. The whole purpose of Christianity, to enlighten, purify, and save, implies this truth. Nor is it less clear that human character, conduct, influence, proceed from the central-power already named. In no other light can we understand the following clear and striking passages : — “ Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.” “ From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” “ For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness : all these evil things come from within, and defile the man.” There is a profound depth in all these sayings. How striking, how startling, the statement that an evil *eye* proceeds from the heart, or the reigning love ! How creative the sentiment that stamps its likeness on the unintelligent particles of matter in the human frame ! Mysterious agency !

Then, were we to seek a moral analysis of nature, we should find that its infinitude of forms and agencies express this view as its central truth. Goodness is the sentiment that throbs as first in the life and heart of nature. All its utility and beauty bear witness to this. All its moral, divine expression, all its variously instructive laws and teachings, all its sacred voices, testify to this. Then, should we seek the analysis of the purely Christian elements, this would

appear as the central principle ; the charity which is greater than sciences, prophecies, and preachings ; which shall endure for ever, whilst those forms of knowledge shall disappear before still higher forms of wisdom. Thus would it appear that God and man, nature and Christianity, when truly known, unfold the same great element as the first and central power.

But, whilst this may be esteemed as the greatest truth, there is the greatest danger that it may be perverted and misunderstood. In its application to God, I fear it is mournfully obscured by views which tend to weaken the right conception of the greatness and infinity of such a Being. We welcome the new revelation of Deity as the Parent, the Friend, the Infinite Love. But, as soon as this is done, the previous conceptions of the individual as to what a *friend* will do and say become immediately transferred to God himself ; and these conceptions are so mild usually as not to harmonize with the inflexible, and in many respects terrible, agencies which enter into the operations and works by which the great aims of beneficence are achieved. Goodness to most persons is but a soft and gentle sentiment. Love must always speak, they suppose, in voices mild and calm. Surely a friend will be very gentle. Under these ideas the Infinite of God ceases to influence and to awe the worshipper. The great and the overshadowing majesty of the Divine power and presence are merged into thoughts of downy softness. God becomes an Eternal Smile, a vast example of good-natured pliancy ! Worship becomes a whis-

per, and preaching a fair collection of sunbeams and roses. No man is deeply conscious of the sacred awe which the worship of the Infinite always inspires, and which has been an element of every religion since the world began. Hence our present religious ideas are not so creative of great characters, are not adapted to bring into being any gigantic forms of faith and energy. Must we not return once more to the worship of God as the Infinite, as the Sovereign, as the All-Present? A religion which does not awe as well as charm us, which does not impress us with the vast and overshadowing majesty and might of God, is true neither to nature, the soul, nor the sacred writings of our own or of other religions. I say, we must return to the Infinite, not to be overwhelmed and crushed as in the prostrate homage of the orientalist, but to rise and expand with the Vastness we adore. Among the towering forms and points of nature, among great mountains that raise their solemn heads far into the skies, among cataracts that fill us with a vast astonishment, we expand with the surrounding shapes of power and greatness. They exhilarate us. We are not overwhelmed and broken down by these material hints of infinitude. Thus would we stand amidst the towering truths of religion, among the vast ideas of a Divine presence, in the full possession of the soul's serenest composure, of its true independence and dignity; not to be broken down by their grandeur, but to rise and to glow with the greatness we see and feel. This nearness of Divinity in the idea of love has doubtless given self-recovery to the worshipper, so that man is

now prepared to come to the Infinite in a manner to be invigorated and inspired by his presence.

It should be remembered, when we speak of divine goodness, that God is the Infinite Love, and that the laws and agencies by which this love is expressed are those that become an Infinite Mind. He acts through an infinite variety of forms. All the mild and gentle agencies, all the awe-inspiring forces of his universe, are equally the needed modes of goodness. If we take the external universe as the type of the true idea, we shall see that under the smile of beneficence lies the stern and infinite grandeur of sovereignty. The order of nature is fixed. Every natural law is in reality as inflexible as fate, though it operates under the most gentle and attractive forms. Did a single retributive law of the universe ever say to him who might have run against it, "I beg your pardon"? No. He only must make the change. Indeed, I know not where the evidences, exhibiting the changeless might and goodness of the divine will, would end if faithfully pursued; for all things become willing witnesses. As nature must truly represent the Mind whence it came, it follows that no theology is true which does not accord with its plain instructions. If nature was nothing but down, sunbeam, and zephyr, then I would listen more willingly to a gospel which is only down, sunbeam, and zephyr. But it speaks of an Infinite, of a Sovereign, of a Father; and the full power which the true idea of God is destined to exert, will probably never be witnessed, until these ideas, purified from their former excesses, blend harmoniously into

one representation. Then earnestness will be revived. Religion will then have stronger elements. The softness which eats out the very soul of energy, when it becomes the central principle, will no longer unman our piety; nor will the element of power find expression in dogmas of cruelty, that shock and offend all that the Creator has written on the human heart. God is Infinite Love. But behold through what variety of forms, through what inflexibility of laws, through what powerful as well as graceful agencies, does this goodness seek expression!

When the true man acts from love as the central power, his modes may also be various. He may have traits as stern as hills of granite-rock, purposes as permanent as adamant, united to the affectional sensibility that makes him alive to the slightest shades of sentiment. I offer these remarks to clear away the abuses to which the idea I would here set forth is liable, and which I fear it not unfrequently suffers.

As love is the central principle of man's life, it has the central Being of the universe for its first object. He purifies the heart. He enlarges its benevolence. Man, or the race, is its second. The universe that intervenes between the soul and the Creator is the fuel of an ennobling and worshipful affection. Perhaps the practical thought of this whole subject is, that man should be full of heart, that he should purify his love, should be deeply earnest and sincere. Then it would seem that God, nature, humanity, and Christ are leagued together for his furtherance and support.

LIFE AN ORIGINAL POWER.

ORIGINAL power subordinates and transforms that which it receives, so perfectly that you no longer see the material it accepts. It converts to itself, whilst it remains unchanged, the sole determining principle. Judged by this trait of original force, what is there so original as Life ?

In yonder grove, select for a moment's observation ten trees of different races, and five flowers of different orders and classes. They all flourish on the same soil, and under the same sky. Life in each is fed by nutritious particles from the same external sources ; and why do not the particles which feed this various life give a sameness of character to each tree and flower ? Why is the beach so purely a beach, the oak and the wild-rose so purely themselves ? Only because life is original. Having a different peculiarity or genius in each, it chooses its particles wisely, and transforms them all into its own nature and uses. As this originality of life is never lost, each vegetable race retains its characteristics for ever. The chemist may dissolve each vegetative form into its former gases ; but the life which combines them he can never dissolve. Behold how many contributions there are from sun and rain and air

and earth, to the life of every shrub ! And yet who can detect in the living form the least indication of the sources whence it lives ? To common observation, nothing is said about these. Every thing is so perfectly changed in growing into the life of the object, that nothing is reported of the former elements. Thus, too, does life work in the many animals which subsist on the same food. Thus in man's bodily organism does life operate. You recognize the form of health and the face of joy, but nothing of the bread by which he lives.

It is thus with the soul's life, when permitted to work after its own law ; when pride, subserviency, and other causes, do not misguide and weaken its wonderful agencies. The intellect of the true man is indebted to others : their thoughts have quickened his own. From associates, books, events, and nature, he constantly receives impressions. Surrounding influences sustain his life. But, if he is natural and true, these are transformed, changed, so that all you see is himself, not the associates, books, events, and external nature. You may know him ; but in him you do not recognize his helps. It is after this manner that genuine virtue grows. You witness the goodness, as a living original force, without detecting in it St. Paul, Howard, or all the host that are dear to sainted memory. Thus is all-perfect spiritual life original, capable of subduing to its own genius and uses the whole circle of foreign impression. In the virtue of Christ, this view is beautifully present. Though his character was manifested amidst the trials and temptations com-

mon to others, it was incomparably above the sacred thoughts and most approved religious standards of his times; whilst the teachings of the Father are so unfolded in him as to appear the natural manifestations of his own mind. I know of no character so truly original, and none in whom you detect so little of foreign impression. "In him was Life."

As each life in nature gives the true symbol of original power, it should reprove an idea of some considerable popularity, that Eclecticism is to restore to mankind, or to win for them, the highest wisdom and happiness. What thought is more thoroughly stricken with poverty than that mere selection from a thousand creeds and theories shall ever make any man rich in wisdom? As well make a volume of extracts superior to the various force of one mind, richly endowed with creative energy. Life never was an eclectic. The universe would die in three days, if compulsorily brought down to this principle of action. True, in every growth, there is a selection from various sources; but it is the power to change and to transform the substances chosen, to appropriate and incorporate the changed properties, that constitutes the higher life-action of the world.

New thoughts and principles naturally take new forms of expression. Why should a new faith steal the phraseology of one that is old and respected? What a laughable attempt had it been, if the framers of this government had tried to have embodied the ideas of the Declaration into the old monarchical forms! Europe, in her great battles for popular

freedom, must learn, we think, not to pour new wine into old bottles. The great Teacher would not seek to embody his new life and thought into the old forms of Judaism, lest both should be lost. And why should new sects or denominations, who have had their origin in a faith differing from others, seek to win standing or power by conformity and imitation? There is no way so sure to lose both. Nothing is so certain of success as a calm faithfulness to the dictates of one's own original life.

Nature also intimates a good rebuke. She boasts no originality of method. She conceals, rather than displays, her noblest processes. Her originality is simple and silent. She also teaches that life is protective against death. Organizations dissolve not till their life is gone. Who, then, should mourn over rotting logs, — over parties and states that ought to have died?

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE old teach the young. The young interest the old. The child mysteriously draws around itself the attention and kindness of a whole company. Youth also must care for age, and open the doors of new and energetic enterprise.

It is good to look out among material things, and behold the meetings of age and youth, of old and new. That substance in the green leaf of June is old as time, but the foliage is new-born. The true office of the old appears to be the production of the new. Yonder stands a forest of many trees, through whose tops the winds of many winters have sung; and their venerable forms will soon mingle with dust. But, ere they fall, they drop on the bosom of the earth their respective seeds, each containing the *entire life* and *form* of its parent stock, invisibly and mysteriously wrapped up in itself. The earth in silence accepts these feeble offerings, and through her care spring up the new races of vegetative life. The new, in time, also grows old; but, ere it disappears, invests its life in seminal forms. Thus goes on the great succession. There is no conflict here between old school and new school. All is calm and noiseless, except when the mighty and dying

old falls to the earth ; when the genius of life seems to say, "I have other uses for you. Come down, ye worthy patriarchs, and subserve my ends by dissolution. You have had your day. Give place for youth." Thus the circle of life goes on unceasingly. But, supposing the old oaks so stubborn as successfully to resist this mandate, what chance would there be for the acorns? What would become of nature's youthfulness and inspiring charm? In the animal kingdom the same law prevails. The new perpetually springs from the old.

There is something analogous to what I have stated in the intellectual and moral world. The mission of the old is to produce the new. Old truths traced out yield us new truths. Forget not Newton and the apple. New sciences always come of old ones, of facts and truths previously held. The Old World discovered the New, — gave it inhabitants and laws. As for the ideas peculiar to the American government, their parentage can be easily traced to Europe. Judaism also preceded Christianity ; and its grand purpose was to prepare the world for its birth, to substantiate and confirm it. Romanism gave us the Reformation. From every old school there grows up a new school. But the work here is not peacefully wrought, as in nature, where a wiser than wise men governs. There is a fight between the two. Men, holding to the all-sufficiency of the old truth, dispute for a time the new truth. The Old World makes war on the New. The Jews crucify Jesus. Romanism and Protestantism fight great battles. Every old school draws a sword on every

new school. But as the changes of old and new in vegetative life subserve the great ends of the universe, so there is a sense in which these earnest conflicts aid the cause of human reform. But it appears possible that this good might be more peacefully wrought under a wider comprehensiveness, were all disposed to see that it takes the whole world to represent all the truth it contains, that old ideas in faithful hands bring new ones, and that no one mode of opinion should last always. Every epoch exhibits this contest of new and old. It is readily conceded that mind is free; that its action is not involuntary, like the growth and decay of outward nature; that the new it produces is not a necessary copy of the old. But the likeness between the true mission of the old in theory, and the old in vegetative life, is so striking; and the contrast between nature's comprehensive management of new and old in her dominions, and the angry strifes that get between the two in human society, is so bold, that the question could not be well suppressed, Would it not be good, at least once a year, to send all old and new school belligerents into the forest to learn from nature a calm lesson of mutual politeness? Should they imbibe the spirit of her teaching, they would doubtless return calmed in their feelings, taking in a wider horizon, and better prepared both to understand and to appreciate each other.

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